

PHOTOPLAY

GUST 25¢

**ARBO VISITS
LIZ TAYLOR**

**What you don't know
about the**

**LENNON
SISTERS**

JANET LEIGH





That Ivory Look

so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Soft, smooth, radiant with That Ivory Look—her complexion shows what Ivory Soap can do for *your* skin. Ivory is so white and pure, smells so fresh and clean. A change to regular care with the magic of Ivory gentleness and soon your face lights up with that clear, pure look—That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



Gentle enough for a baby's skin—Ivory is the beauty soap for your complexion.



99% pure®...it floats



All through your
active day...

new **MUM**[®] stops odor
without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing... or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deo-

dorant—because it works a completely different way.

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both* odor and *odor-causing* bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—*isn't it the deodorant for you?*



MUM contains
M-3 (BACTERIA-DESTROYING
HEXACHLOROPHENE)
stops odor
24 hours a day



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Glamour and Romance
for you!

Color your Hair

SO EASILY—IN MINUTES



NESTLE COLORINSE

Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in — shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29¢



NESTLE COLORTINT

Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

Nestle

COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

AUGUST, 1958

VOL. 54, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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The wonderful story of a Sergeant who "promoted" himself to General...in the wildest *SNAFU* the Army ever knew!



Red's First
Since His
Academy
Award!



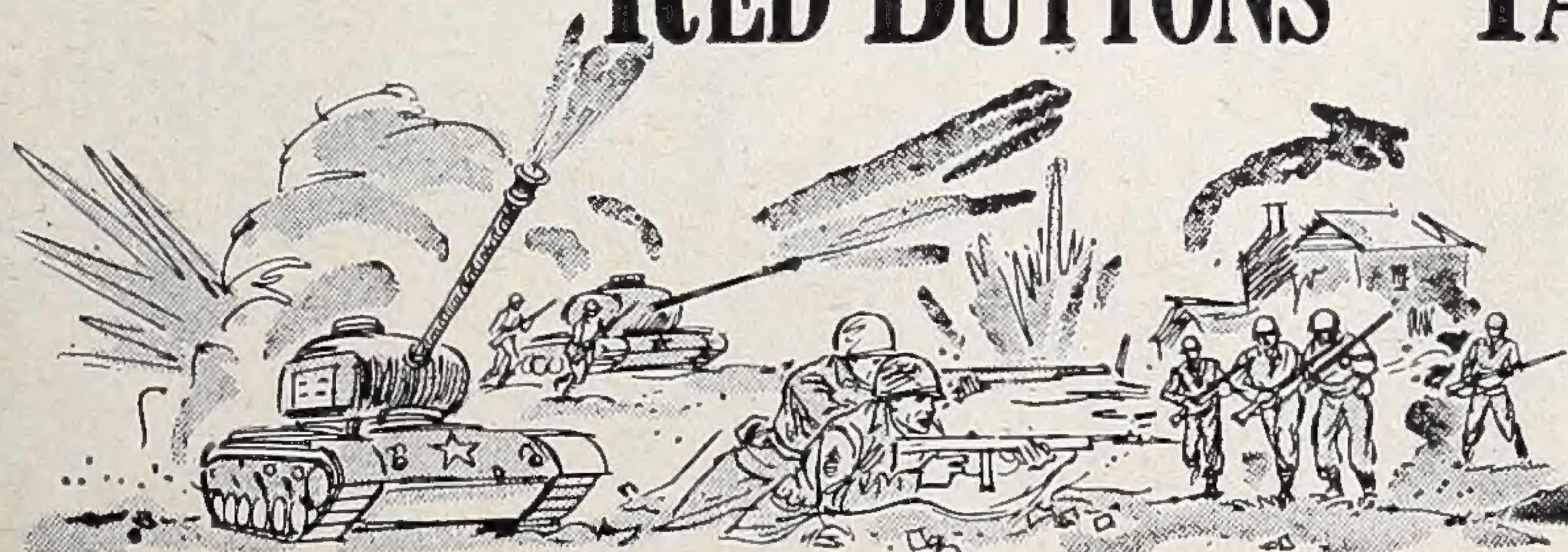
M.G.M. Presents
**GLENN
FORD**

(that "Don't Go Near
The Water" guy)

**IMITATION
GENERAL**

Co-Starring

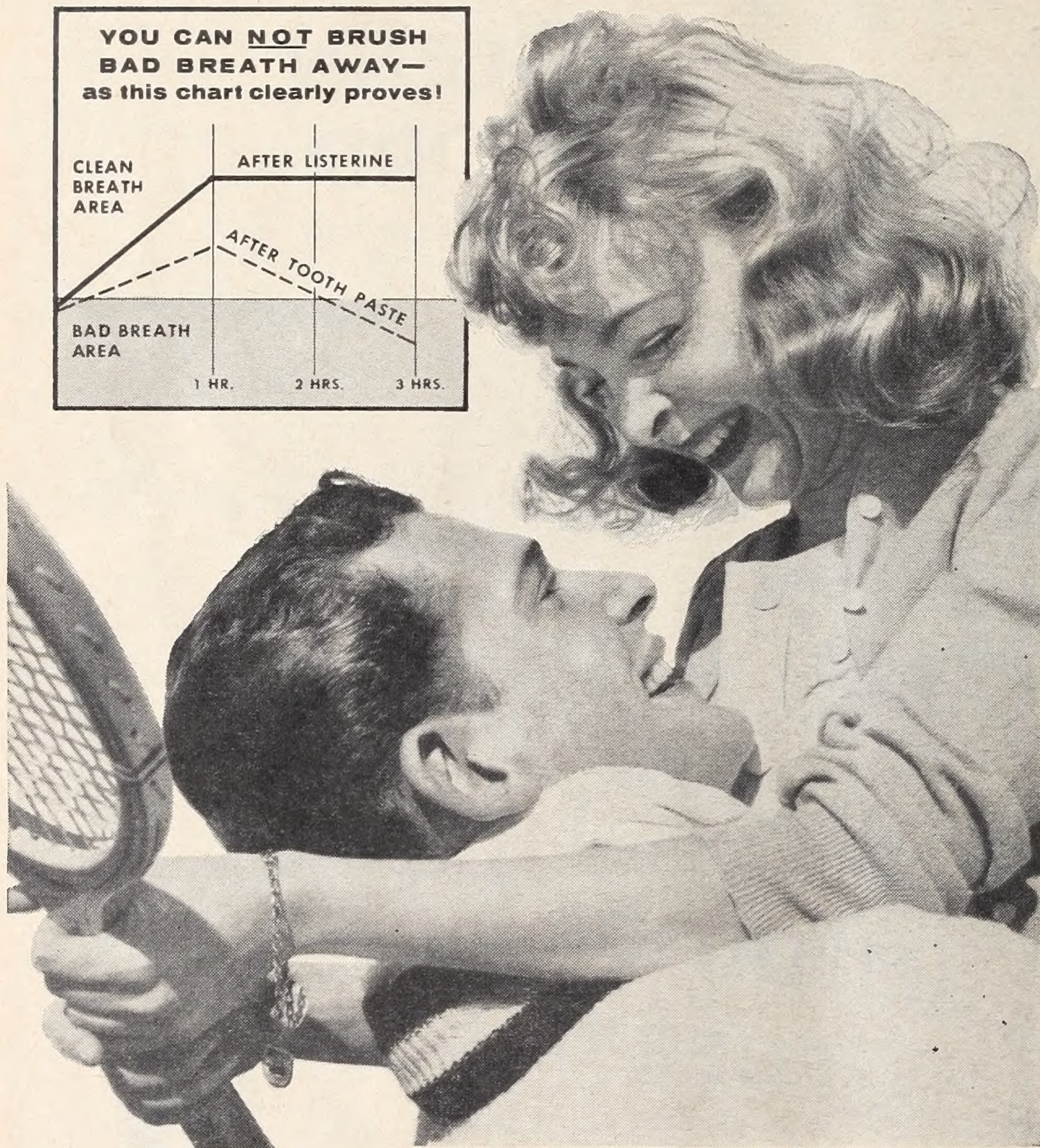
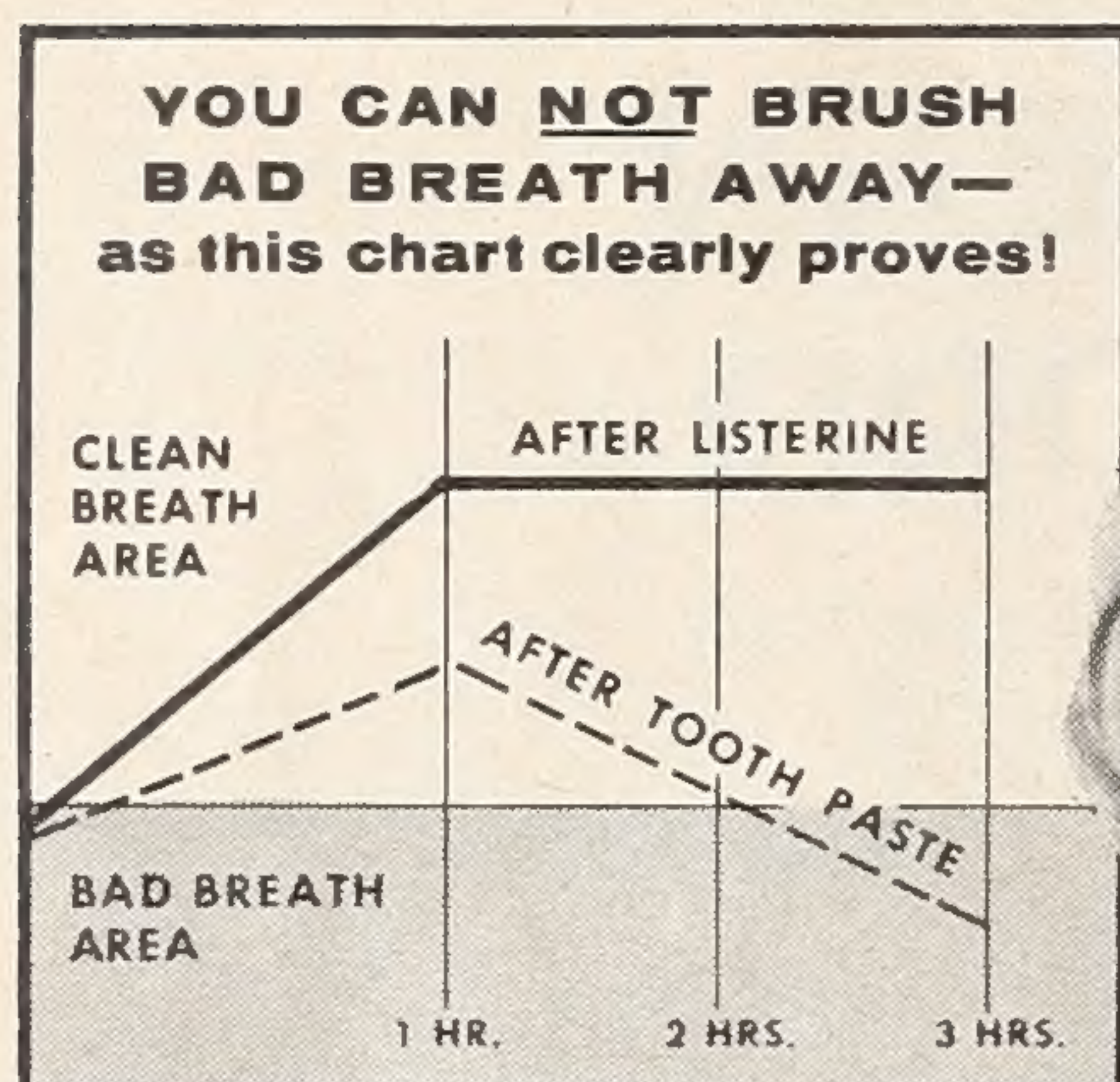
RED BUTTONS · TAINA ELG



with **DEAN JONES · WILLIAM BOWERS** Screen Play by **WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN** Based On the Story by **WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN** In **CinemaScope** Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** Produced by **WILLIAM HAWKS** An M-G-M Picture

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

**Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!**



Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.



Reach for Listerine

... Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

becoming
attractions



A



B



C



D



E

A. New way to be light-headed: Bright Future hair lightener by DuBarry can lighten a little or a lot, depending on how long it's left on the hair. \$2.00*

B. To help keep young skin smooth and clear: Dorothy Gray's Medicated Skin Care Kit with scrub soap, refining lotion and Velveteen night cream. \$2.50*

C. New Bobbi pin curl home wave comes with three different types of curlers, plus directions on how to use each for the hair style of your choice. \$2.00*

D. P-s-s-s-t—bath powder that sprays like cologne! Poudre Glacée by Millot, is scented with Crepe de Chine perfume, comes in handy metal container. \$3.50*

E. For the barefoot season: Pretty Feet, greaseless lotion to soften rough, dry skin, remove calluses on feet (or hands or elbows). 4 oz., \$1.50*

* plus tax

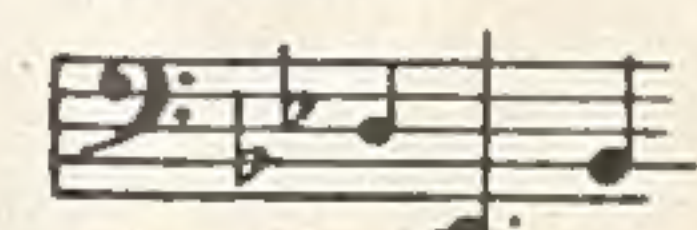
He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller — “A Stone for Danny Fisher”



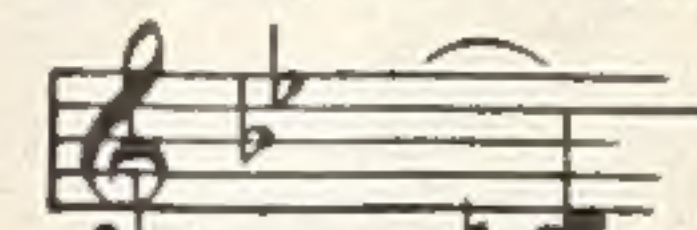
A STORY PULSING
WITH THE HEARTBEAT
OF TODAY'S YOUTH!



... AND THESE SONGS!



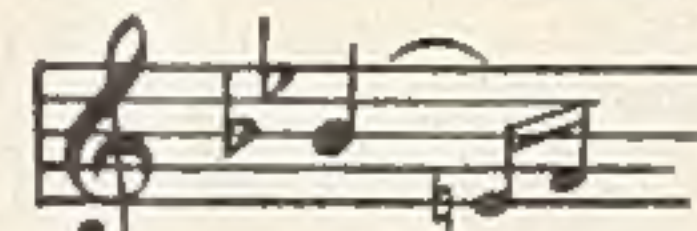
As Long As I Have You



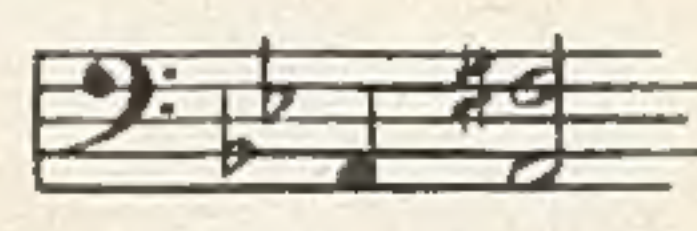
Don't Ask Me Why



Hard Headed Woman



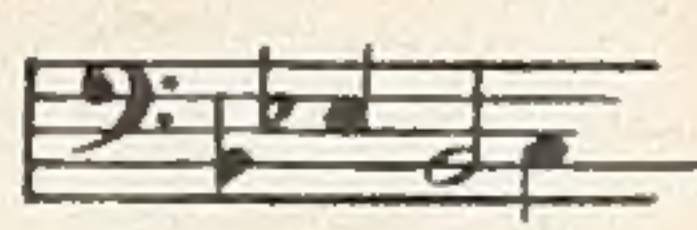
King Creole



Lover Doll



New Orleans



Young Dreams

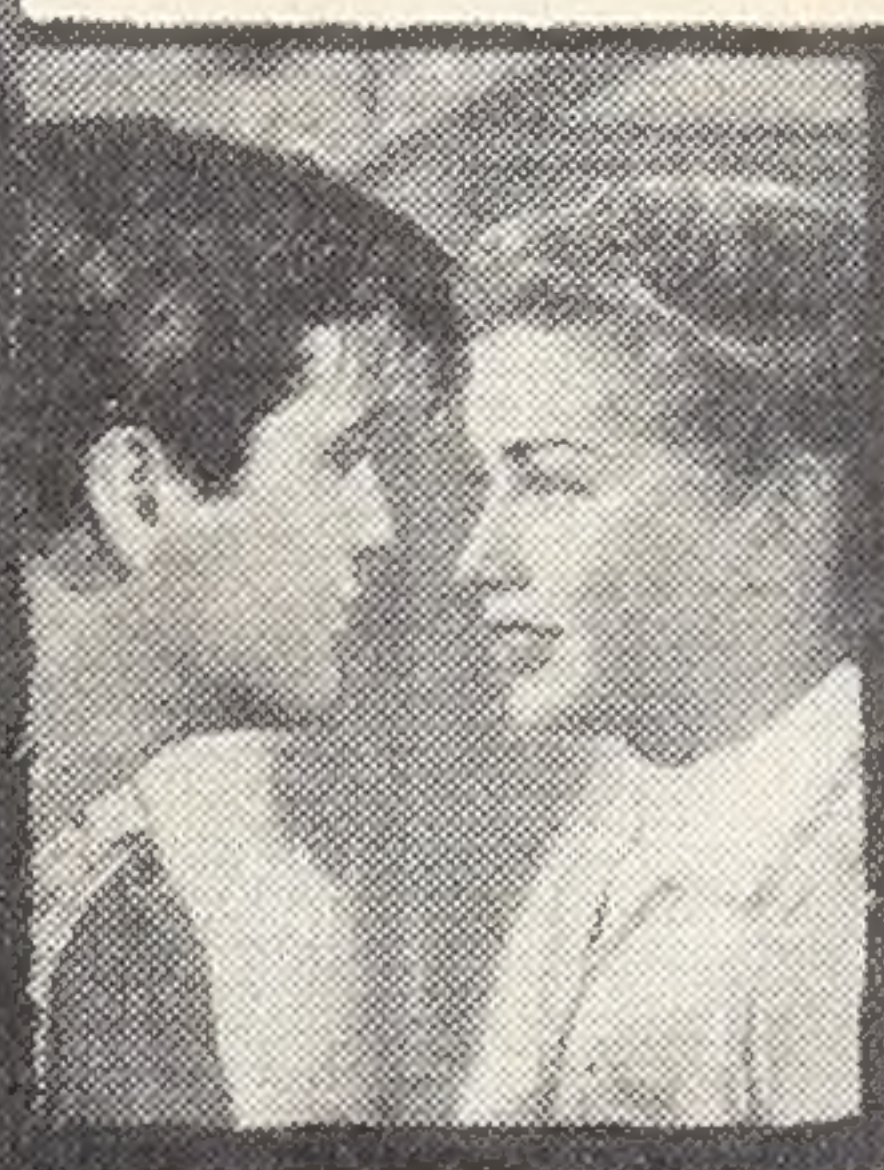


And more songs!



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

ELVIS PRESLEY
IN
KING CREOLE
A
HAL WALLIS
PRODUCTION



Co-starring CAROLYN JONES WALTER MATTHAU DOLORES HART DEAN JAGGER VIC MORROW LILIANE MONTEVECCHI with PAUL STEWART Directed by Michael Curtiz Herbert Baker and Screenplay by Michael Vincente Gazzo



THE WEEK BOB EVANS ALMOST DIED



Bob in the role he nearly didn't play

I had never seen or heard anything like it before. The camera crew, the technicians, the director—all the spectators on set of 20th's "Quick Draw"—stood, rushed forward, cheered, clapped and stamped their feet. These veterans, these pros, had just watched the climactic scene of the picture in which Bob Evans, the vicious, ruthless killer, had been beaten and battered by Hugh O'Brian, the hero. In the final scenes—the moment of Bob's downfall, the script called for him *not* to defend himself. So he just stood there, taking blow after blow. This was no fake, no pulling of punches. It was all brutally realistic and Bob was magnificent. When the cameras stopped rolling, I found myself—the only member of the press present—standing up, joining with the others in ten minutes of spontaneous, overwhelming applause.

Two days later I tried to get in touch with Bob to tell him how impressed we all were, and was told that he was in the hospital. I knew he'd taken a bad beating onscreen, but not that bad—not bad enough to put him in the hospital, I said to myself. "What's wrong with him?" I asked.

"He has a temperature of 106.2°," I was informed. "He is very, very ill. The next few days are crucial."

When I called the hospital for in-

formation, I was always told that Bob was still in danger. I remembered that other time, that earlier time, when illness had almost wrecked his budding career. Few people know that Bob was discovered for pictures a few years back when he was only seventeen. He was a disk jockey at the time, and a major studio was about to sign him to a contract. Suddenly, without warning, one of his lungs collapsed. He was rushed to the hospital and for days was at death's door. Finally, the crisis passed; he was released from the hospital and the long months of recuperation began. But by the time he was completely well once more, that movie job was no longer waiting for him.

Somehow I would remember all this each time I phoned for news of Bob. I have to admit I prayed for the life of the boy who, in "Quick Draw," had much of Hollywood predicting—as Photoplay had predicted—that he was destined to be one of the year's biggest stars. I prayed that his career wouldn't be smashed again.

On the fifth day when I called the hospital, Bob answered the phone himself. "Hi-ya," he said. "How have you been? What's new out there?"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "You're the news. You're the one who has all of us worried. How are *you*?" And I explained the grave concern of the studio bosses and his friends for Bob's health. And how, while he was hospitalized, executives at 20th Century-Fox were describing the rushes of his scenes from the picture as "one of the most singularly individual portrayals of a heavy ever filmed."

"Fine," he said, "just fine. Never felt better. I'm anxious to get back on the picture soon. I have a few more takes to make. Only hope we won't have to do that fight scene over."

As I listened, I realized sometimes the real dramas in life lie behind the scenes. And the villain can be the hero.

by SARA HAMILTON

NOW!

A TALC

DEODORANT

for all over
body protection



CARY GRANT **INGRID BERGMAN**

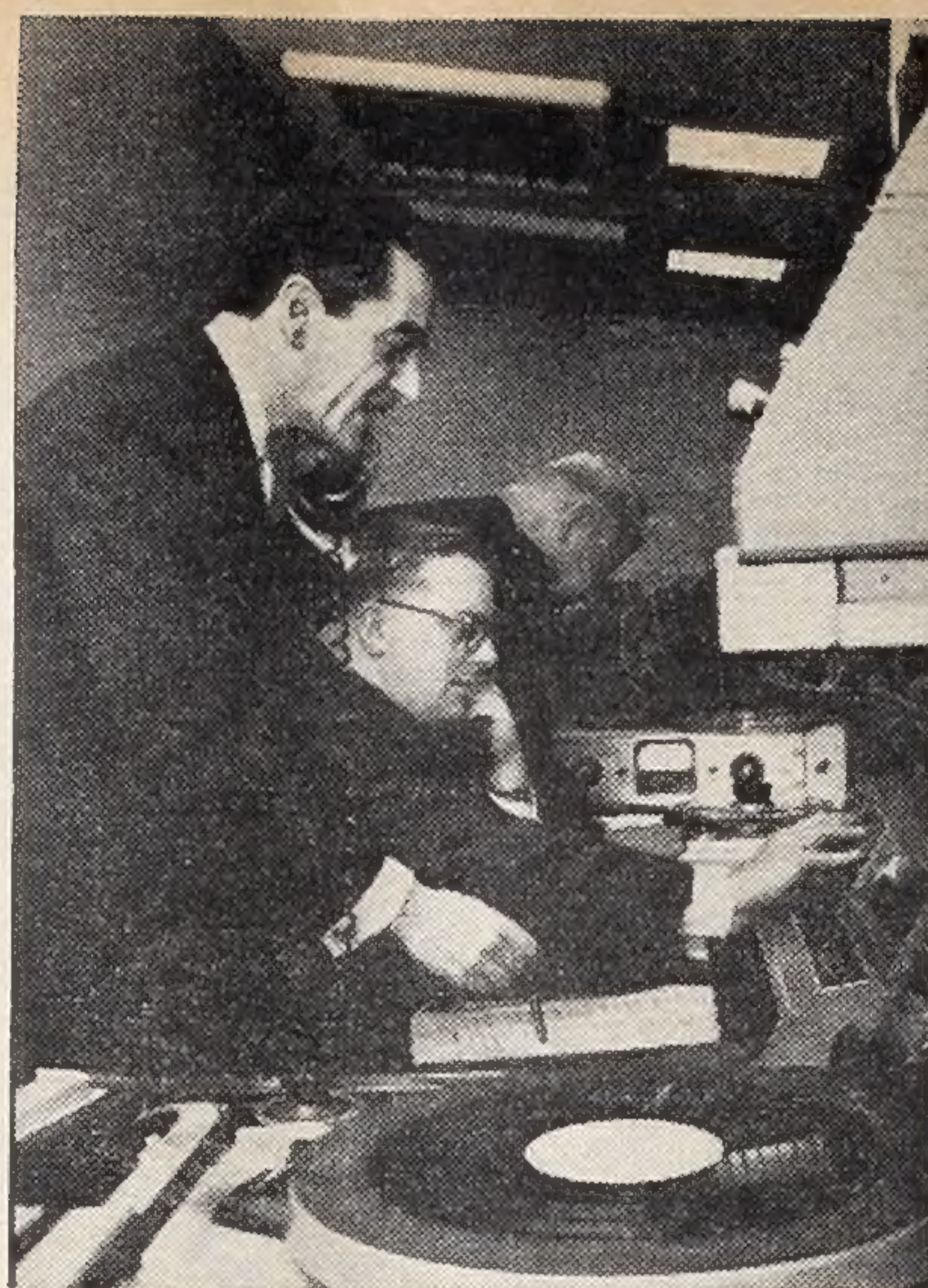
INDISCREET

They
met...
They
knew
they
shouldn't
have...
They
couldn't
stop.

TECHNICOLOR® From WARNER BROS. Screenplay by NORMAN KRASNA Produced and Directed by STANLEY DONEN
A GRANDON PRODUCTION



Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" appears in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual Broadcasting System's "Bandstand, U.S.A.," only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you



ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Hi, guys and gals! All set for another session of platter chatter and a little of this and that about the wonderful world of music? . . . Let's *spin*!

A new vocal group you'll be hearing is "The Passions." (*Dig that name!*) Five lads from Fremont High School in Los Angeles, their first disk is a real rockin' ditty called "Jackie Brown," penned by one of the boys themselves, Sam Handy. *Danceable* is the word for "Dottie," vocalized by Danny and the Juniors. We're picking it as a third Big One in a row by this popular vocal group. The other two, of course, were "At The Hop" and "Rock and Roll is Here to Stay."

If you liked "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," you'll also be happy with "I Gotta Robe," an exciting, finger-snappin' follow-up by Little Laurie London, that youngster from Britain . . . Another by Jerry Lee Lewis that we think is a cinch to rock on up to the top is "High School Confidential!" which Jerry sings in the current M-G-M movie of the same name . . . Have you heard the Threeteens' love-letter song to Elvis Presley called "Dear 53310751"? Yup, that's E.P.'s Army serial number! . . . And treat your ears to Roger Williams' "Young and Warm and Wonderful." A very beautiful follow-up to Roger's "Arrivederci Roma."

Notes from Hollywood: Producer Phil Waxman who will do "The Gene Krupa" story tells us he selected Sal Mineo to play drummer Gene because "Sal looks like Gene; he's a pretty good drummer; and he's crazy about jazz. Besides, he can act!" . . . Johnny Mathis

is set to star in his very own biofilm, "The Johnny Mathis Story." It'll roll in August and most of the scenes will be shot on location in Johnny's hometown, San Francisco . . . Batoneer Ray Anthony will play another dramatic role in the movie "One Wife Is Enough." (Y'mean it, Ray?)

If you dig modern sounds but can't afford nightspot tabs, here's a tip: More and more of the jazzclubs, particularly in the New York area, start swinging on Sundays in the afternoon, with no minimum prices or cover charges or such—just an admission charge of about one dollar at the door. One of my favorite dens is Cafe Bohemia in Greenwich Village, which you hear regularly on my Mutual network program, "Bandstand, U.S.A."



"Exciting!" says Tommy of Laurie London's latest record, "I Gotta Robe"

Looks like one way to become a record star is to have a famous movie personality as a parent. Newest example is Harold ("Duke") Lloyd, Jr., who just signed a contract and will tee off with the tune he did in his latest movie "Frankenstein's Daughter" . . . Denise Lor, singing star of the Garry Moore Show, is also freshly inked to a long-term record contract . . . *Do you know that since 1948 sales of records have increased 20-25% each and every year?!!*

Let's Preview

"Put Your Dreams Away"—(Frank Sinatra, Columbia 1136). This is a re-issue of some of Frankie's all-time great hits that were cut for Columbia some time back. The tunes are all ballads with lush Axel Stordahl backgrounds. Included in this album are "Dream," "The Things We Did Last Summer" and, of course, the LP title song. A great mood album for the Sinatra fans. Who isn't? **"Elvis' Golden Records"**—(Elvis Presley, RCA Victor LPM 1707). This LP includes fourteen consecutive golden records. By golden, we mean each has sold over a million copies. 'Nuff said!

"Who's Sorry Now?"—(Connie Francis, MGM E3686). A choice collection of "oldies" styled in the inimitable "Who's Sorry Now?" fashion. Connie's in good voice, turning in some of her best performances on this one, which make for some pleasurable listening.

"Gems Forever"—(Mantovani, London LL 3032). For the lovers of the lush sound, some great tunes superbly performed by the Master. Strings at their gorgeous best, in a relaxed mood.



Jerry Lee Lewis rocks to the top in M-G-M's "High School Confidential!"

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE !

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls !**



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

Anita Ekberg

co-starring in

"PARIS HOLIDAY"

Filmed in Technicolor and Technirama.
Released thru United Artists



ANITA EKBERG, glamorous Hollywood star, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme! Shouldn't you use it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.

Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

*Lustre-Creme—the favorite of
4 out of 5 top movie stars—
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!*



LUSTRE-CREME NEVER DRIES—IT BEAUTIFIES !



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



No use Frankie's trying "Witchcraft" on Jean Simmons. She's happily wed!



Nat and Bob are one of my favorite couples. Yours too?

There's nothing wrong with the movie business that Brigitte Bardot can't fix . . . Somehow I get the impression that Liberace isn't happy, although he's smiling . . . The thing that bothers Jayne Mansfield most about her acting career is that it seems to involve so little acting . . . Kim Stanley is high on most actresses' list of the best actresses in America . . . Barbara Nichols often gives the impression that she's holding back a scream . . . I wonder how many people decided not to read "The Brothers Karamazov" after seeing the movie. The same goes for "War and Peace." If they continue to make bad pictures of the classics, the movies can wash up literature . . . Typed: Frank Sinatra is the type of fellow who tips a doorman not to open the door for him . . . According to Marlene Dietrich, mirrors aren't what they used to be when she was young . . . Keely Smith is so great that when Betty Hutton mimics her, Betty is great . . . I get a kick standing on the Sunset Strip at dusk watching the lights go on in the big town spread out beneath me . . . I also get a kick watching these lights go off at dawn, making the big town below look as if it had forgotten to put on its makeup . . . After seeing it again, I think that "12 Angry Men" should have received a special award for being the most underrated movie of the year . . . Shelley Winters said a mouthful when she said, "I get carried away with the sound of my own mouth." . . . I was told Sinatra plays his own records when he's romancing a doll . . . Children enjoy adult westerns more than adults do . . . Hollywood is movies and glamour. If it weren't for movies, television (broadcasting) wouldn't be in Hollywood . . . I wish someone would explain to me what happened to Gloria Grahame. The someone includes Gloria Grahame . . . By the way, M-G-M just signed an actress, Carmen Phillips, because she'd be great for Gloria Grahame roles . . . If Kim Novak had her way, all dollar bills would be lavender . . . I'd like to introduce you to Mike Nichols and Elaine May. They're the best of the new comedians on TV. Tune them in when they're guesting. Next season they'll have their own program . . . Alec Guinness looks more like Oscar than any actor who won an Oscar . . . I receive many letters asking, "How can I become a movie star?" My honest answer is, "I don't know." . . . There are no set rules, there is no textbook on the subject. Natalie Wood's story is different than Bob Wagner's, whose story is different than Dick Powell's, and his story is different than June Allyson's, whose story is nothing like Audrey Hepburn's, any more than hers is similar to Katharine Hepburn's . . . There are no two stories alike. How to become a movie star differs as much as fingerprints . . . Typed: Sheree North is the type of girl who sends an air mail letter and writes "Fly It" on the envelope . . . I believe it's safe to give Ella Fitzgerald the award for being the favorite singer of the singers . . . Those people who insisted that Jean Seberg would marry her director, Otto Preminger, are mighty quiet these days . . . Joan Collins told me "Those men who marry an actress and expect her to behave like a school teacher should marry a school teacher." . . . I believe Lana Turner's box office appeal depends on how good her movies are . . . Everyone on "Dragnet" talks like a telegram . . . I get no message from Maria Schell . . . White-haired Jeff Chandler told me that his hair is turning brown from worry. Such problems . . . At a recent party I was chatting with David Niven when a man interrupted and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Niven, I hope you won't object to my telling you how much I enjoy your performances, how great you are." "Not at all," replied Dave, "I'm a glutton for praise." That's Hollywood For You.

TAINA ELG co-starring in MGM's "IMITATION GENERAL"



... fresh, young, radiant ... a Lux Complexion



"... delicate pastels and white ... soft, creamy lather
... and how gentle, how good it is for a girl's complexion ..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

That's lovely Taina Elg's description of Lux. Miss Elg came to Hollywood from Finland—and brought Lux *with* her. Like so many other beautiful women all over the world, she's *always* used it.

Lux is famous *everywhere* as the mild, gentle soap that's so good to a girl's complexion. And Lux, with its *natural gentleness*, its rich, creamy

lather, can do as much for *you* as it does for any movie star.

You'll like the fragrance, too—a blend of many fine perfumes. And both the complexion and bath size come in four soft colors and white. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back. *Make this proven beauty care your own.*

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux



Bopalina

I thought your readers might be interested in the following:

"Wow, he's 'Neat!'" you exclaim. But still you wish he'd go "Twenty-Six Miles" away sometimes. Don't tell me "Maybe"—I know you had a "Blue Monday." "In The Still Of The Night" you said, "I'm Walkin'" (on a "Clark's Expedition"). Then "Teenager's Romance" arrived and you felt like "The Joker." "Those Blue Violins" began "Soft" and man, was that ever "Tricky!" You were "All Shook Up;" a "Sweet Little Sixteen Teenage Queen." You choked down a "Cool Shake," "Tenderly." You modeled those "Short Shorts" and he commented, "Man, Dig that Crazy Chick!" Then you took "One Step At a Time" and he was "Breathless."

"Great Balls of Fire!" he exclaimed. "This would Roll over Beethoven!" "Are you my 'Personal Possession?'" he demanded. "Are You Sincere?" she asked this "Little Blue Man."

"Kid, I don't make 'Broken Promises!'" he answered. "'Hey Little Girl'—'Come A Little Closer' and 'Gimme A Little Kiss!'"

"No, the 'Man Upstairs' might see us. Oh well, if he does I'll just whip out my little water gun and go 'Zip Zip.'"

"Oh honey, 'Walk Hand in Hand with Me.' Let's go 'To The Aisle' and get married. We'll begin our honeymoon at 'Heartbreak Hotel;' then go to that 'Island in the Sun,' maybe we'll even make the 'Valley of Tears.'" Oh, "Bopalina," won't this be a "Crazy Love?"

CAROLE SHIRMER
Prairie Village, Kans.

Has Anyone Noticed? . . .

Has anyone noticed that Vic Damone is a young David Niven? Paul Richards a young Claude Rains? Jeff Hunter a young Henry Fonda? Dean Martin a young Cary Grant? Adam Kennedy a young Wayne Morris? Berry Kroeger a young Charles Laughton?

MURIEL BURTON
Cliffside, N. J.

Problems in Common

I enjoyed very much your story on Sandra Dee, "It Can Be Lonely," in Photoplay. It helped me just to learn that someone else was lonely like me. I'm only fifteen and although I have friends, they're not really what you'd call life-long friends. In a way, Sandra Dee and I are alike but I don't feel comfortable enough with my friends to reveal my feelings. They go out riding and have what they call a good time chasing other people in cars. I don't enjoy riding around at night with a car full of teenagers and I don't think Sandra would, either. I guess I'm like Sandra because I'm ac-

quainted more with older people than the younger ones. She, being an actress, would naturally be with older people and get along with them. Older people like me more than teenagers do. I think Sandra and I have similar problems and I hope we will have them worked out in the not-too-distant future. I want you to know there are many people like Sandra who are lonely and afraid sometimes.

SANDRA WATKINS
Quitman, Texas

Fan's Eye View

Dr. Mr. Skolsky:

I wish I knew all the stars as well as you do but since I don't and probably never will I hope you'll read the following—a fan's eye view of Hollywood and its people:

Cary Grant really sends me when he does a love scene. . . . Kim Novak always looks so sad. . . . Why doesn't Hollywood leave Debbie and Eddie alone to settle their differences? . . . Those Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies on TV are terrific! . . . Richard Egan and Pat Hardy are bound to be one of Hollywood's happiest married couples. . . . Jeff Chandler is super-keen in Technicolor. . . . I adore Deborah Kerr in green. . . . Why hasn't Tab Hunter been given an ice-skating role in movies? . . . Sal Mineo rates tops with my sister who met him when they both appeared on a local TV show here in Detroit. . . . I can't think of anyone more versatile than Donald O'Connor. . . . Hope Lange and Don Murray deserve the world's biggest medal for their wonderful charity work—ditto Rory Calhoun!

BEVERLY J. EMERY
Allen Park, Mich.

Visiting with Bob Wagner

Imagine how delighted we were when our movie idol Robert Wagner paid a visit to Baltimore and we were invited to interview him, representing the small fan club we had formed for him. It was with high spirits that we sat in the elegant Blue Room of the Sheraton Belvedere Hotel, waiting for one of Hollywood's neatest stars to arrive. We asked him about everything from Natalie Wood to Actors Studio to Japan, his location on a recent movie. Everyone that left the interview, felt very warmed by his charm and, really, as if he were a personal friend, whom they had known for a long while.

Again we would like to say many thank yous to everyone who made the interview possible.

KAREN WALSH and JANET MILLER
Baltimore, Md.



Bob's warmth charmed Baltimore fans

"Who's Who, What's New . . ."

I have just finished reading the article "Who's Who, What's New in Hollywood?" and enjoyed it very much. It was a most interesting story. I think something like that should have a permanent place in your magazine. I never realized before that there are so many different groups and how they get together and entertain. For instance, I never knew that the Gary Coopers entertained so much and that Mrs. Cooper was one of the most fashionable women along that line. And another thing I found interesting—where the stars bought their clothes and from whom; also the different designers of women's clothes. Also, the types of homes the stars live in. It was mentioned that some live in highly fashionable places with swimming pools and others in more modest "dwellings." Just thought I would give my opinion of a fine article.

AILA OSE
Rockford, Ill.



Party-giving Coopers here party-going

. . . And They're Still Great

I am a steady movie fan who is nearing the end of my teens. Most of my favorite movie personalities—up until recently—ranged in age from Pat Boone and Tab Hunter to Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. I thoroughly resented the fact that so many meaty roles meant for thirty-year-old men were falling to a solid group of doddering old men in their forties and fifties—even sixties! These characters, I mused—among them Gable, Wayne, Grant, Cooper, Miland, Astaire and Randolph Scott—will be making love to young girls till they're held together with Scotch tape. Put 'em out to pasture, I said, and make room for the younger, abler stars.

Then, begorra! I began to watch old movies on television. They starred some of the folks mentioned above. Interesting, I thought, and went to see some of their latest movies for comparison—for these boys were great fifteen years ago. And surprisingly enough, most of them are *still* great today. I still hold my former stand in the case of several whom I *do* consider "old men." But others like Gable are still terrific, despite an occasional wrinkle and gray temples.

L. S.
New York, N. Y.

continued



New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



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continued

Friendly and Nice

When James MarArthur and Susan Oliver visited Washington, North Carolina during the world premiere of "Lafayette Escadrille," everyone thought they were wonderful.

Both Jim and Susan were so friendly and nice and they both acted so much at home. And, of course, that's just the way we hoped they would be.

I would like to wish both of them the best of luck in their careers. Please let us see more of them in Photoplay.

GRACE MASON
Bath, N. C.

High-Grade Chameleons

We all know what a chameleon is—a lizard which changes its color to that of its environment. Well, there are many acting chameleons in Hollywood. They are people who, with little or no previous acting experience enter into movies on their decorative abilities alone, stay for a few years on fan appeal and growing competence and then, surprisingly, bloom into skilled performers—a credit to their industry. Movie history is speckled with such cases—Marilyn Monroe being a recent example. Now I have discovered two members of the Beef-cake Brigade who have achieved this distinction of becoming high grade chameleons, Messrs. Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter. Rock in Selznick's "A Farewell to Arms" and Tab in TV's Playhouse 90 presentation of "Portrait of a Murderer"—turned in brilliant performances. . . Long may they both shine!

PAUL F. JOHNSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ter N'an Ogg

Because we feel that Elvis is the living embodiment of eternal youthful inspiration and struggle, we have written the following lines just for him:

From Ter N'an Ogg . . .

(The Land of Youth)

He lights the world anew.

Where e're he goes

the Budding rose

takes on a brighter hue.

He is as old as lovers' dreams,

And Young as youth's desire;

And bright romance

Leaps in his glance

To set the world afire!

We like your magazine here at the dorm and never fail to have it around. We especially like the fact that you seldom, if ever, print anything derogatory about anybody.

MARY HART
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Hugh's Friends

Hugh O'Brian is just the greatest! After his recent appearance on "The Big Record" on which he sang "Don't Move" and "I'm Walkin' Away" from his album, he saw a group from his Friend Club backstage and shook hands with everyone and posed for pictures. This is not unusual for Hugh. During his cross-country personal appearances, he has met many of his Friends and everyone gets the same friendly reception from him. He thinks as much of his friends as we do of him.

J. A. RICE
Middletown, N. J.

Errol and The Time Machine

Watching Errol Flynn in his old movies on television and on the current movie screen in "Too Much, Too Soon," we see the great romantic adventure star of the past developing into a great character actor of the future.

In his career, he has visited many periods of history. I believe that a fine role for him could be found in a mystic story of the future.

He should be starred as *The Time Traveler* in a film version of "The Time Machine" by H. G. Wells. I believe that such a movie would be highly enjoyable.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colo.

Setting a Good Example

I'm sick and tired of reading all this junk and I mean junk, about Elvis Presley. How could anybody make someone else bad, as a few people try to say.

If Elvis has any influence on teenagers it's good, and I can prove it. I hate to have to admit this, but someone has to show how good he is.

One night recently my mother and father had gone to bingo, and my brother and I were taking care of our little sisters. My mother happened to have left an open package of cigarettes on the coffee table. I don't usually do any smoking at all but I was angry at my mother and I thought I could get even with her by smoking, which I realize now was very silly.

I was just about to have a smoking good time when my brother put a record on and it was one of Elvis' who I think is the greatest, and then I thought about the way people try to hurt him and say things about him all the time. They say he makes kids bad.

Elvis doesn't drink or smoke. What I have heard about him he is quite religious and as I sat there listening to him sing, I could no more take that cigarette any more than I could have cut my head off.

Who, may I ask, could set a better example than our own Private Elvis Presley?

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ELVIS FAN
New York, N. Y.

"I'd Like to See . . ."

I'd like to see: a Technicolor movie of "Anna Karenina" with Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson—or Greg Peck. . . . Diana Lynn as Helen Hayes in the latter's life story. . . . Eddie Fisher or John Saxon in "The John Garfield Story."

READER
La Jolla, Calif.

A Little Late!

My suggestion for a name for the Talkie Picture is: SOUNDERAMA.

My reasons are as follows: What with all the new "ama's" in existence at this time such as Cinerama, etc. SOUNDERAMA is a very dramatic sounding name. The article attached which I clipped out of your magazine reads "concentrate hard on a smart new name for the vocal tintypes;" also, the contest ends May 15th, but it didn't say of what year. Wouldn't you say I have been concentrating very hard for the past *twenty-nine years* to come up with such a wonderful idea? I'm sure you will extend me credit for that!

MRS. NANCY I. DREW
Seattle, Wash.

The 1929 contest rules read, in part: "The picture world is on a frenzied hunt for a new title for the talkies. There must be one that will be dignified and yet with popular appeal. We'll give a check for \$500 to the man, woman or child who hits upon it. After all, no one can sniff down \$500, what with income tax, fall clothes, the new car and all." Sorry, Mrs. Drew, but somebody else won!—Ed.

continued



When talkies came so did Photoplay's big contest and out went heavy emoting as in this scene from a Lionel Barrymore silent, "Romance of Elaine"



“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO *glorifies as it cleans*





continued

Readers: Can You Help?

I have a problem and would like the opinion of you and your readers.

I have been an avid movie fan ever since I can remember and have collected pictures of the stars ever since I was eight.

Now I am in my very late teens and a recent bride. I do not want to discontinue my hobby, but my husband and sister belittle it.

Should I stop? It hurts no one as I do it in my spare time *only*!

M.M.M.
Orlando, Fla.

Well, readers, what do you think?—Ed.

He's The Greatest

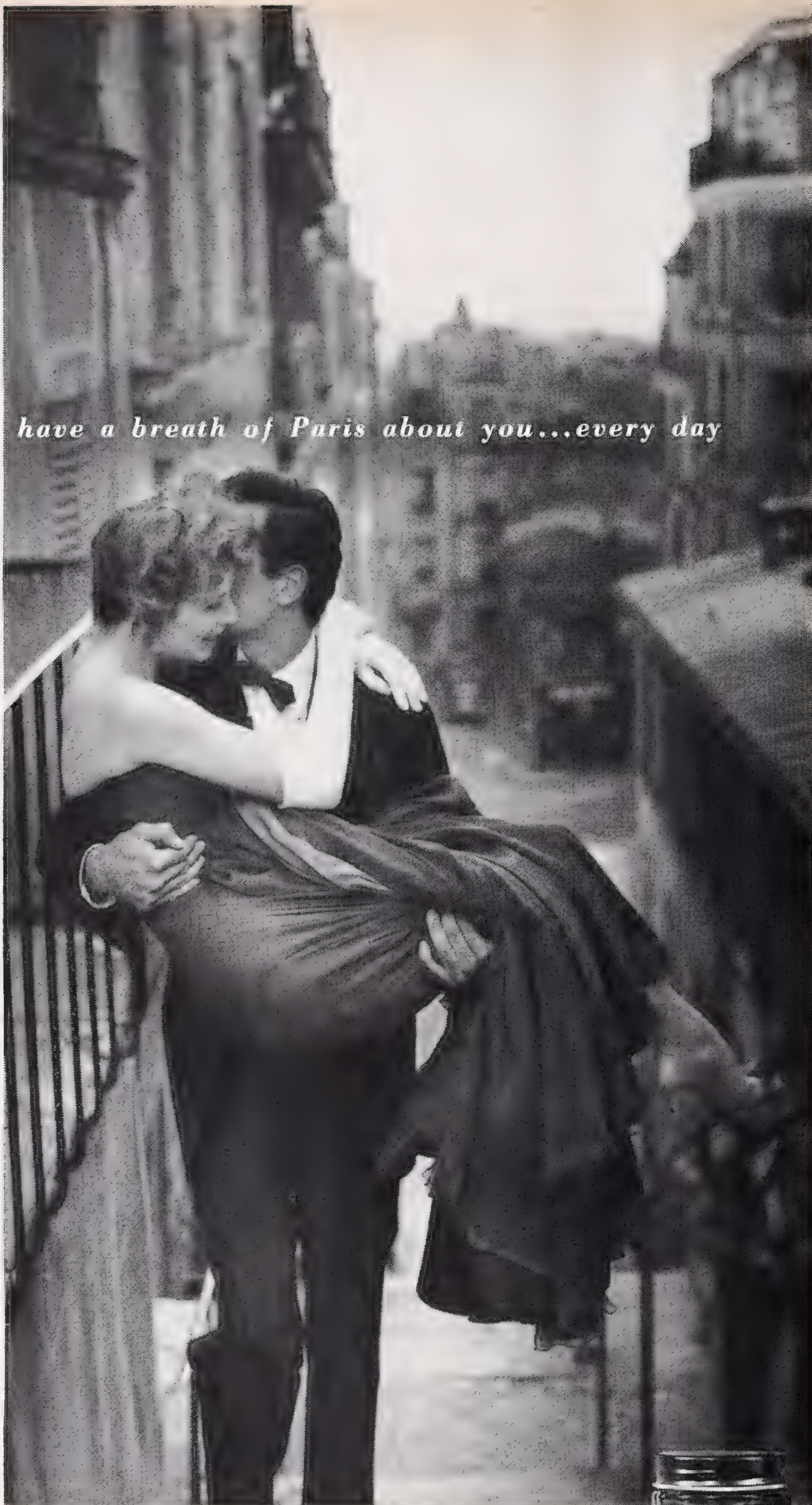
Ricky you're the greatest,
Your singing is the most,
You're wonderful and sincere,
You're liked from coast to coast.
Ricky you're a dreamboat,
Your clothes are very keen,
And you're the cutest living doll,
At the age of seventeen.
Your dancing is the coolest,
Your acting is beyond compare,
You're a very talented person,
And your voice is very rare.
Ricky, you're so cute and dreamy-eyed,
Your singing style's the latest,
And all the girls agree that,
Ricky you're the greatest.

NANCY WILBORN
Dallas, Texas

P.S. This poem is dedicated to Ricky Nelson. I think he's the most.



"Coolest" and "the most"—that's Ricky to a Texas reader turned poet



have a breath of Paris about you...every day



Discover the only deodorant in all the world that does *everything* a good deodorant *should*, gives dawn-to-dawn protection, and *then* imparts an irresistible glamour by surrounding you with the fabulous fragrance of Evening in Paris. Makes you so nice to be near! Try it tonight.

Easy-to-pack vacation size, 33¢ New price for reg. size, 69¢

EVENING IN PARIS • DEODORANT STICK

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS ..MADE IN U.S.A.

It is impossible to thank all you wonderful readers enough. People from all walks of life and all ages have responded to my plea for cards and foreign stamps for our veterans. People are also sending me their copies of Photoplay which will go to seamen overseas.

Isn't it wonderful to live in a country where I can write to you for help and through your magazine receive such nice letters from such wonderful people? This is truly the American way.

Bless you and your readers,

MRS. ANNA SEIDENBERG
"G.I. Mail Call"
San Pedro, Calif.

The Real Thing

I am a girl from the north Georgia hills who has just discovered the movie star on whom I could have a big-league, bonafide, authentic and well-developed crush. This paragon of my heart is named Mickey Rooney and, believe it or not, I had heard but little of him till recently when my family acquired a TV set and I was able to see some of his old movies. It's my opinion that the Rooney now is better than the Rooney then, for, after all, the main prop a child star has is his protruding lower lip—as Jackie Cooper once said. Sometimes I think Mickey has God-given talents that entitle him to belong to the company of theater immortals.

WILLA MAE SHAW
Shannon, Ga.

Tribute to a Friend

In the 1920's when I was still in college, Ronald Colman was my "passion," as we used to call it then. When I met my husband-to-be, all my friends remarked how much he looked like the star.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I fell in love and finally married my husband because of the resemblance he bore to Mr. Colman in appearance, voice and gestures. Like Mr. Colman he, too, was interested in the theater.

Is it any wonder that I was deeply moved and profoundly saddened when I read about Ronald Colman's death?

A READER
Larchmont, N. Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



Mickey's old movies on TV inspired a big-league, bonafide, authentic crush

So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

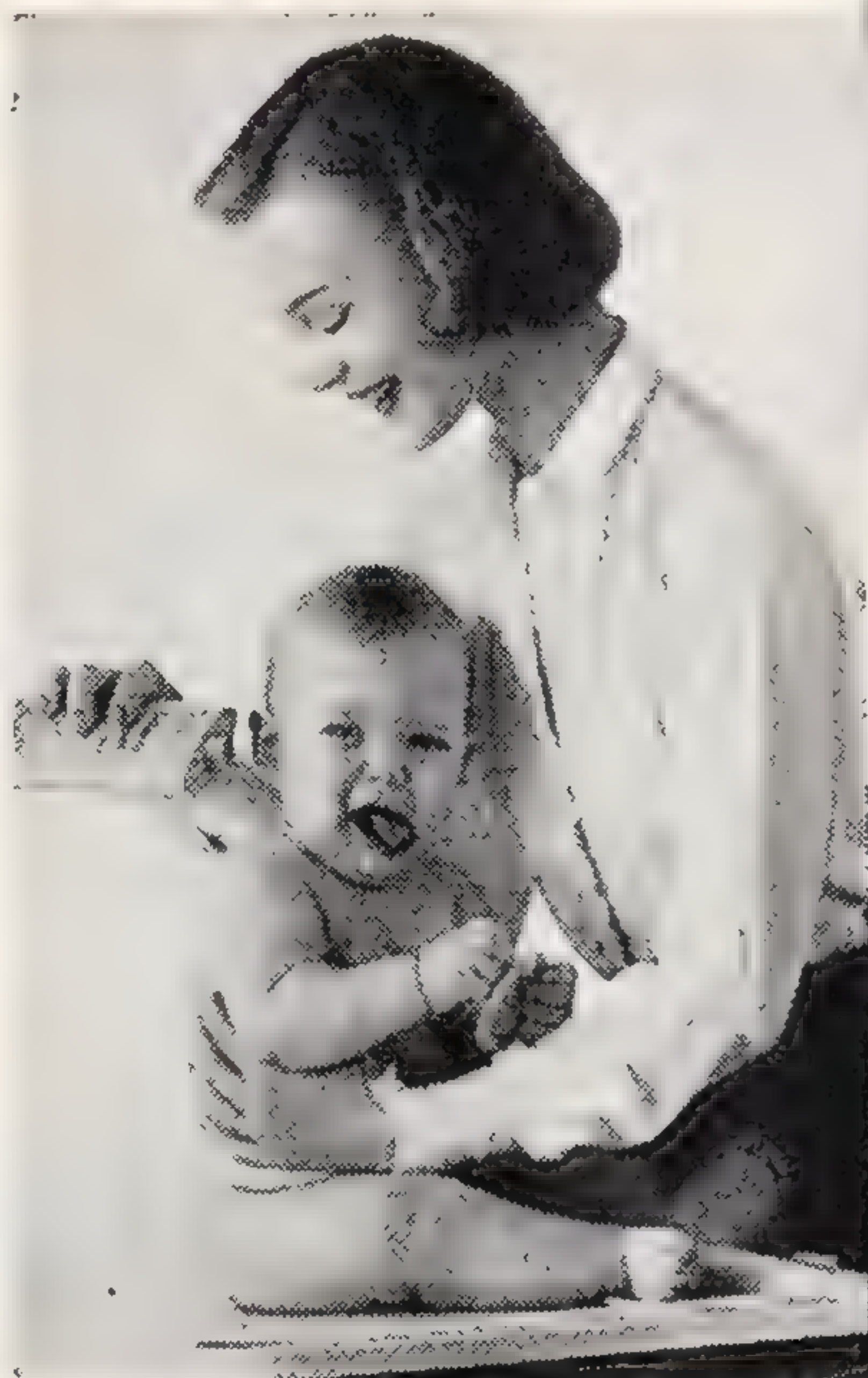
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder
does such lovely things for you!



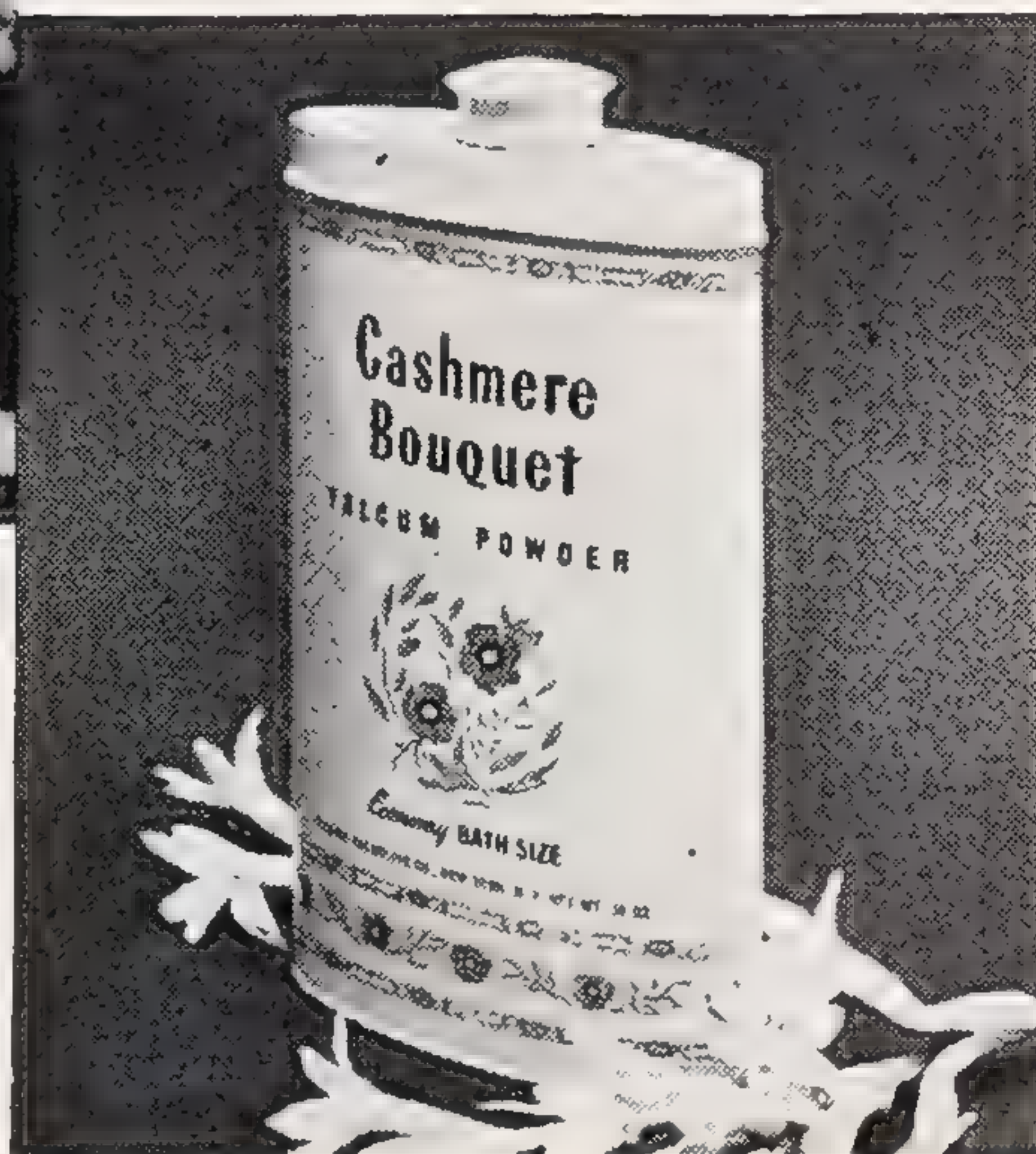
That skin-slim bathing suit will slip right on without a wiggle if you smooth silky Cashmere Bouquet talc over your skin. Always have a can of it with you at the beach!



It's like climbing right into a bouquet, when you feel the cool, petal-soft touch of Cashmere Bouquet talc! Smooth it all over—and there you are—all pampered and perfumed with a Spring-fresh fragrance! Use it after every bath.



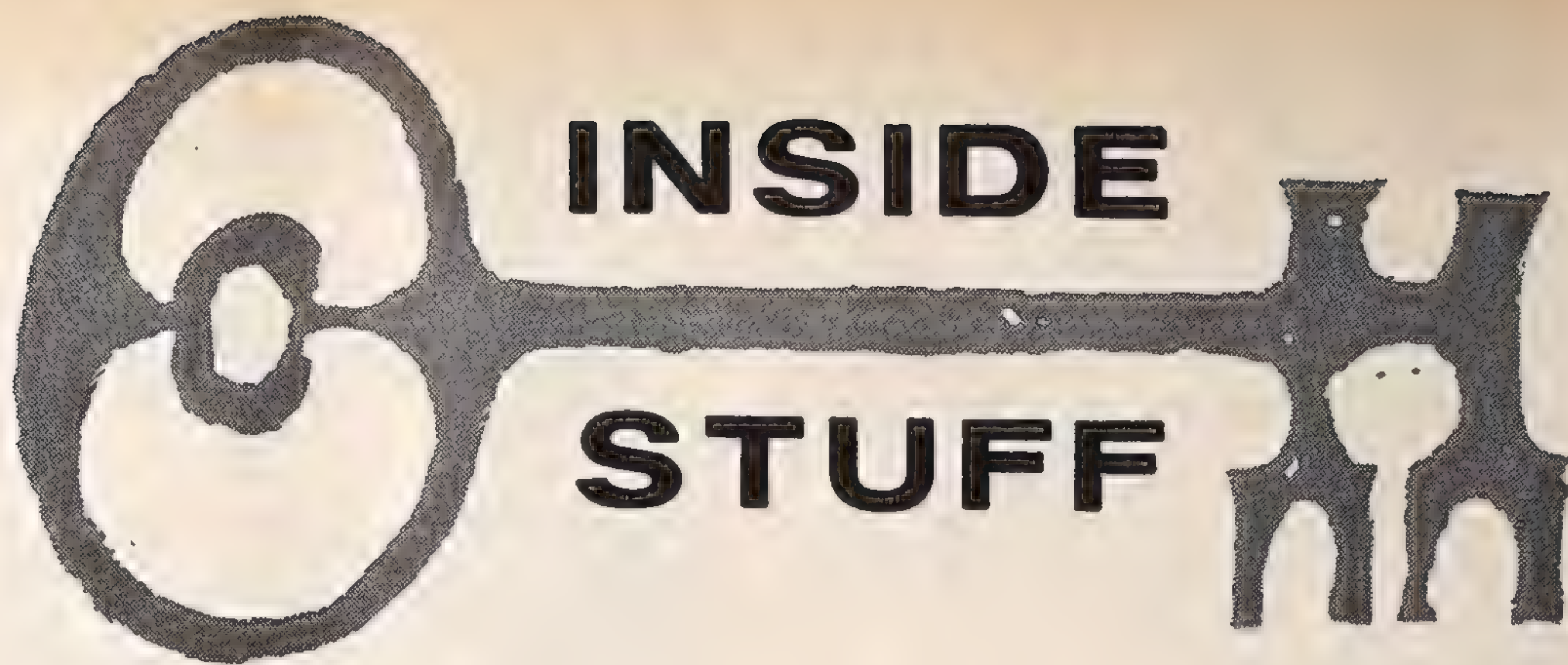
Keep baby feeling soothed and comfy! Cashmere Bouquet is as soft and silky as any special baby powder. And it keeps baby as fresh and sweet as a flower. It's so handy to have one powder you both use!



Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The Fragrance Men Love

Sara Hamilton's

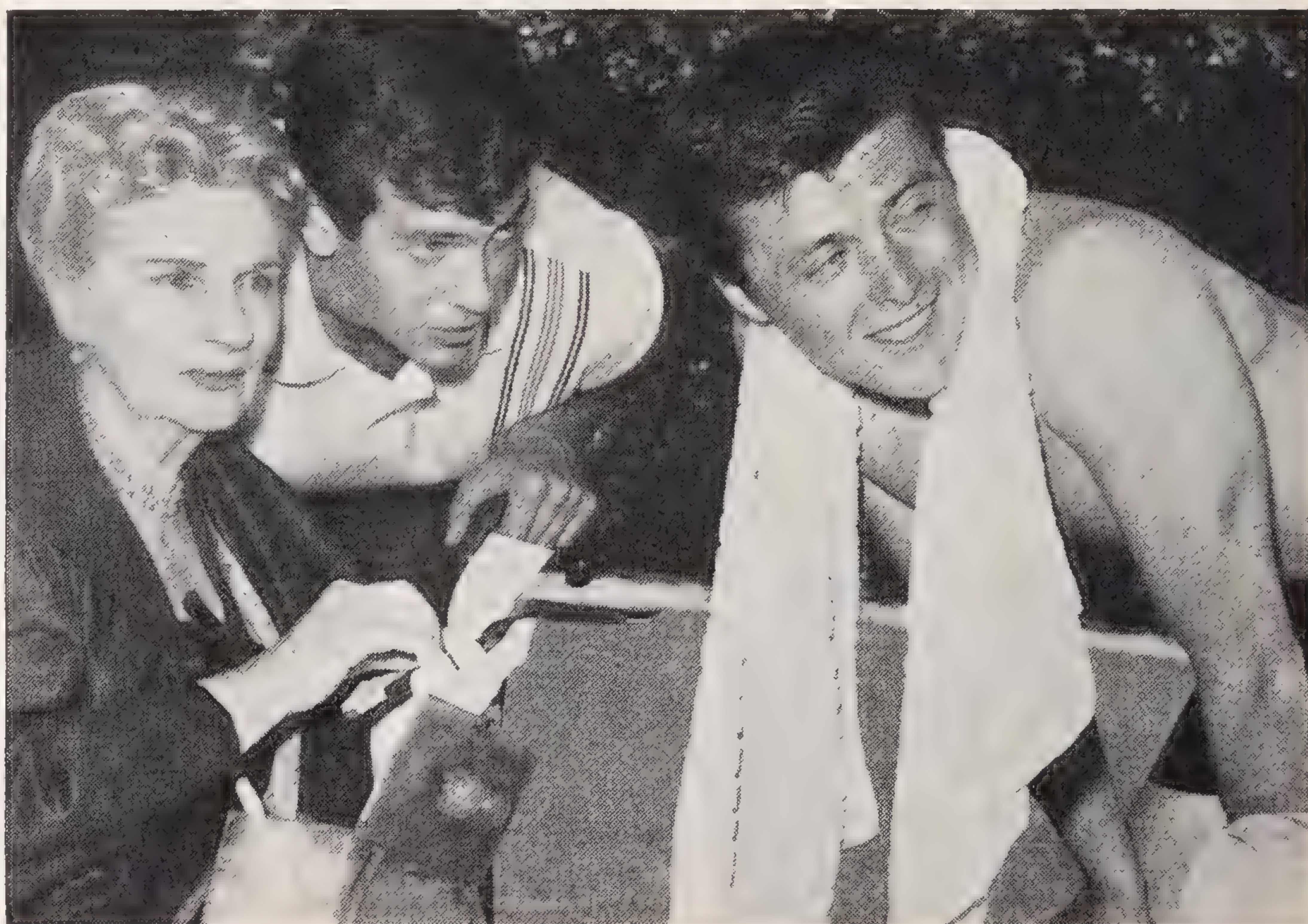


Hollywood is Chattering About: "In-discreet," the sophisticated comedy with **Cary Grant** and **Ingrid Bergman**. Reminiscent of those wonderful romantic comedies Cary made with **Irene Dunne** and **Katharine Hepburn**, this one is sheer heaven after the gloom theme of current movie fare . . . The accidental meeting in Hollywood of **Mrs. Tyrone Power** (the former **Debbie Smith Minardos**) with her former husband (actor **George Minardos**), who is now courting **Kathy Gallant**. And their pleasant, civilized exchange of greetings . . . The shaken complacency of **Gregory Peck** upon the arrival of a new daughter to keep his four sons company . . . That so-in-love look of newly-engaged **Peter Brown** and **Diane Jergens**, of newlywed **Marjorie Lord** and producer **Randolf Hale** and the all-aglow look of **Bob and Rosemary Stack**, proud new parents of son **Charles**, and of **Nancy and Ronald Reagan**, who also have a new son . . . The razor blade sharpness of the offbeat **Oscar Levant** TV show, about to go national, with Oscar slashing at himself more often than his famous guests . . . The steady improvement in **Eddie Fisher** as a performer, and the bets around town that **Clint Walker**, who walked out on his TV show, "Cheyenne," will get everything he wants: \$3,000 a week plus re-runs. Wow!! . . . The happy tribe of mothers-to-be around town: **Doris Day**, **Hope Lange**, **Rosey Clooney**, **Janet Leigh**, **Lita Baron**, et al . . . The feeling **Sinatra** and **Bardot** will make neither beautiful music nor light brilliant bonfires together during their movie-making stint in Paris. At least not for long. The town's verdict: "Those two are too much alike" . . . The chorus-boy lineup at the "Share" benefit party. Only in Hollywood could such lads as **Dean Martin**, **Gene Kelly**, **Eddie Fisher**, **Tony Curtis**, **Harry Belafonte**, **James Garner**, **Paul Newman**, **Guy Madison** and other gentlemen of the "ensemble" line up for a song and dance number. All for a worthy cause . . . **Jerry Lewis'** new \$350,000 Bel-Air home, his six-room suite of offices at Paramount

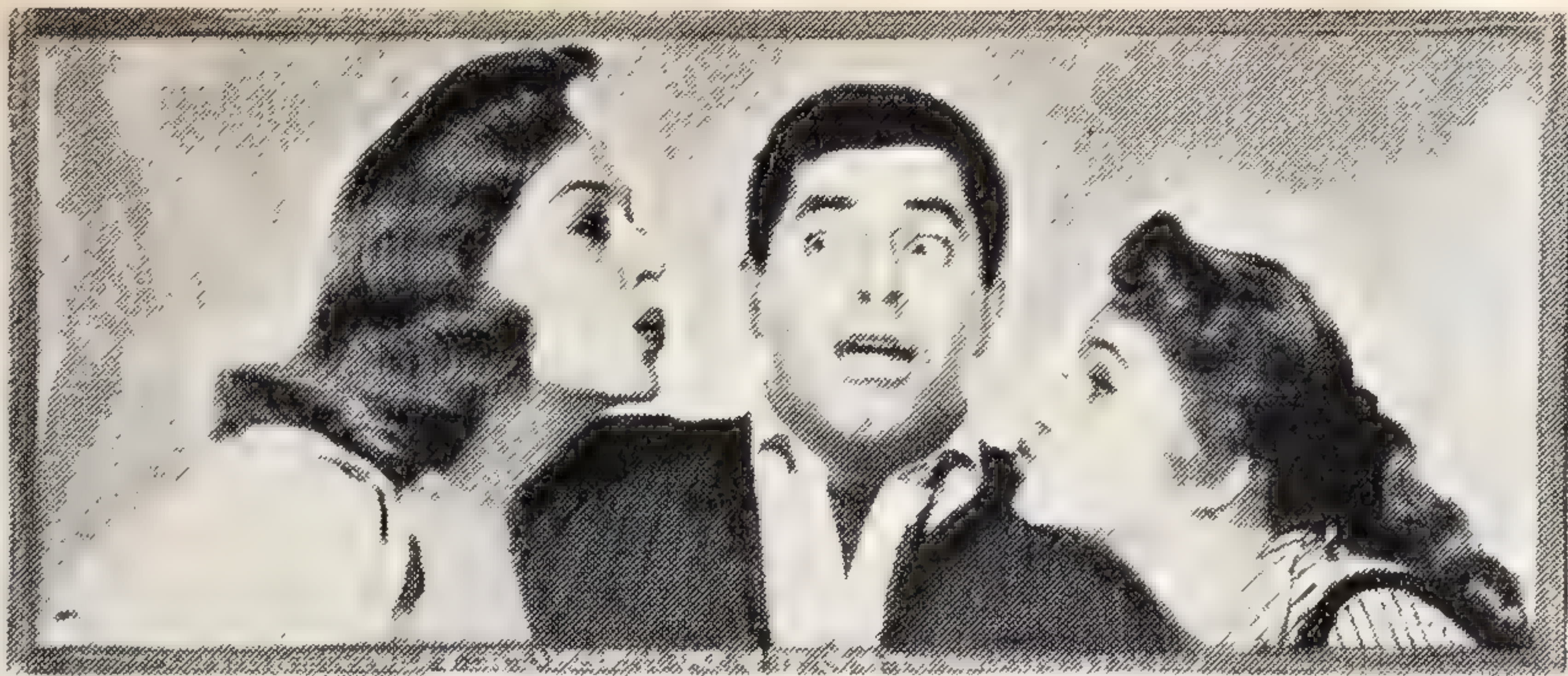
and his plans for a whole new **Jerry Lewis** building in Hollywood. Such opulence hasn't been seen since the old pearl-melting-in-the-champagne days . . . The way **Tommy Sands** and **Piper Laurie**, both short-termers at the Actors' Studio, kinda hang around together in Hollywood discussing The Method while their former chums look on in wonder . . . **Rick Nelson's** blasting of a whole new Northwest Passage during his personals in the states of Washington and Oregon. Fans nearly trampled poor **Ricky** to death in their enthusiasm . . . The sadness of **Liz Taylor** during the dismantling of the Palm Springs home **Liz** and the late **Mike Todd** shared together, **Liz'** plans to co-produce movies with **Mike Todd Jr.**, and the hopes **Liz** is still in town when **Monty Clift** arrives for his new movie, "Lonelyhearts." Despite talk, the friendship between **Liz** and **Monty** is still close and comforting—to both of them . . . That "silly" straw hat fad that has swept the

town. Hats that look for all the world like those worn by donkeys, even to ear-slits. The gals wear scarfs through the slits that tie under the chin and completely hide the hair. With dark glasses they provide the perfect disguise . . . The happiness of **James Garner**, who copped a co-starring role with **Tab Hunter** in "Up Periscope," and was given a raise on his "Maverick" TV show. Without any petition on his part . . . The busy life of **Sal Mineo**, who practices half a day on the drums for his **Gene Krupa** role and the other half learning to ride horseback for his role in Disney's "Tonka." "I'm too tired to date in the evenings," **Sal** says. At 18????

Our "Comers": Hollywood's eager-to-go-places group of young people gathered around **Duke Lloyd's** swimming pool for a recent afternoon of fun. And I thought, watching these handsome youngsters at play, swimming, dancing on (continued)



Handsome Mark Damon and Ed Byrnes (Doesn't he look like Gordon MacRae?) give me lowdown on young stars partying at Duke Lloyd's outdoor wing-ding



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IT'S
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SONGS!

"DORMI-DORMI-DORMI"
(Sleep-Sleep-Sleep)
"THE LAND OF LA-LA-LA"
"LOVE IS A LONELY THING"
"ROCK-A-BYE BABY"
"THE WHITE VIRGIN
OF THE NILE"
"WHY CAN'T HE
CARE FOR ME"

Co-starring

MARILYN MAXWELL • REGINALD GARDINER • BACCALONI • CONNIE STEVENS

Produced by JERRY LEWIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screen Story and Screen Play by FRANK TASHLIN • Based on a Story by PRESTON STURGES

Associate Producer—Ernest D. Glucksman • Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • Songs by HARRY WARREN and SAMMY CAHN



P

INSIDE STUFF

continued

the pavilion, and having snacks on the veranda, there could be no finer group of young people anywhere. And in their hands, Hollywood would be secure in the years to come. For this, I loved them. **Mark Damon**, limping slightly from a fall he took while making "Party Crashers," brought blonde starlet **Connie Stevens**, who scored solidly with **Jerry Lewis** in "Rockabye Baby." Duke and **Robert Dix** had a million chuckles over their latest together, "Frankenstein's Daughter," and **Edward Byrnes** (a look-alike for **Gordon MacRae**), whom you saw in "Darby's Rangers" and "Girl on the Run," charmed me completely—and his date, **Dorothy Jordan**. Mark and Ed, by the way, co-star in Columbia's "Life

Begins at 17." To me, the prettiest girl of the afternoon was Duke's date, **Marcia Henderson**, with **Cathy Crosby** the "vamp" of the party, and playing up that role for dear life. Grand entrance of the afternoon was made by **Harold Lloyd Sr.**, and I made a modest speech: "Young people, let me introduce one of Hollywood's immortals, and one of the great stars in film history—Mr. Harold Lloyd." And would you believe it—each and every one of the young people made a mental genuflection, one Mr. Lloyd sensed in gratitude, I can assure you.

Cal York Jottings: The announcement of **Gen. Trujillo**, before leaving Hollywood, of his intentions to (*continued*)



Cowgirl Joan Collins and caballero Stanley Donen (left) could have danced all night at Share party. Glittery Barbara Nichols charmed columnist Mike Connolly



Jim ("Maverick") and Lois Garner (left) felt right at home in western duds, and the Newmans, Joanne and Paul, came ready for races in swank riding get-ups

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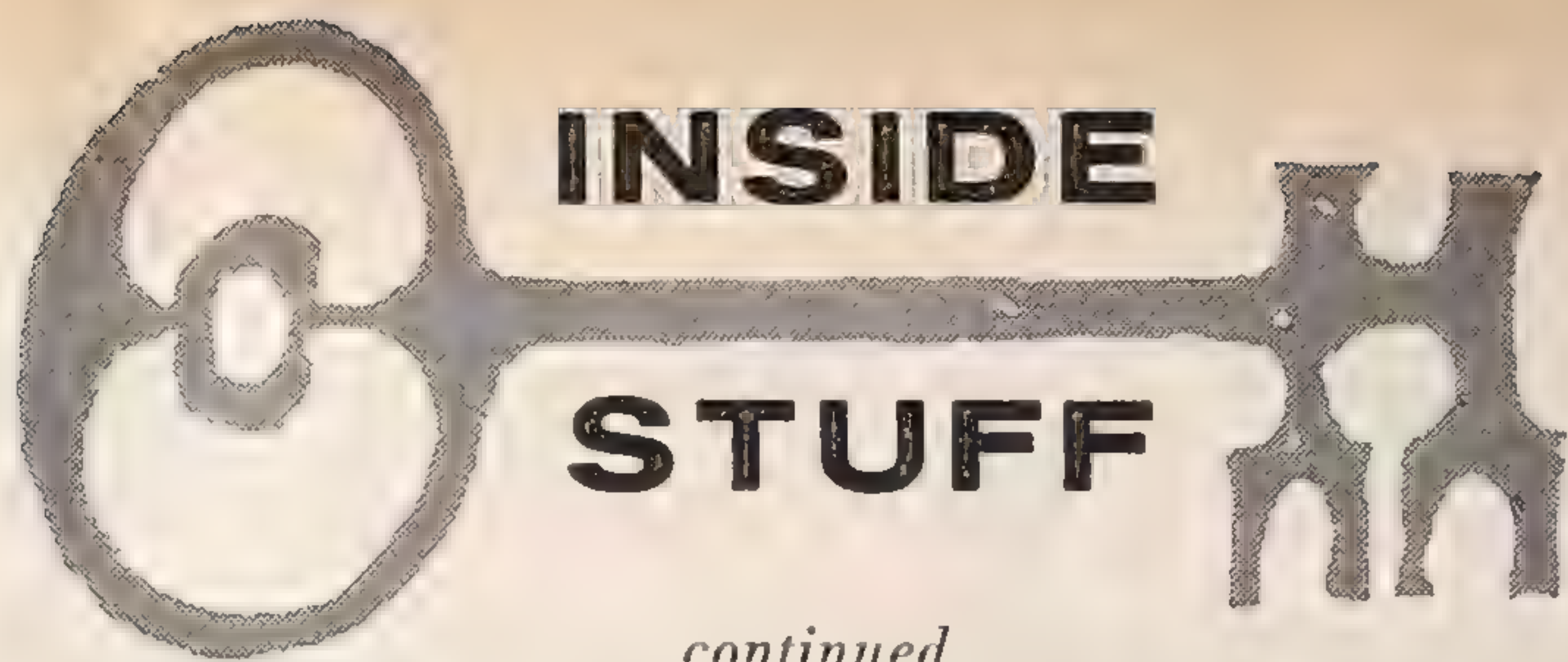
CRISP
AND
COOL

EVEN ON "SPECIAL DAYS"!

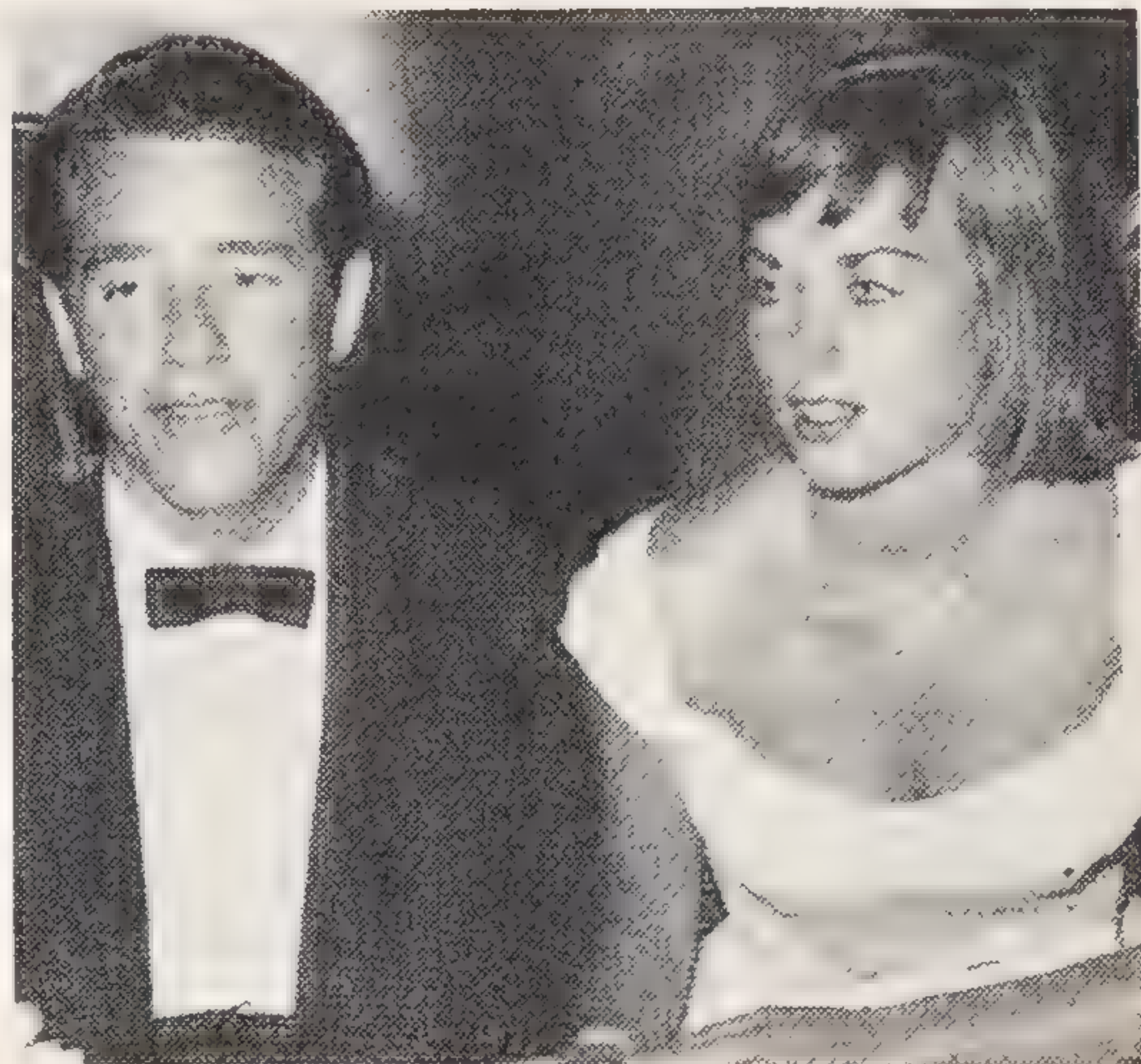
Nothing seems to wilt you on *those* days! Thanks to Tampax® internal sanitary protection, you can almost breeze through time-of-the-month. And no wonder—for Tampax does away with chafing pads and twisting belts. Banishes all fear of telltale odor and outlines. Takes only seconds to change and dispose of. What's more, once it's in place, you can't even feel its presence. Why, you're so cool and comfortable wearing Tampax—you almost forget there's a difference in days of the month! 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



continued



Dick ("The Real McCoys") and Penni Crenna celebrate show's renewal, on town



Favorites Ida Lupino, Howard Duff may go separate ways in fall—on TV, natch!

marry **Kim Novak** after his Mexican divorce, brought only bored sighs from the Hollywood that has lived through too many of Kim's flaming romances to grow agitated . . . His friends aren't too pleased over **Russ Tamblyn's** Fort Ord didos that have him on long-term guard duty. But why not make the best of it like **Elvis**, whose thousands of fan letters are daily forwarded to Private Presley—a modest soldier in the cause of Uncle Sam.

Whamies! **Ernie Borgnine's** marriage, according to rumor, began to fall apart with Ernie's first romantic role in "The Badlanders" with **Katy Jurado**. Friends feel Ernie kinda got took with romantic notions. But it's still rumor and the town hoped **Rhoda Borgnine** would be back home again . . . A double ditto for the sudden **Deborah Kerr-Anthony Bartley** split-up after 12 years of marriage and two children . . . **Gina Lollobrigida** took one look at **John Saxon** roaming around Rome and said, "That's for me in my next picture." What **Vicki Thal** and John's studio think about it isn't known.

Papa Brando: "He's a new man. He's walking four feet off the ground. As a father, he's a new Brando, take my word for it." These were the words of a close family friend of **Anna Brando**, telling us of her visit to the hospital the evening **Marlon's** son **Christian** was born. "Marlon stood in the hallway eating a pickle," the friend said, "and the sight so amused one of the nurses, she went into fits of laughter. Marlon joined in and the ten-

sion of waiting was over. His face, when the arrival of his son was announced, was transfigured with happiness. His first act was to dash to the telephone and inform his father. His next was to see Anna the first moment he was permitted." During the ensuing few days, I'm told, he'd stand hour after hour outside the nursery window gazing at the small pink and white bundle of a baby that was his. A real beauty. Once, a woman visitor, unaware the Great Brando was near, eagerly pointed out her new grandchild. "Here, take my place," Marlon insisted, "you can see much better from here." "We, who are Anna's friends, hope and pray the baby will make a better adjusted family man of Marlon. We all have our fingers crossed," the friend confided. And I added my own personal "Amen."

Briefies: **Kim Novak** travels out to the Valley every day to a strong-armed masseuse who whacks her across the hips for a solid hour with wringing wet towels. Wonderful for reducing, Kim claims . . . Real estate folk in Beverly Hills and Bel Air went slightly berserk trying to find exactly the right house for **Marilyn Monroe** and husband **Arthur Miller**. While Marilyn toils on "Some Like It Hot," Arthur will work on his play. It should be a goodie. Arthur's been at it since before his wedding day . . . The town's agog over "The Immortal" by **Walter Ross**. **Jimmy Dean's** still loyal fans may resent it, however . . . The cancellation of **Frank Sinatra's** TV show came as no surprise. Frankie, too sure of him- (continued)

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You Pay Nothing If You're Not Satisfied With Your Weight Loss... As Much As 6 Lbs. in 3 Days, 10 Lbs. the First Week!

No food restrictions, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New Reducing Drug acts directly on cause of overweight!

After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slim self again *without* constant hunger pangs...*without* cruel diets... *even without* giving up all your favorite foods! Yes! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or you don't pay a cent!

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Unless you have a Super Will Power, you can NEVER reduce to your satisfaction with ordinary reducing methods. You probably know from your own experience how difficult, almost impossible it is to reduce with just fad diets, hunger strikes, laxatives, exercise, steam baths, massage...so-called reducing candies, cookies, powders and bulk-producing pills. Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is to *reduce caloric intake...to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose—and now, at last, they've found a NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE, safe enough to be used *without* prescription!

3-WAY ACTION LETS YOU LOSE POUND AFTER POUND AFTER POUND!

REGIMEN TABLETS are a combination of safe, proven reducing drugs—the only one of its kind available anywhere. Aspirin-size and easy to take. REGIMEN TABLETS contain *no* bulk-producing ingredients, do *not* irritate your stomach, and work 3 *amazing* ways for fast, easy weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat what you like, but even tasty delicacies shouldn't tempt you to over-stuff yourself.

2. They force you to lose weight automatically by *removing* "fluid weight". You lose pound after pound *fast*!
3. They work *quickly*...start traveling thru your blood stream in less than a minute...and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No Super Will Power! YOU EAT *WHAT* THE FAMILY EATS *WHEN* THEY EAT—THE SAME DELICIOUS FOODS AS ALWAYS—BUT YOU JUST DON'T *WANT* TO EAT AS MUCH! YOU FEEL *FULL, COMPLETELY SATISFIED* ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU DREAMED POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED*

There's never been anything like REGIMEN TABLETS—so start reducing this safe, sure way today. Get rid of excess weight if you want to live longer. You may not lose as much weight as Mr. Morris but we GUARANTEE you this: you MUST be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or your money back! Taken as directed, REGIMEN TABLETS are absolutely safe, harmless to lungs, kidneys, other vital organs. Get REGIMEN TABLETS for No-Diet Reducing today!

CLINICAL TEST PROVES "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted 1000 calorie-a-day diet while another group ate *without* food restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the 1000 calorie-a-day group!*

This is *documented clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can actually *eat what you want and still lose weight!*

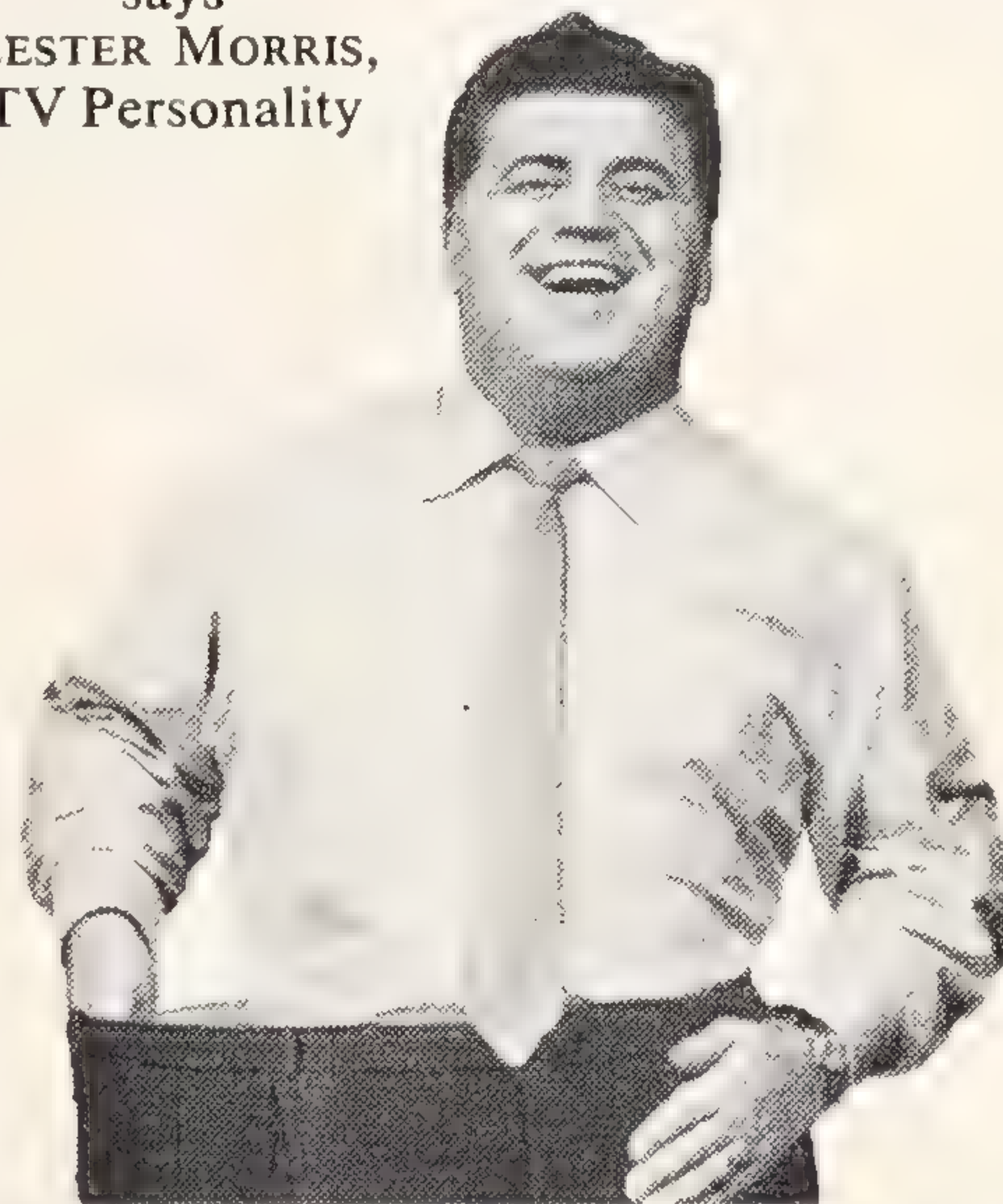
You eat what the family eats —when they eat!

No dieting—no starving—no unappetizing foods, when you take REGIMEN TABLETS. You eat normally with the rest of the family—but you simply don't *want* to eat as much. Your weight comes down from the very first day! Pounds and inches disappear!



"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days*
TAKING REGIMEN TABLETS
WITHOUT ANY DIETING
...and never felt better in my life!"

says
LESTER MORRIS,
TV Personality



"I tried ordinary reducing methods for years—diets, laxatives, candies, pills, exercises, steam baths—nothing worked. Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. I lost 9 lbs. in 3 days, 12 lbs. the first week, and 28 lbs. in 28 days! Without dieting! Without will power! I ate the same foods as always; I just couldn't eat as much! Yet I felt full all the time—and the fat just melted away!"

A notarized doctor's report,
filed with this publication, con-
firms Mr. Morris' weight loss.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Don't be confused by imitation products that contain only ONE of the three drugs found in REGIMEN TABLETS. Reducing experts say you need ALL THREE drugs to really lose weight without dieting. REGIMEN TABLETS is the first and only reducing product of its kind in the world that contains all three safe, completely effective wonder drugs to perform every known function for No-Diet reducing. Get REGIMEN TABLETS—and only REGIMEN TABLETS—and be sure of reducing quickly and safely—without dieting.

Regimen-Tablets



10-day supply,
only \$3

20-day supply,
only \$5
(You save
\$1.00)

Available At All Drug
Stores. If your druggist is sold
out, he can supply you in 24 hours.

REGIMEN TABLETS, another fine product of the Drug Research Corporation, sole distributors of Super Sustamin 2-12 for the relief of Arthritis-Rheumatism pains.

Lander's Great New Chlorophyll Roll-On

Not 98¢ Not 69¢

**NOW
39¢**



**DOLLARS
CAN'T BUY A
BETTER, SAFER,
NICER ROLL-ON
DEODORANT**

- **Rolls on Instantly**
- **Protects All Day**

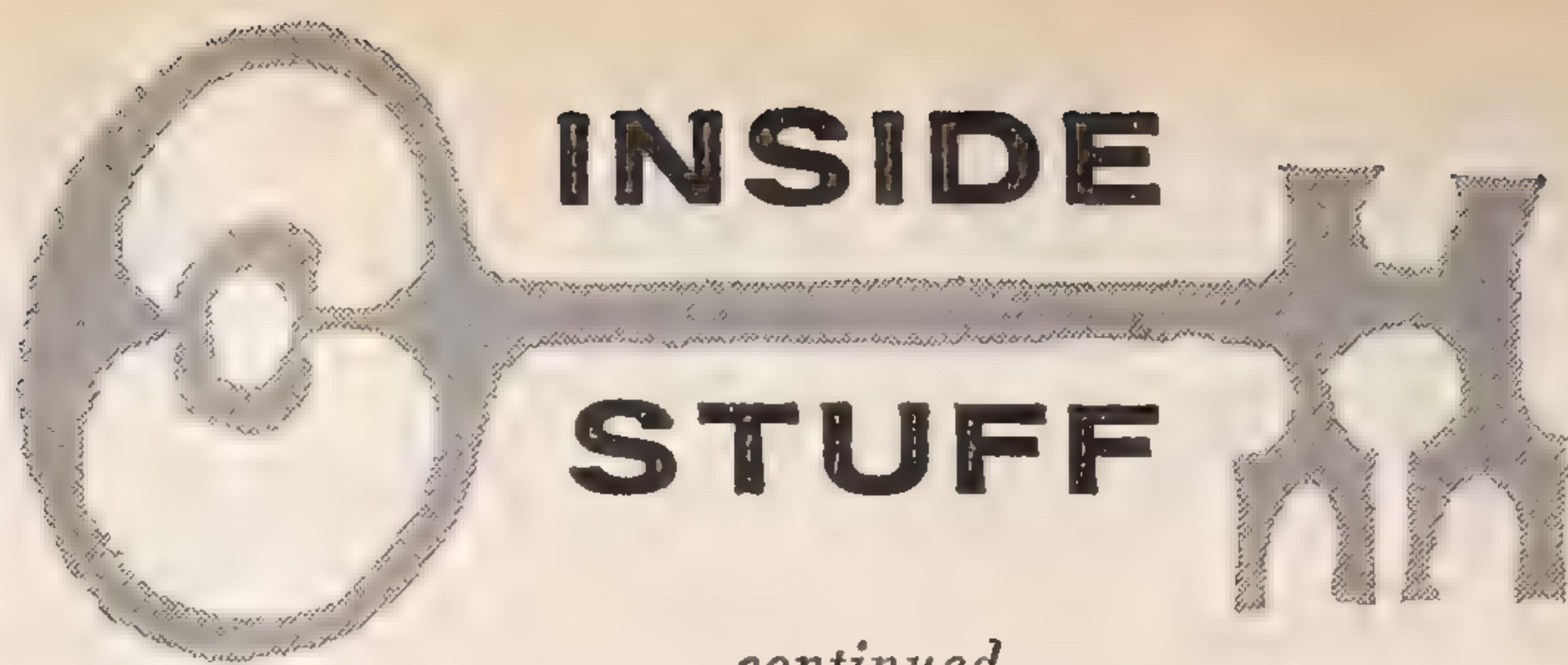
...and here is America's outstanding



**Chlorophyll
STICK
Deodorant**

...loved by millions because
it's so reliable
29¢ ...and so thrifty!

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
DEODORANTS



continued

self, gave it the Class B routine and only woke up too late to save it . . . Too bad Rhonda Fleming's marriage to Lew Morrill ended on the rocks again . . . Cutest bit of platter-making going the rounds this month is **Jack Lemmon's** "A Twist of Lemmon" . . . **James MacArthur** had the blessing of his mother, **Helen Hayes**, when his engagement to lovely **Joyce Bulifant** was announced . . . Poor little **Sandra Dee**! She must consume three malted milks a day, in addition to three square meals. Sandra went from 95 to 85 pounds with all that gallivanting around Europe for "The Reluctant Debutante."

Suzy's Marriage Mix-up: Everyone sympathizes with **Suzy Parker's** loss of her father and her own serious injuries in a Florida auto accident. But there is little sympathy for Suzy for her crazy, mixed-up private life that this brought to light. She registered as Mrs. Pierre de la Salle. Count Pierre de la Salle, a freelance writer, rushed to Suzy's side, but stated, "I have never been married. She has never been married. I never intend to be married. She never intends to be married." Said Suzy's sister, **Dorian**, "I have no idea if their marriage was formalized. I don't believe she ever discussed it with my family." WELL! How mixed-up can you get? And what really riles everybody is the memory of Suzy's interviews in which she gave a coy "marriage-is-not-

for-me" line to the press. How could this girl be so heartless—and have so little sense of obligation to be on the level with the public that made her a success? Let's hope the whole unfortunate affair will bring Suzy to her senses.

Ricky Nelson's Engagement: No matter what stories come out about this, don't you believe them.

Stars of Tomorrow: The fastest rising young star in Hollywood today, **Brad Dillman** and his cute French co-star of "A Certain Smile," **Christine Carere**, invited me to lunch in the 20th Century-Fox dining room. "Brad, I want to go home to Paris to see my husband," Christine moaned, while Brad insisted upon both of us inspecting pictures of his new baby. A handsome young man of social and financial background, of San Francisco brokers, of Hotchkiss and Yale, of the U.S. Marines, of the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Long Day's Journey Into Night," of the Theater World's Most Promising Personality—Brad is now Hollywood's own. His eloquent voice, his aristocratic good looks, his Actors' Studio training, all spell success for Dillman, who met and married lovely **Frieda Harding** during a summer theater stint and is now off with **Bob Wagner** in "In Love and War." Perky Chris proves the perfect foil for Brad in their "Certain Smile" epic. (*continued*)



When pop Ron Reagan announced son, pal June Allyson was first well-wisher



"He's mine, all mine!" sighs Carolyn Jones. Who else? Hubby Aaron Spelling!

"...with this key I thee wed..."

The door opened
into a haven from hell
—and the girl
came with the key.



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A CARL FOREMAN Picture

WILLIAM HOLDEN
SOPHIA LOREN
TREVOR HOWARD

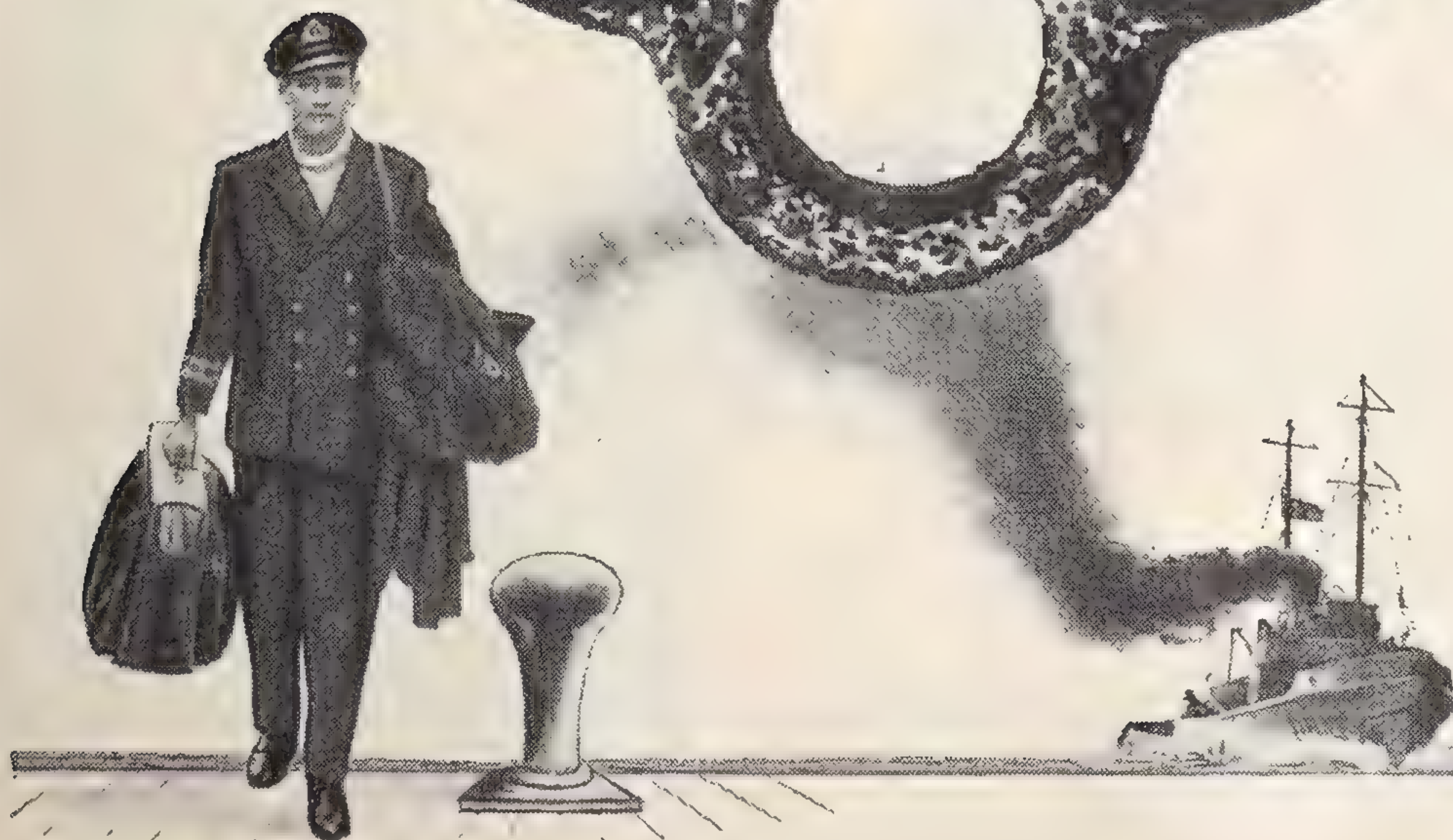
in
CAROL REED'S Production

"The Key"

CinemaScope

with
KIERON MOORE • BERNARD LEE • BRYAN FORBES
BEATRIX LEHMANN • NOEL PURCELL
and

OSCAR HOMOLKA



Based on the novel "Stella" by JAN DE HARTOG • Written for the screen and Produced by CARL FOREMAN • Directed by CAROL REED • Associate Producer AUBREY BARING • A HIGHROAD PRESENTATION

FOR THESE
DESPERATE LOVERS
THIS WAS THE
POINT-OF-NO-RETURN!

...now they were
trapped on a
strange journey —
their only
companions
outcasts ...
their only horizon
...danger!



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ROCK HUDSON CYD CHARISSE

in ERNEST K. GANN'S
Mightiest Best Seller since
"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"!

"For once
I want a man
to look at me
as if I were
his first love...
not his latest!"

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

in Eastman COLOR

co-starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY • LEIF ERICKSON**

CHARLES MCGRAW • ERNEST TRUEX

with **RICHARD HAYDN • JUDITH EVELYN • WALLACE FORD**

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Written by ERNEST K. GANN • Produced by GORDON KAY



INSIDE STUFF

continued

But the day we lunched, Chris was blue. Married to a French actor whom she's seen but ten days in all, since their marriage, Christine wanted to go home. "I won't do thees 'Madras Gras' with thees Pat Boonay," she complained. "I want to see my husband. So I queet."

"Now look, cutie-pie," I cautioned, "you have the nicest bosses in town. Simply tell them you must go to Paris first to see your husband and then return for the Pat Boone picture. You'll like Pat."

The following day my telephone rang. It was fractured-English Christine. "Good-bye. My boss says to go for one whole month. Then I come back and make ze film with Mister Boonay." And she was off.

My Town: The charm of Hollywood lies in the unexpected—the surprises around the corner. Dropping into **Wil Wright's** ice cream parlor on Beverly Hills the other afternoon, whom should I behold but **Gary Cooper**, of all people, enjoying a soda by himself. All through my own banana split, I frankly stared at my favorite "yup" man and I'm happy to report that if Coop's had a face lift it doesn't show. The same old "line" and the same old lines that are so attractively "Cooperish" are still there. Thank heavens.

It amused me to watch two obvious tourists in **Jack Tavelman's** haberdashery, buying gifts for their husbands at home, ignoring the tall redhead trying on a terry cloth jacket. "Let's pick up the packages later," one said to the other. "We don't want to miss one minute of **Danny Kaye** in 'Merry Andrew.'"

And Danny Kaye, who had been trying on the terry cloth jacket, looked across the shop at me and winked.



It's so good to have Marilyn back. Producer Harold Mirisch thinks so, too.

New!

Only in

BOBBI...

3 kinds of curlers

for the 3 critical waving areas
in soft modern hairstyles!



Only new Bobbi gives you all 3:

- 1 6 large sponge rollers give extra body where your hairstyle needs most support—add style flare at the sides, give a lift over the brow, curve a perky pony-tail.
- 2 40 casual pin-curlers for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
- 3 6 midget rods for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.



The new modern hairstyles need different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so *easy*. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting . . . you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!



ONLY \$2⁰⁰

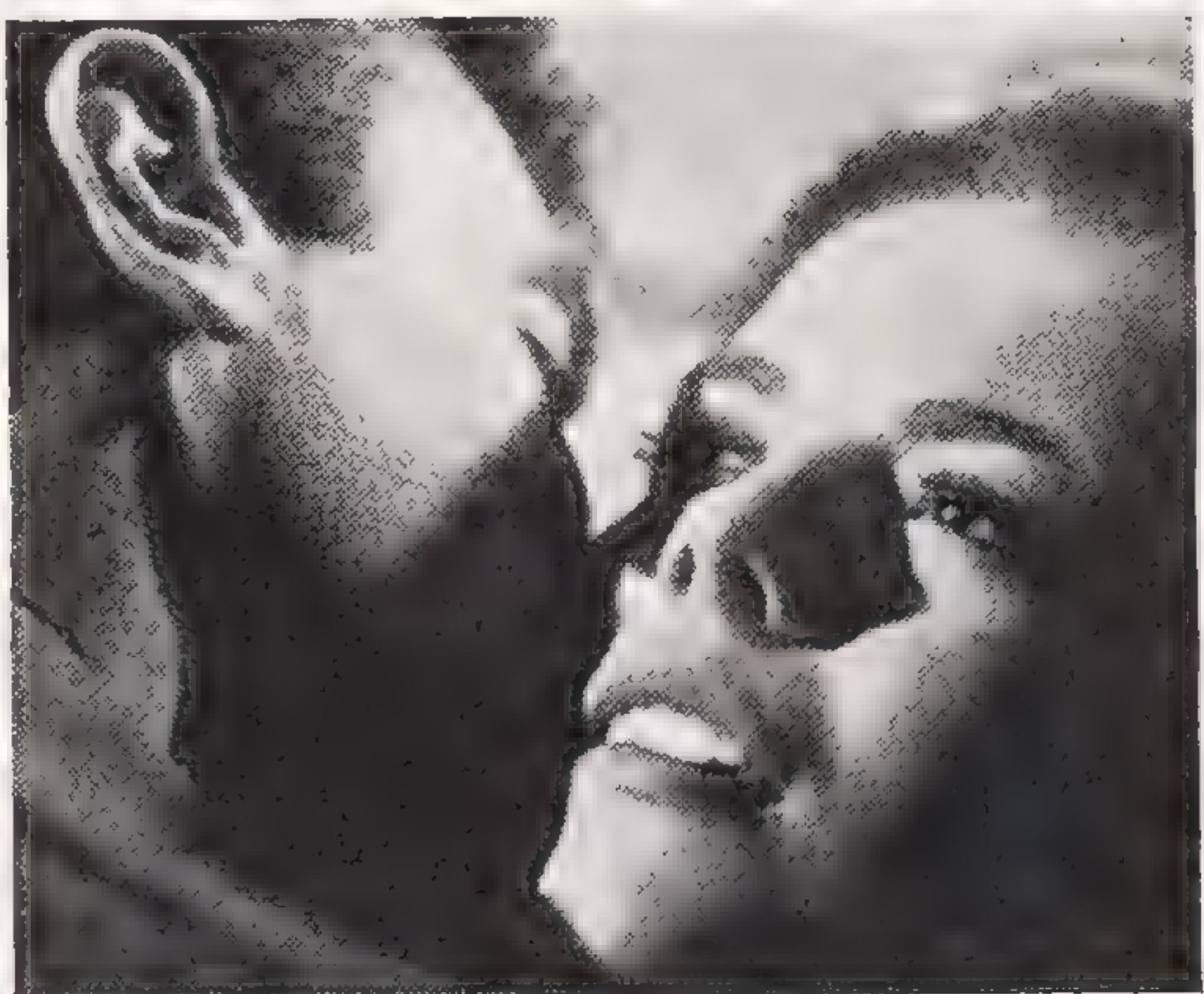
the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

go out to a movie

WITH JANET GRAVES

What's on tonight? Check
your local theater and
date a favorite in one
of these top new pictures



Kings Go Forth

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ The combination of Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood may suggest romance, and both love and sex are important here. But this is a serious film, a startling drama presented with compassion rather than bravado. GI pals in France of 1944, Frank and Tony are an odd team: tough but kindly guy from the New York streets and spoiled rich kid. Natalie is an American girl living on the Riviera with her widowed mother (beautifully played by Leora Dana). Meeting Natalie first, Frank wins her friendship; but one look at Tony arouses her love (left). A test of sincerity for both men comes when, expressing pride in her father, she reveals that he was a Negro. Characters are further tried in stirring combat. ADULT

King Creole

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ This'll hold 'em! As a temporary-farewell gesture, Elvis Presley not only proves he's still top man in the r 'n' r field—he shows rapidly acquired extra poise as an actor. Full of rhythm and action, Elvis' best picture so far casts him as a boy with a grudge. Because his ineffectual father (Dean Jagger) can't hold a job, Elvis has to work part-time in a lowdown New Orleans night club. A teenage gang tempts him toward petty crime; but, after he's flunked his senior high-school year, a singing career comes his way by chance. Even this involves him with the underworld, in the persons of racketeer Walter Matthau and Carolyn Jones, Matthau's mistreated girl. On the sunny side is Elvis' romance with Dolores Hart, his "Loving You" leading lady. A fuzzy moral outlook and an excess of plot twists hamper the film, but the music's the thing. With the opening number (left), Elvis hints at a big future beyond rock 'n' roll. ADULT

No Time for Sergeants

WARNERS

✓✓✓✓ A no-good type in his first film appearance ("A Face in the Crowd"), Andy Griffith now blossoms out in the genial role that brought him success. As a husky backwoodsman, he cheerfully goes into uniform in the peacetime Air Force—and shatters the morale of his superiors. Military manners are a mystery to him; utterly good-natured and good-hearted, he thinks punishment duties are a special privilege. Cooperating in the steady barrage of laughs are Nick Adams, as an earnest weakling befriended by Andy; Myron McCormick, as a baffled sergeant; Murray Hamilton, as a nasty noncom. It's a bubbling blend of fun and sense. FAMILY

Vertigo

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Under Alfred Hitchcock's coolly expert hand, an eerie atmosphere surrounds the strange love (loves?) of James Stewart and Kim Novak. As a police detective, Jimmy resigns from the force because he's obsessed by a fear of high places. He forgets his own problem when he agrees to shadow Kim. Tom Helmore, as her husband, believes she is possessed and driven toward suicide by the spirit of an ill-fated ancestress. Though Jimmy and the haunted girl fall in love, he can't prevent a second tragedy from nearly wrecking his life. In his resulting breakdown, his sensible long-time girlfriend (Barbara Bel Geddes) loyally stands by. But he finds a double for his late love (this time a dark-haired, more flamboyant, less genteel-spoken Kim Novak). Chilling and madly mystifying! FAMILY

(continued)

Now! 4 Sal Mineo Hits *only* 50¢

with the plaid tab from "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape!

Reg. \$1.29 value EPIC
Album "Sal Mineo Sings"
45 rpm EP.

I made this album of four of my favorite songs — "Start Movin'", "Too Young", "Baby Face" and "Little Pigeon" — just so you could have it at a very low price. But remember, you can get it *only* in this special offer — and the time is limited. Better hurry and get yours now!

Yours, *Sal*



MAIL COUPON NOW or look for special displays at your favorite store!

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SAL MINEO ALBUM • Box 3200, St. Paul 1, Minn.

Enclosed find 50¢ (and the plaid tab from a roll of "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape). Please rush my special Sal Mineo EP recording by return mail! Offer expires Oct. 31, 1958.

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PLACE TAB
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**MINNESOTA
MINING AND
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...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW



PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-88, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's **RADIANT**
WITH
MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

MOVIES *continued*

Naked Earth

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Earthy it is, this vigorous romantic adventure, with a wry wit and an air of realism unusual in tales of darkest Africa. Doing a robust job as a footloose Irishman, Richard Todd journeys there around the end of the last century, to join a pal in a tobacco-farming scheme. But the friend has died, and Todd teams up instead with the supposed widow, a money-minded wench from the Marseilles waterfront. Seen only in brief roles earlier, Juliette Greco comes across splendidly as this voluptuous yet practical and likable dame. The couple's sparring rouses chuckles, and when the local padre (Finlay Currie) decides it's about time they got married, Juliette's best clothes make a hilariously unsuitable bridal outfit. For excitement along with the amusement, there are wicked white traders to mislead the natives; deadly crocodiles to be hunted for valued hides.

ADULT

A Time to Love and a Time to Die

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ A handsome young man showing firm screen presence, John Gavin makes his debut opposite another newcomer, pert-featured yet wistful Lilo Pulver. Theirs is a gentle love story, luminous against the dark background of a nation facing defeat. As a German soldier home on leave in 1944, John encounters Lilo while searching for his missing parents. She, too, is alone, for her father is being held by the Gestapo, which takes brutal means to shore up crumbling morale. This threat, along with initial misunderstanding, shadows the flowering romance. Jock Mahoney, Don DeFore and Keenan Wynn convincingly portray John's comrades-in-arms, and the story's author, Erich Maria Remarque (of "All Quiet on the Western Front" fame), turns actor for a sympathetic role.

ADULT

Gunman's Walk

COLUMBIA;
CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Strong character development and good suspense mark this hard-hitting western, though the roles taken by Van Heflin, Tab Hunter and James Darren aren't brand-new to the screen. As a prosperous rancher, Van can't forget his dangerous pioneering days. So he under-rates younger son Jim, who knows gun-play is passé. And he coddles the older Tab, who rewards him with rebellion and bitter jealousy. Set on beating Van's old-time prowess with a gun, Tab's spoiling for a fight—any fight. An Indian-hater, he treats half-Sioux Kathryn Grant with contempt and is responsible for her brother's death. This killing sparks the plot and makes the romance of Jim and Kathy a Romeo-Juliet affair, caught between warring family loyalties. Though Van winds up dominating the movie, Tab turns heavy with great gusto, pulling no punches.

FAMILY

The Vikings

U.A.; TECHNIRAMA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis and Ernest Borgnine have themselves a high old time in this roaring yarn of raiders who prowled the seas ten centuries ago. Even Janet Leigh is required to man (???) an oar in a chase sequence. As lusty king of the Vikings, Ernest plots a foray against one of the realms of a divided England. Only James Donald, spying for the Norsemen at the English court, knows that slave Tony is the rightful ruler of this realm, now in the grip of a wicked king. As for Janet, she's scheduled to become queen. But she's captured as a hostage by the Vikings, under the leadership of Kirk, arrogant oldest son of Borgnine. While high-prowed ships, deep fjords, a noble castle please the eye, action moves fast and blood flows freely. Those old boys *did* play rough!

FAMILY
continued



Don't trust that winning grin! This time Tab's the guy you'll love to hate

In an earlier West, Pat Wayne warns Yvonne Craig that there'll be shootin'

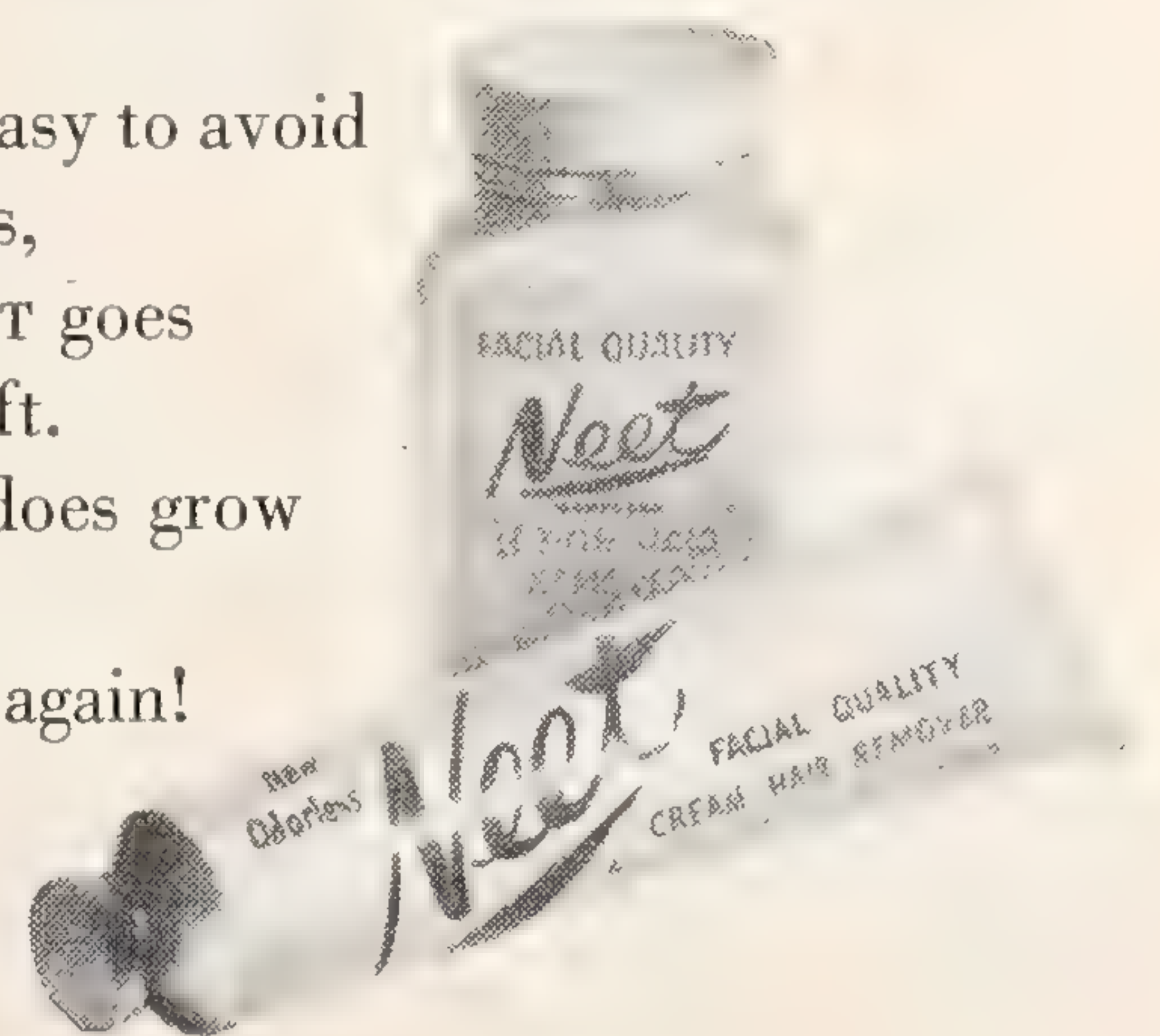


shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way

Neet



Haddon Sundblom, famous artist, paints a **Gayla** glamour girl.



Will your hair set you in the picture?

You will be a model of loveliness with your glamorous Gayla-kept hair. Like millions of others, you will find lasting hair beauty with Gayla HOLD-BOB, the all purpose bobby pin... the best for setting and securing any hair-do. Only Gayla HOLD-BOB with exclusive Flexi-Grip has the correct combination of springiness and holding power. To complete your perfect hair-do, use famous Lady Mervin Hair Rollers, Do-All Clips and Wave Clips.

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS
WITH **Flexi-Grip**

the world's largest selling bobby pins



Lady Mervin
WAVE CLIPS

The finest. Teeth do not interlock

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GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

MOVIES *continued*

The Young Land

BUENA VISTA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ You took to Pat Wayne in a big way when he was a fresh-faced kid in "Mister Roberts." But John's boy is every inch the man now. In a forceful frontier drama, he's sheriff of a California town where the law is still something new. Formal justice arrives with federal judge Dan O'Herlihy, to preside over the trial of Dennis Hopper. A slovenly hoodlum, Dennis doesn't consider killing a Mexican any crime, and he's backed in this opinion by the roughs of the community. If he's convicted, they'll storm the jail; if he's freed, angry vaqueros from nearby ranches plan a lynching party. Already on a spot, Pat also has to look out for his sweetheart (Yvonne Craig), daughter of a leading land-owner.

FAMILY

Indiscreet

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Teamed successfully twelve years ago in "Notorious," Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant are together again in a gabby but funny romantic caper. A top actress in the London theater, Ingrid's not so lucky with her private life. On the man hunt, she falls into a mad affair with finance expert Cary, though he tells her sadly he's married and can't get a divorce. Everything's lovely until she discovers his real marital status, and then ironic complications break loose. Cary's as adept a comedian as ever; Cecil Parker's a delight as Ingrid's respectable brother-in-law; and the Bergman charm is on display. Some of her costumes are eye-filling, but the Swedish goddess is again filling them out too amply.

ADULT

High School Confidential!

M-G-M,
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Judged as melodrama, this close-up of a school ravaged by drug addiction is shockingly effective. Russ Tamblyn, well-heeled new kid in town, sneers at discipline and moves fast to tie in with the traffickers in marijuana and, eventually, even more deadly narcotics. Knowing nothing of this horrifying business deal, teacher Jan Sterling tries to straighten out her problem student. With his assured portrayal, Russ neatly suggests the true nature of his role, through his reactions to Jan and to Diane Jergens, pitiable young victim of reefer. But the ring of reality is missing. John Drew Barrymore is too elegantly sinister as a pusher, and Mamie Van Doren is frankly comic as Russ's aunt. However, Jackie Coogan plays the local dope-trade boss in matter-of-fact style. Opening and closing the picture with a rock number, Jerry Lee Lewis has little else to do.

ADULT

Rooney

RANK

✓✓✓ Here's a delectable light comedy set in Dublin, where eligible bachelors

are rare. In the title role, debonair John Gregson has been fleeing one amorous landlady after another, finally becomes a boarder in a household tyrannized by formidable widow Marie Kean. Charming spinster Muriel Pavlow is made a drudge; grandpop Barry Fitzgerald is a near-prisoner in his upstairs room. At first, the widow scorns John because he's a dustman. (U.S. translation: He works on a truck collecting trash and garbage.) But her attitude changes when she finds he's a champ at the fast, rough sport of hurling, therefore an Irish hero. It's breezy fun, with a satisfying finale.

U-I; CINEMASCOPE,
EASTMAN COLOR

Kathy-O

✓✓✓ A new angle on life in Hollywood furnishes agreeable family entertainment, with Patty ("The Bad Seed") McCormack as a sweet-faced, terrible-tempered child star. Though publicist Dan Duryea has kids of his own, he can't stand this one. It takes cajolery and bribery to get Patty to be nice to Jan Sterling, sharp interviewer who happens to be Dan's ex-wife. But Patty's act turns real as Jan gives her the affection denied by a selfish guardian, who sees the child as merely a profitable "property." Sentiment and laughs mix pleasantly, helped along by Sam Levene's performance as a puzzled pal of Duryea's.

FAMILY

The Light in the Forest

BUENA VISTA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Think teenagers have it tough these days? You should see what James MacArthur and Carol Lynley go through back in 1764. Returned to his white parents, Jim's miserable at leaving the Indian tribe that stole him years before. He has been a chief's son, a young brave; now he's just another kid, forced to do farm chores, wear clumsy clothes and live in a village, instead of his beloved forest. As for Carol, she's a bond slave working for roughneck Wendell Corey, who keeps cornering her—and baiting Jim about his Indian ways. Scout Fess Parker and his sweetheart (Joanne Dru) try to help the youngsters. That scalplock hairdo of Jim's looks pretty weird, but Carol's a doll-like little beauty, and their love scenes are sweet.

FAMILY

The Parisienne

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ BB, France's answer to MM, has been drawing plenty of publicity, and in this sassy farce Brigitte Bardot generously shows what she's got to rate it. A go-get-him kind of girl, sexy-mannered but virtuous, Brigitte traps wolf Henri Vidal into matrimony. But she's sure he won't stay trapped, and she decides to play around, too, to rouse his jealousy. Charles Boyer, bored consort of a dignified European queen, seems a likely partner for an escapade. French dialogue, English titles—but bouncing Bardot talks an international language with every motion.

ADULT

Sears Lady Kenmore® adds Sta-Puf® automatically *for softer, fluffier washes!*

Now—enjoy *twice* the convenience, *twice* the ease, in restoring softness to wash-hardened clothes, with this marvelous washday twosome. The Lady Kenmore features an exclusive, self-cleaning lint filter . . . all-porcelain finish inside and out . . . and, a dispenser that adds Sta-Puf automatically to the final rinse cycle. Just pour Sta-Puf Rinse into the dispenser, set the new “programized” dials, and Lady Kenmore does the rest automatically . . . no lint filter to clean, no washing speeds or water temperatures to worry about, no wondering which rinse temperature is right.

Sta-Puf puts new life and springiness in every wash-matted fiber; gives soft, fluffy luxuriousness to all washables. Towels fluff up almost twice as thick! Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere! Baby's diapers, blankets, and clothes become petal-soft! Corduroys, blue jeans, and flatwork dry almost wrinkle-free; require little or no ironing! Be sure to use Sta-Puf in your next wash . . . at grocers' everywhere.

P.S. Lady Kenmore Washer-Dryer Combination—washes and dries a 10-pound load in one continuous operation. Also adds Sta-Puf automatically in final rinse.

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✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE—Paramount, VistaVision: Effective "woman's picture." In England of 1945, memories of a dead man link his sweetheart (Lana Turner) and widow (Glynis Johns). (A) July

✓✓✓ FRAULEIN—20th, CinemaScope: Honestly told love story of wartime Berlin. Dana Wynter, gently reared German girl, aids Mel Ferrer, escaped American officer. Then malice threatens her reputation. (A) June

✓✓✓ FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast, thoughtful

western teams newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. Cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes quarry in a revenge-ridden chase, is befriended by Diane. (F) June

✓✓✓ GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a daughter. (A) June

✓✓✓ HOT SPELL—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a wife who strives to hold straying Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

✓✓✓ LET'S ROCK!—Columbia: Light but believable plot, lively music. Fading disc star Julius La Rosa won't switch from ballads to rock 'n' roll. Top r 'n' r names. (F) July

✓✓✓ PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing onscreen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

✓✓✓ SHEEPMAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Breezy, highly entertaining western finds Glenn Ford intent on raising sheep in cattle country. Shirley MacLaine is a delight. (F) July

✓✓✓ TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th, CinemaScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family. Father Gary Cooper, wed to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble. (A) June

✓✓✓ THIS HAPPY FEELING—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a smart, sassy farce, Debbie Reynolds wavers between sophisticated Curt Jurgens, her boss, and John Saxon, the boy next door. (A) July

✓✓✓ VIOLENT ROAD—Warners: Taut thriller. Truck-driver Brian Keith heads a convoy hauling deadly explosives. (F) June

✓✓✓ WINDJAMMER—De Rochemont; Cinemiracle, Eastman Color: Spectacular shots, grand fun! Teenagers sail from Norway to West Indies, New York. (F) July

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

GUNMAN'S WALK—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson: *Lee Hackett*, Van Heflin; *Ed Hackett*, Tab Hunter; *Clee Chouard*, Kathryn Grant; *Davy Hackett*, James Darren; *Will Motely*, Mickey Shaughnessy; *Harry Brill*, Robert F. Simon; *Purcell Avery*, Edward Platt; *Jensen Sieverts*, Ray Teal; *Bob Selkirk*, Paul Birch; *Curly*, Michael Granger; *Judge*, Will Wright; *Black Horse*, Chief Blue Eagle; *Paul Chouard*, Bert Convy; *Cook*, Paul E. Burns; *Bartender*, Paul Bryar; *Rev. Arthur Stotheby*, Everett Glass; *Mrs. Stotheby*, Dorothy Adams.

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL—M-G-M. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Tony Baker*, Mike Wilson, Russ Tamblyn; *Arlene Williams*, Jan Sterling; *J. I. Coleridge*, John Drew Barrymore; *Gwen Dulaine*, Mamie Van Doren; *Joan Staples*, Diane Jergens; *Jerry Lee Lewis*, Himself; *Bix*, Ray Anthony; *Mr. A.*, Jackie Coogan; *Quinn*, Charles Chaplin, Jr.; *Jukey Judlow*, Burt Douglas; *Doris*, Jody Fair; *Poetess*, Phillipa Fallon; *Kitty*, Robin Raymond; *Jack Staples*, James Todd; *William Remington Kane*, Lyle Talbot; *Wheeler-Dealer*, William Wellman, Jr.; *Henchman*, Texas Joe Foster; *Gloria*, Diana Darrin; *Petey*, Carl Thayer; *Morino*, Irwin Berke.

INDISCREET—Warners. Directed by Stanley Donen: *Philip Adams*, Cary Grant; *Ann Kalm*, Ingrid Bergman; *Alfred Munson*, Cecil Parker; *Margaret Munson*, Phyllis Calvert; *Carl Banks*, David Kossoff; *Doris Banks*, Megs Jenkins; *Finleigh*, Oliver Johnston; *Finleigh's Clark*, Middleton Woods.

KATHY O'—U-I. Directed by Jack Sher: *Harry Johnson*, Dan Duryea; *Celeste Saunders*, Jan Sterling; *Kathy O'Rourke*, Patty McCormack; *Helen Johnson*, Mary Fickett; *Ben Melnick*, Sam Levene; *Harriet Burton*, Mary Jane Croft; *Robert Johnson*, Rickey Kelman; *Tommy Johnson*, Terry Kelman; *Lt. Chavez*, Ainslie Pryor; *Matt Williams*, Barney Phillips; *Sid*, Mel Leonard; *Billy Blair*, Casey Walters; *Donald C. Faber*, Walter Woolf King; *Bixby*, Alexander Campbell; *Mike*, John Sargent; *Marge*, Mary Carver.

KING CREOLE—Paramount. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *Danny Fisher*, Elvis Presley; *Ronnie*, Carolyn Jones; *Nellie*, Dolores Hart; *Mr. Fisher*, Dean Jagger; *"Forty"* *Nina*, Liliane

Montevocchi; *Maxie Fields*, Walter Matthau; *Mimi*, Jan Shepard; *Charlie LeGrand*, Paul Stewart; *Shark*, Vic Morrow.

KINGS GO FORTH—U.A. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Sam Loggins*, Frank Sinatra; *Britt Harris*, Tony Curtis; *Monique Blair*, Natalie Wood; *Mrs. Blair*, Leora Dana; *Colonel*, Karl Swenson; *Mme. Brieux*, Anne Codee; *Jean Francoise*, Jackie Berthe.

LAST OF THE FAST GUNS—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: *Brad Ellison*, Jock Mahoney; *Miles Lang*, Gilbert Roland; *Maria O'Reilly*, Linda Cristal; *Padre Jose*, Eduard Franz; *Michael O'Reilly*, Lorne Greene; *John Forbes*, Carl Benton Reid; *Samuel Grypton*, Edward C. Platt; *Cordoba*, Eduardo Noriega; *Manuel*, Jorge Trevino; *Alcalde*, Rafael Alcayde; *Johnny Ringo*, Lee Morgan; *James Younger*, Milton Bernstein; *Ben Thompson*, Stillman Segar; *Garcia*, Jose Chavez Trowe; *Pablo*, Francisco Reyguera; *Sheriff*, Richard Cutting; *Bartender*, Ralph Neff.

LIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Herschel Daugherty: *True Son* (Johnny Butler), James MacArthur; *Shenandoe*, Carol Lynley; *Del Hardy*, Fess Parker; *Wilse Owens*, Wendell Corey; *Milly Elder*, Joanne Dru; *Myra Butler*, Jessica Tandy; *John Elder*, John McIntire; *Chief Cuyloga*, Joseph Calleia; *Half Arrow*, Rafael Campos; *Harry Butler*, Frank Ferguson; *Niskitoon*, Norman Fredric; *Kate Owens*, Marian Seldes; *Colonel Henry Bouquet*, Stephen Bekassy; *George Owens*, Sam Buffington.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Will*, Andy Griffith; *Sgt. King*, Myron McCormick; *Ben*, Nick Adams; *Irvin*, Murray Hamilton; *Gen. Bush*, Howard Smith; *Lt. Bridges*, Will Hutchins; *Gen. Pollard*, Sydney Smith; *Psychiatrist*, James Milhollan; *Corporal*, Don Knotts; *WAF Captain*, Jean Willes; *Captain*, Bartlett Robinson; *Cover*, Henry McCann; *Draft Board Man*, Dub Taylor; *Pa*, William Fawcett; *Colonel*, Raymond Bailey.

PARISIENNE, THE—U.A. Directed by Michel Boisrond: *Brigitte*, Brigitte Bardot; *Prince Charles*, Charles Boyer; *Michel*, Henri Vidal; *Prime Minister*, Andre Luguet; *Queen Greta*, Nadia Gray; *Herblay*, Noel Roquevert; *Monique*, Madeline Lebeau; *Caroline*, Claire Maurier; *Ambassador*, Robert Pizani; *Colonel*, Guy Trejean; *General*, Marcel Peres.

ROONEY—Rank. Directed by George Pollock: *James Ignatius Rooney*, John Gregson; *Maive Hogan*, Muriel Pavlow; *Grandfather*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Doreen O'Flynn*, June Thorburn; *Tim Hennessy*, Noel Purcell; *Mrs. O'Flynn*, Marie Kean; *Mr. Doolan*, Liam Redmond; *Joe O'Connor*, Jack MacGowran; *Mickey Hart*, Eddie Byrne; *Paddy Ryan*, Philip O'Flynn; *Police Inspector*, Harold Goldblatt; *Mrs. Wall*, Pauline Delaney; *Tom Reilly*, Godfrey Quigley; *Mrs. Manning French*, Irene Browne; *Sheila O'Flynn*, Joan Phillips; *Kathleen O'Flynn*, Maureen Toal.

TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, A—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Ernest Graeber*, John Gavin; *Elizabeth Kruse*, Lilo Pulver; *Immerman*, Jock Mahoney; *Boettcher*, Don DeFore; *Reuter*, Keenan Wynn; *Professor Pohlmann*, Erich Maria Remarque; *Captain Rahe*, Dieter Borsche; *Woman Guerrilla*, Barbara Rutting; *Oscar Binding*, Thayer David; *Josef*, Charles Regnier; *Frau Lieser*, Dorothea Wieck; *Heini*, Kurt Meisel; *Frau Witte*, Agnes Windeck; *Sauer*, Clancy Cooper; *Political Officer*, John Van Dreelan; *Gestapo Lieutenant*, Klaus Kinski; *Frau Langer*, Alice Treff; *Mad Air Raid Warden*, Alexander Engel; *Hirschland*, Dana J. Hutton; *Steinbrenner*, Bengt Lindstrom; *Sgt. Muecke*, Wolf Harnisch; *Frau Kleinert*, Lisa Helwig.

VERTIGO—Paramount. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Scottie*, James Stewart; *Madeleine*, Judy, Kim Novak; *Midge*, Barbara Bel Geddes; *Gavin Elster*, Tom Helmore; *Official*, Henry Jones; *Doctor*, Raymond Bailey; *Manageress*, Ellen Corby; *Pop Leibel*, Konstantin Shayne; *Older Mistaken Identity*, Lee Patrick.

VIKINGS, THE—U.A. Directed by Richard Fleischer: *Einar*, Kirk Douglas; *Eric*, Tony Curtis; *Ragnar*, Ernest Borgnine; *Morgana*, Janet Leigh; *Egbert*, James Donald; *Father Godwin*, Alexander Knox; *Aella*, Frank Thring; *Kitala*, Eileen Way; *Enid*, Maxine Audley; *Sandpiper*, Edric Connor; *Bridget*, Dandy Nichols; *Bjorn*, Per Buckhoj; *Pigtails*, Almut Berg.

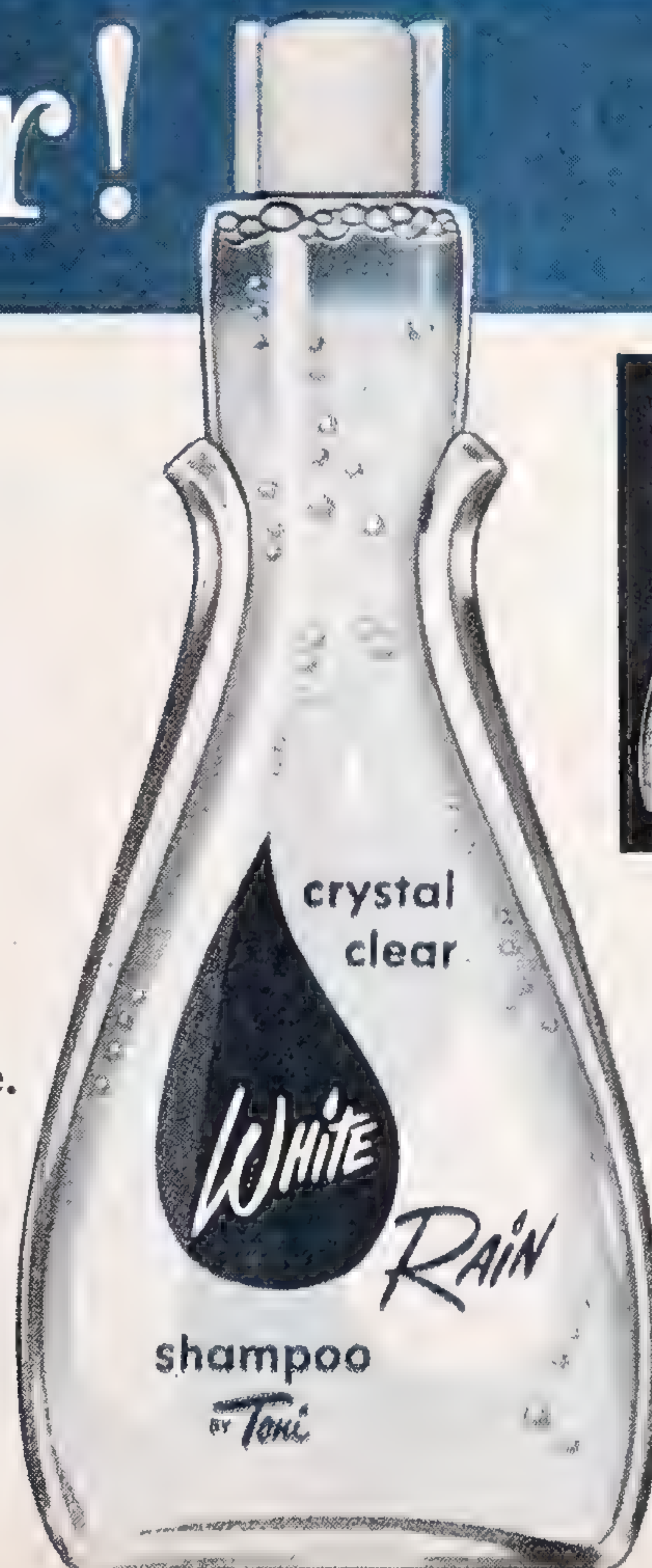
YOUNG LAND, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff: *Jim Ellison*, Pat Wayne; *Elena de la Madrid*, Yvonne Craig; *Hatfield Carnes*, Dennis Hopper; *Judge Isham*, Dan O'Herlihy; *Don Roberto*, Roberto de la Madrid; *Ben Stroud*, Cliff Ketchum; *Lee Hearn*, Ken Curtis; *Santiago*, Pedro Gonzalez Gonzalez; *Sully*, Edward Sweeney; *Miguel*, Miguel Camacho; *Jury Foreman*, Cliff Lyons; *Mario*, Mario Arteaga; *Tolliver*, Charles Heard; *Quiroga*, Carlos Romero; *Court Clerk*, Tom Tiner; *Carlos*, John Quijada.

it's crystal-clear!

clearly unlike any shampoo you've ever seen before!

White Rain is new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear, liquid White Rain . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine.

WHITE RAIN



**For Extra
Conditioning**

Famous White
Rain lotion
shampoo,
creamy-rich,
extra-gentle.

THE FIRST AND ONLY CRYSTAL-CLEAR LIQUID SHAMPOO

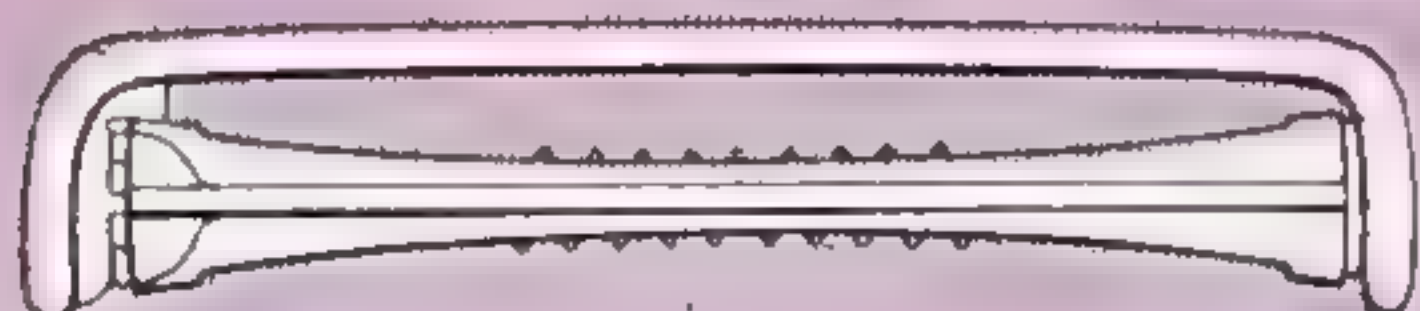
DISCOVERED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength



PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN.

"Top hair" needs this softer wave... and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

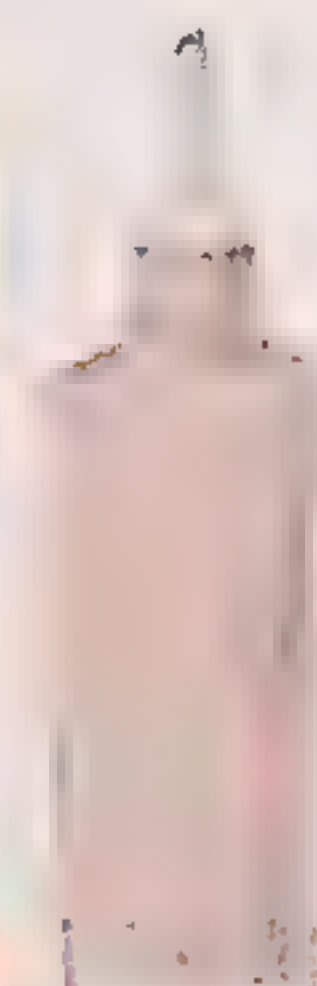


ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas... now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year



Pin-it
© P & G

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

TNT



TNT

He's the Teens' New Thrill, a bundle of Dynamite.

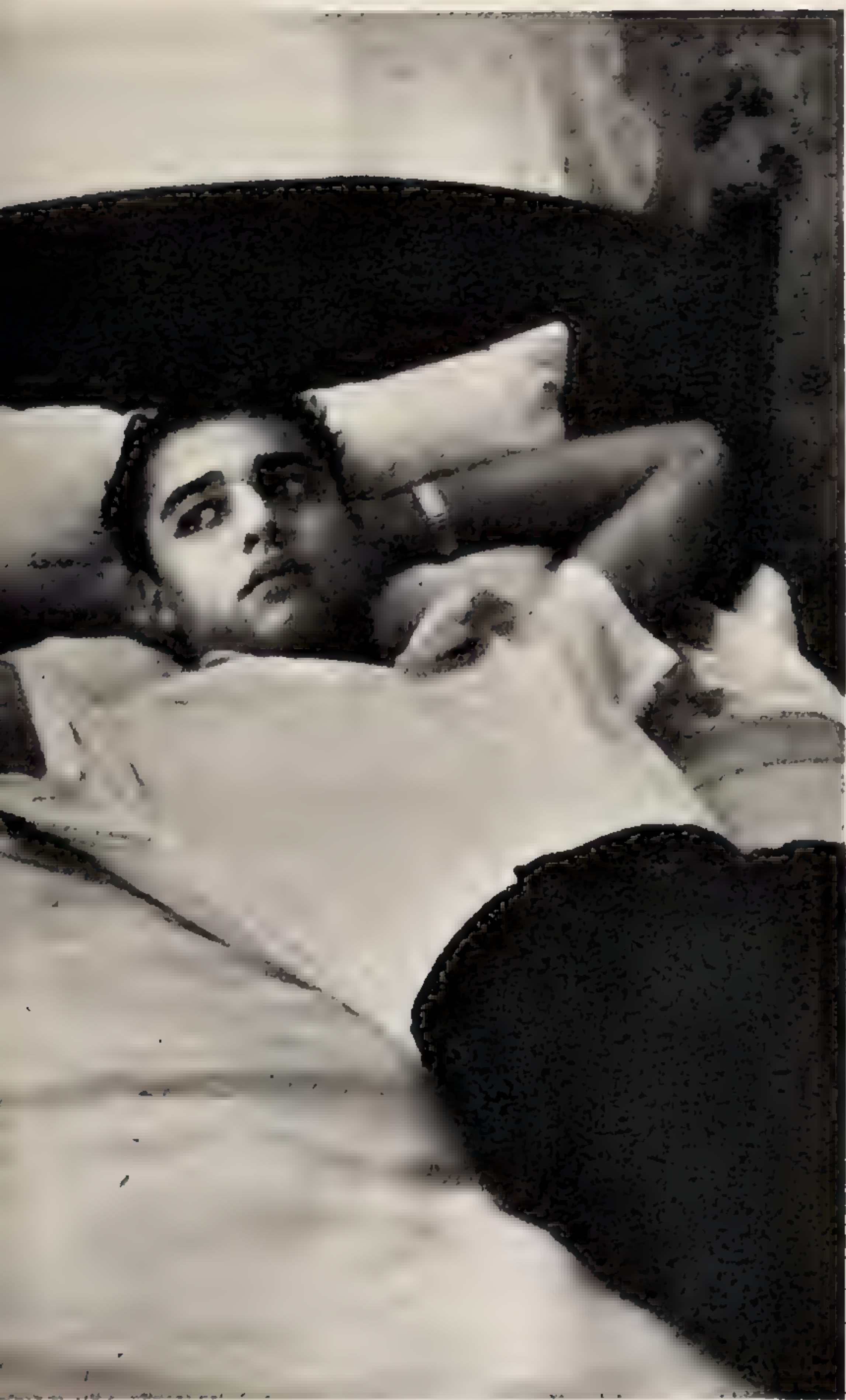


HE LOVES good food in general, and his mother's Italian home cooking in particular. Tinkering around automobiles. Children (he's crazy about his two-year-old cousin, plays with him by the hour, says he wants "scads of my own—well, three or four, anyway"). Sports—swimming and water skiing preferred. Animals, especially his boxer, Bimbo, his pet since boyhood. Music—it stirs him emotionally—both symphony and jazz. Playing drums and making records are thrills. He loves his young fans and their letters, says, "I've never had bad advice from a teenager yet." He dotes on jokes, tells them over and over, no matter how corny, and goes for practical jokes, too. (Once he left some pals alone in a room full of coffins at his father's casket-making firm, then spoke to them over a loud-speaker as a Voice from Beyond. They made a hasty exit.) Most of all, he loves people—and, naturally, is fascinated by girls!

HE DISLIKES being typed as a juvenile delinquent. Spinach. Thick ties. Bermuda shorts. Being all dressed up at home. He wears neat, conservative suits, usually dark, for business appointments, but puts on dungarees as soon as he gets in the house. He never slops around in a bathrobe—hates to see it. His family hopefully keeps gifting him with woolen pajamas, which he refuses to wear. He'd rather freeze—and does, because he sleeps in his undershorts with windows wide open, then kicks the covers off. He won't touch a drink, smokes only about a half pack of cigarettes a day. He's generous with money, but can't stand seeing it thrown around foolishly, wouldn't dream of buying a new car or a new boat every year. He takes a dim view of girls who telephone him, unless there's a very definite and good reason—he feels the boy should be the aggressor when it comes to courting. His pet peeve about people is putting on airs.

HE FEELS very protective toward his young sister, Sarina, who comes to him for advice about boys, dates, even clothes. He's highly sympathetic, is genuinely upset by the troubles of others. He has a warm, affectionate, emotional nature, but rarely shows his emotions, except to become very thoughtful and quiet when something bothers him. When he's angry, he never blows his top, but takes it out by banging away on his drums. But usually he's happy, enthusiastic, easy going. He has deep religious faith, is a devout Catholic, prays every night and goes to Mass every Sunday—at a different church, because the Mineos found that when Sal attended one church, it attracted unseemly attention. He's proud of his older brothers, Victor and Michael, is unusually mature for his nineteen years because they never treat him as a "kid brother." He's grateful to his parents, who have given him so much understanding.

He's Sal Mineo—and here's the lowdown on the real boy behind the big boom



HE THINKS teen-agers should be treated as individuals. "Each boy and girl has different problems and emotions. Some mature earlier than others." The whole business of "going steady," he believes, is taken too seriously, due to confusion between "going steady" and "going steadily." "Going steadily simply means that a boy and girl go together for a while, but are free to go out with others, or break off any time they choose. Going steady means they're pledged to each other, or think they are." He can see advantages and disadvantages to going steady. "I've never gone steady, so I'm in no position to judge. Maybe if I had the time, I would. Going steady gives you someone to confide in, a sense of security. On the other hand, you're tied to one date at an age when you should see more of the outside world." Of petting, he says, "I haven't the right to judge, I think it's a personal thing." He always treats girls with respect.

HE DATES girls who have a lot of personality, a good sense of humor, and enjoy sports—particularly water sports. He prefers a pretty girl, but will settle for a nice-looking, well-groomed girl because he realizes it's hard to find a pretty girl with all the other qualities he admires. He likes wholesome, natural girls who think along the same lines as he does, and who fall in easily with the plans for the evening, no matter what they are. He feels a girl likes it better if the boy makes the plans, but he keeps a girl's preferences in mind. He meets his dates through friends, in and out of show business. If they're not actresses, he loves to tell them about his work—they're always curious. He doesn't date the same girl more than three or four times. Not that he tires of her. But when he meets another girl, he wants to feel free to take her out. He likes to go out with different girls, because in that way he gets to know all types well.

HE WANTS to please his fans, because he feels he owes his success to them—"They've been wonderful." He'll continue in movies, TV and records—his latest disc, for Epic, called "Sal Sings," includes his biggest hits. He's thrilled about going back to Hollywood to star for Columbia in "The Gene Krupa Story"—Gene's his idol, and this is a long-cherished dream. He saw another big dream come true, when he bought a \$200,000 mansion on Long Island for his family, to replace their old home in the Bronx. Now, he wants them to furnish the fifteen rooms in style, "but I'll have trouble getting my mother to really let herself go." His financial status is such that he can afford it, and he adds, "What I owe them I can never repay." Some day, he wants a home of his own. He'll wait "at least a few more years" to get married. He wants a wife who's loyal and faithful, and "most of all, someone who I can feel really understands me."



the nightmare I can't forget

Inger Stevens was sure she'd be killed before the morning. Outside, her world was suddenly filled with terror. Inside, her heart choked with the pain she is still trying to escape

Ola stood on the railing of the ship's deck, eyes wide with wonder at the sight of the freight being unloaded from the hold, at the fascinating big trunks and little trunks and huge paper-wrapped packages of all sizes and shapes that were deftly and swiftly put on little trucks and hauled out of sight by men in overalls. Stepping up a rung higher, he leaned over the railing to see the excited, laughing greetings exchanged between the passengers, as they descended the gangplank, and their friends and families.

"Don't lean over so far!" his sister Inger cautioned.

It was World War II. The lonely seven-week trip through the submarine infested waters of the gray North Atlantic were behind Inger Stensland (now Inger Stevens) and her brother. At last they were in America, to be reunited with their father, to be a family again in America as they had been in Sweden before Mother and Father were divorced.

Slowly, the teeming New Orleans dock began to clear of passengers, visitors, workmen. Still, Inger's blue eyes searched the thinning crowd below for the one face that would make this new world seem like home.

"Is that Father?" piped Ola, pointing down to a young man in uniform staring in their general direction.

"No, silly!" Inger laughed with all the superior wisdom of an elder sister. But inside, she felt a childish, unreasoning fear growing. Only two people were still on the dock—an elderly woman and the man in the blue uniform. Her heart rebelled against what her head was telling her: "Father is not here." But he (Continued on page 92)

by MARGARET O'DONNELL



by

MRS. JIMMIE

RODGERS

I LOVE YOU DARLING— BUT I CAN NEVER MARRY YOU

As I spoke, I turned my face away from Jimmie Rodgers.

I didn't want him—or anybody—to look at me again . . . ever

I heard a dull crunching sound, and I knew it was the sound of the bones breaking in my face. In the first few minutes of awful silence that follow an auto crash, I tried to feel my face—and there was no chin. Somehow I pulled myself up far enough to reach the rear-view mirror, to see what had happened to me . . .

What I saw gave me a shock I'll never forget. My face seemed flattened and shoved upward. My nose was badly broken. My chin was broken and pushed backward. All my teeth were gone but three. My lip was split in two, and on one side there seemed to be no lip

at all. I put my hand up and put my lips back together, and I held them that way.

Once I'd worked in the Veterans' Hospital. I remembered if you didn't put a wound together fast it would never heal. I knew the tissue could swell so much the doctors could never find my lipline. They'd never know how to fit my lips together again.

A girl is always concerned with how she looks, but I was doubly concerned. My face was important to me because I was an actress. I was under contract to Universal-International Studio, *(Continued on page 77)*



For the first time, pretty Colleen talks about her tragic experience, tells how Jimmie's love pulled her through



by MARCIA BORIE

LENNON

you dared us to ask:

SISTERS

is their sweetness an act?

what kind of boys do they date?

is Janet conceited?

do they get along at home?

are they jealous of one another?



LENNON SISTERS

continued

Do they look and sound too good to be true when they burst into your living room every Monday and Saturday nights? That's what a lot of people think. And from twelve-year-old cherub Janet to eighteen-year-old Diane, the Lennon Sisters, in real life, wear no wings around the house!

They're sugar (sometimes) and spice (most of the time) and all the rest of the things little girls are made of.

And except for telecasts, they

hardly ever live on a cloud. Most of the other times, they can be found, amidst bedlam, (there are five other brothers and sisters), in a pretty two-story frame house with turquoise shutters and big backyard in Venice, Calif., a small town outside Los Angeles.

They spat, make up, hog the telephone and try putting things over on their mom and dad (like not helping with the dishes). But Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, who married early and (*Continued on page 99*)



Diane's great at playing mother, junior grade, to baby Joey and little Mimi...

But she's not so expert as a hairdresser, getting an "Ouch!" from Janet—who gets no sympathy from Kathy and Peggy!





Seven of the nine Lennon kids (Danny and Pat on field; Bill, Jr., on sidelines) turn out for touch football with Dad



Janet stays neutral in the regular battle for the telephone. To pry Kathy off the line, they now use a special trick: setting plea to music!

What disc to spin next? That question can bring this result! But their musical tastes are in harmony: Keep it sweet—forget rock 'n' roll





By Peggy Taub

The nursery tale of the little Prince

A PHOTOPLAY SCOOP!

*Exclusive first color! Come with us
behind the royal Monaco screens
for the first nursery peek of Princess
Grace with little Prince Albert*

Why do so many of them come?" thought The Little Prince as he finally succeeded in putting his big toe into his mouth. "They come peering over my bassinet, trying to talk my language, saying 'Kootchy koo,' and all sorts of ridiculous things like that. I don't talk that way." He substituted his thumb for his toe and listened to the sounds about him, his little ears feeling large as an elephant's—they caught so much that was new. Outside his nursery window a bird was singing to him in a language he understood better than that of his people visitors. Some of these spoke French and some spoke English. The Prince, however, understood neither because he was brand new at languages. In fact, he was brand new at everything; he had been in the world only five months.

He listened for the footsteps of his favorite, and most frequent, visitors. There was the lovely lady who was as kind and gentle as she was beautiful, for whom his whole being always ached. There was the man with the brush on his upper lip that tickled when he kissed. This man sometimes looked as if he had the weight of the kingdom on his shoulders. And there was the creature not so very much bigger than himself who wore (*continued*)

He didn't know that the little creature was called Caroline, the tall ones Rainier and Grace; he only knew they loved him





That tiny creature in the frilly dresses ran and laughed all the time. She laughed most when she stole in to see him when he was napping. But maybe that was because she'd escaped the lady in the white dress and cap who was always chasing her



Sometimes she brought him a pretty thing called a flower. Sometimes she patted him making a sound, "Bay-bee"

When he pretended to be asleep, she'd tiptoe out to the lovely lady named Princess Grace, making a soft noise, "Sh, Mama, Sh!"



continued

dresses and shared the nursery with him. This other little being knew how to walk and even run, and kept a lady with a white dress and cap busy chasing her all day.

He noticed that his visitors did not seem like such giants to him now because he himself was bigger. He had grown many inches since he first found himself in his bassinet.

The girl child, whom sometimes the lady with the white cap called sister, slept in his room behind a movable wall. When this was pushed back the nursery became tremendous and the sister raced around from corner to corner, slowing down when she approached his bassinet to rock it, often waking him as early as 7:30, even before some birds he knew. Sometimes she had a living toy with her. It had four legs and was covered in a curly white blanket that grew on it. Around its neck was a pink ribbon, and out of its mouth, which opened from the bottom of its black nose, came a "Yipe, yip!" Pat, pat, this other baby did to his head. Pat, pat. Little love taps they were, and she gave them when he was least expecting. "Merci!" she would say, and was gone like the afternoon breeze that came through his window, gone to play in the garden. Or to rock on her horse. Would he ever ride on the horse, he wondered. Would he be that big? All the large people who came and leaned over him said, "What big shoulders he has!" and the lady with the cap on her head held a string up to him every week and went into raptures.

It was the lovely lady, Mother, he loved so much who brought all the people in to see him. She was always seeing visitors, some of whom caused great excitement among the others. Like the wide man from England with the cheeks like his sister's whom people called "Sir Winston." "So this is the little lad who's carrying on our tradition," many of the visitors said. He would have to find out more about this tradition. His birth was keeping Monaco (Continued on page 81)



the story
Debbie
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Little Saratoga of the B.

in all, from the Chatham and
Gordon Gardner. The Saratoga
Hartwick reported the
last year as position. They are
and one other

John
supervise the
working smoothly
a new owner may
the supervising
should be responsible
and was a very

Whatever happened to Mary Frances Reynolds? "I think she got lost in the shuffle," moans Debbie Reynolds, "of newspaper and magazine stories about Debbie the movie star and Mrs. Fisher, wife of the famous singer. And since Mary Frances is the real me," she concludes, "I wish *somebody* would talk about *her*!"

Why nobody has let the world in on Mary Frances before is a puzzlement for she's a personality well worth finding out about. Typical of this green-eyed, light brown-haired girl, raised in a working man's home, is the fact that one of her favorite dishes during her recent pregnancy was that old American standby, the hamburger sandwich. Her success in life, she says, and the consequent availability of luxury menus, has not won her away from her ingrained attachment to "family meals," which in her case ran to such standard servings as meat loaf, stews, frankfurters and beans, chili concoctions, macaronis and, on state occasions, roasts. Her husband's tastes do not match hers. He likes the better cuts of steak he can now afford. But, as she puts it, "my eating life just didn't run away and

I can't change now." This doesn't mean that Eddie and Debbie eat separate dishes at their meals. Debbie, like all young wives, adapts. She eats the Chateaubriands and the New York cuts and the filet mignons that Eddie savors. But she sees to it that Eddie does some adapting, too. Chili and lentils and plain stews are placed at the Fisher table as well, and Mr. Fisher finds them familiar enough; it happens that these are closer to the kind of meals of his boyhood than the choice fare is of today.

Extrovert is probably the best one-word description of Debbie Reynolds. She likes to talk to people. She has always liked to be mixed up in activities and events; community, industry, charity, family, social or any multi-people venture that can be suggested.

She can launch herself into conversation from a standing start with anyone and practically under any circumstance. Once, getting out of her car at a parking lot, she almost tripped. The attendant noticed this and came over to tell her that for some time he had been working on an invention involving a heel for (Continued on page 90)



by LOUIS POLLOCK



"You know, it's amazing, but no story ever printed has told the whole truth about me! Until now! How come? Well, what I mean is that nobody's ever told what I'm really like—I mean me, Debbie Reynolds. What I feel, what I think, the crazy things I do, what's important to me—all the things that show me as a real person. I'm tired of not being known as I really am. It's always Debbie, the cut-up, or Debbie, the actress, or Debbie, the wife-and-mother. So here I am—my high moods, my low moods, everything. Even I was surprised when I read it—it was that real! Bet you'll be surprised, too!"



GARBO VISITS LIZ!



*What strange bond between
these two fabulous beauties
brought the Silent Swede
out of seclusion?*

by DOROTHY SCHUYLER



A shiny, black limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, sped through the winding streets of Beverly Hills, turned into a driveway, and stopped before the entrance of the house where, for many weeks, Elizabeth Taylor has lived with sorrow. It was only one of many, many cars that have arrived there since the tragic death of Mike Todd, for Liz has many friends.

A few reporters who have patrolled the outskirts of the property since the tragedy, hoping to glean further bits of news, hardly gave the car a second glance. And if they had, they would have seen no one, for, excepting the chauffeur, the car appeared to be empty.

What they missed, too, was one of the great news stories of the year.

For, when the car stopped, quickly but cautiously, a figure huddled low in the corner of the tonneau stepped out of the car and rushed towards the house. A tall, slender woman in a plain woolen dress, too long to be fashionable today, sturdy low-heeled oxfords and a cloche hat pulled down over long, straight hair to help hide her face.

She walked around to the back door and was admitted there. Her first words to Liz were: "I don't know if you know me. I'm Greta Garbo."

What prompted this fabulous star of yesterday to visit



So far as anyone was aware, Garbo and Liz Taylor had never known each other. Even more amazing was the fact that Garbo took chance of meeting reporters she dreads

Liz at this time? Sympathy for the younger woman's loss? Of course. But this gesture on the part of Garbo was totally unexpected. Although both she and Liz have been reigning queens at the same studio, M-G-M, they had never met.

Even more extraordinary is the fact that Garbo came to Liz' house, which is far from isolated, and braved the reporters she must have known were still there. How could she suddenly bring herself to do it, this woman who for years had hidden herself from the world, dreading contact with strangers, fearing particularly members of the press? What strange bond could there have been between these two famous women that brought them together in this dramatic meeting?

A generation ago Garbo was called "the most beautiful woman in the world." Elizabeth Taylor has fallen heir to that title. Yet, how different these two women are in both appearance and temperament. Garbo, the reticent, painfully shy introvert; Liz, the outgoing extrovert—funloving and gay. Garbo, the fabulous face of mystery, inscrutable as the Sphinx—pale, almost wan; Liz, vibrant and warm, fresh and glowing as a full-bloomed rose.

Yet, in two respects, they are very much alike: Both have had much more than their share of great beauty and talent, which, at an early age, brought success and made them legends in their time. And for both, the gods who had been overgenerous balanced the scales with heartbreaking tragedy. (Continued on page 97)

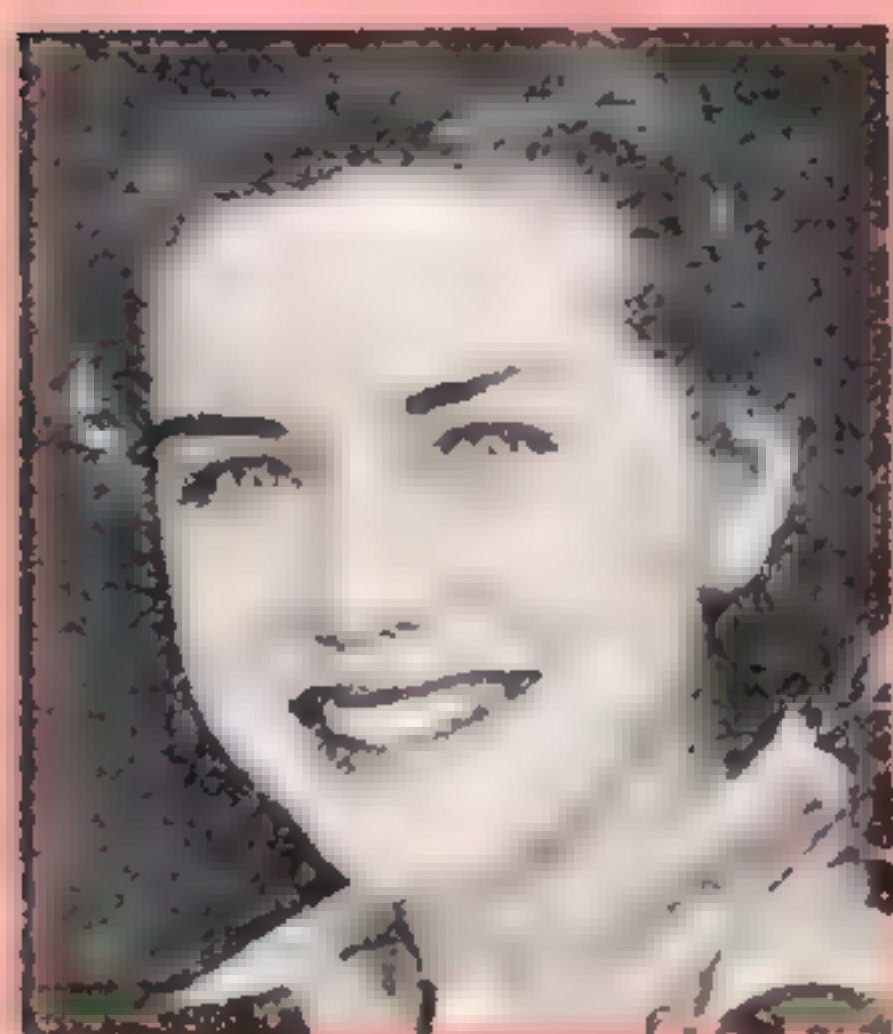


Private note to Elvis

Elvis, don't panic when you read this, but I'm spilling the beans. I promised I'd let the Army protect you before I wrote my expose on - **WHAT HAPPENED BEHIND THOSE CLOSED DOORS** - Dolores Hart

I just want the Army to know that it was Carolyn Jones, Nick Adams and me who gave Elvis Presley his first taste of open warfare. The fact that he won the gun battle ought to get him promoted to corporal right away!

In case any generals are listening, here's what happened: We had gone to New Orleans for location shots on "King Creole." Elvis was mobbed by his fans, as usual, so, to give him a little privacy, the hotel management put him on the ninth floor and threw a guard around the entrance. Still, (Continued on page 101)



SKETCHES AND EXPOSÉ BY

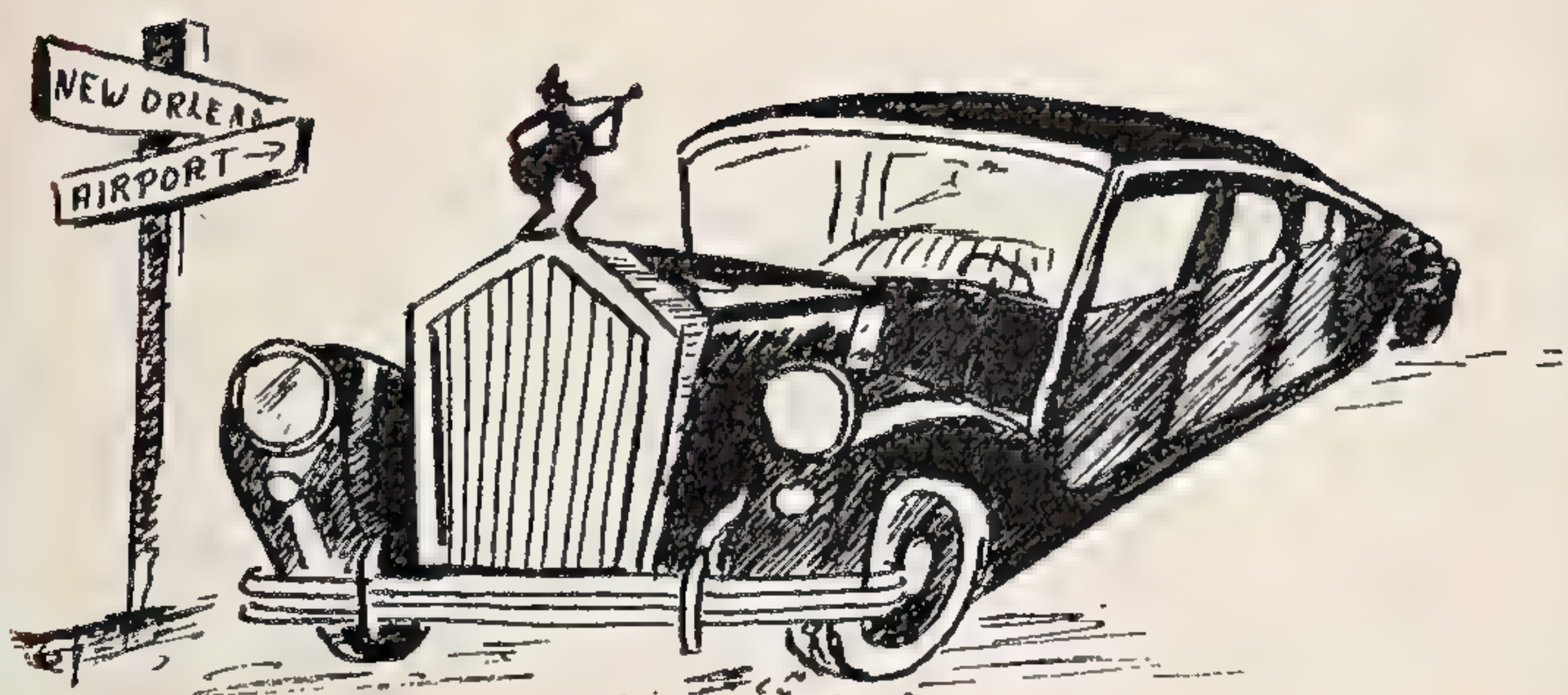
Dolores Hart



The nicer Elvis was to me,
the louder I wailed



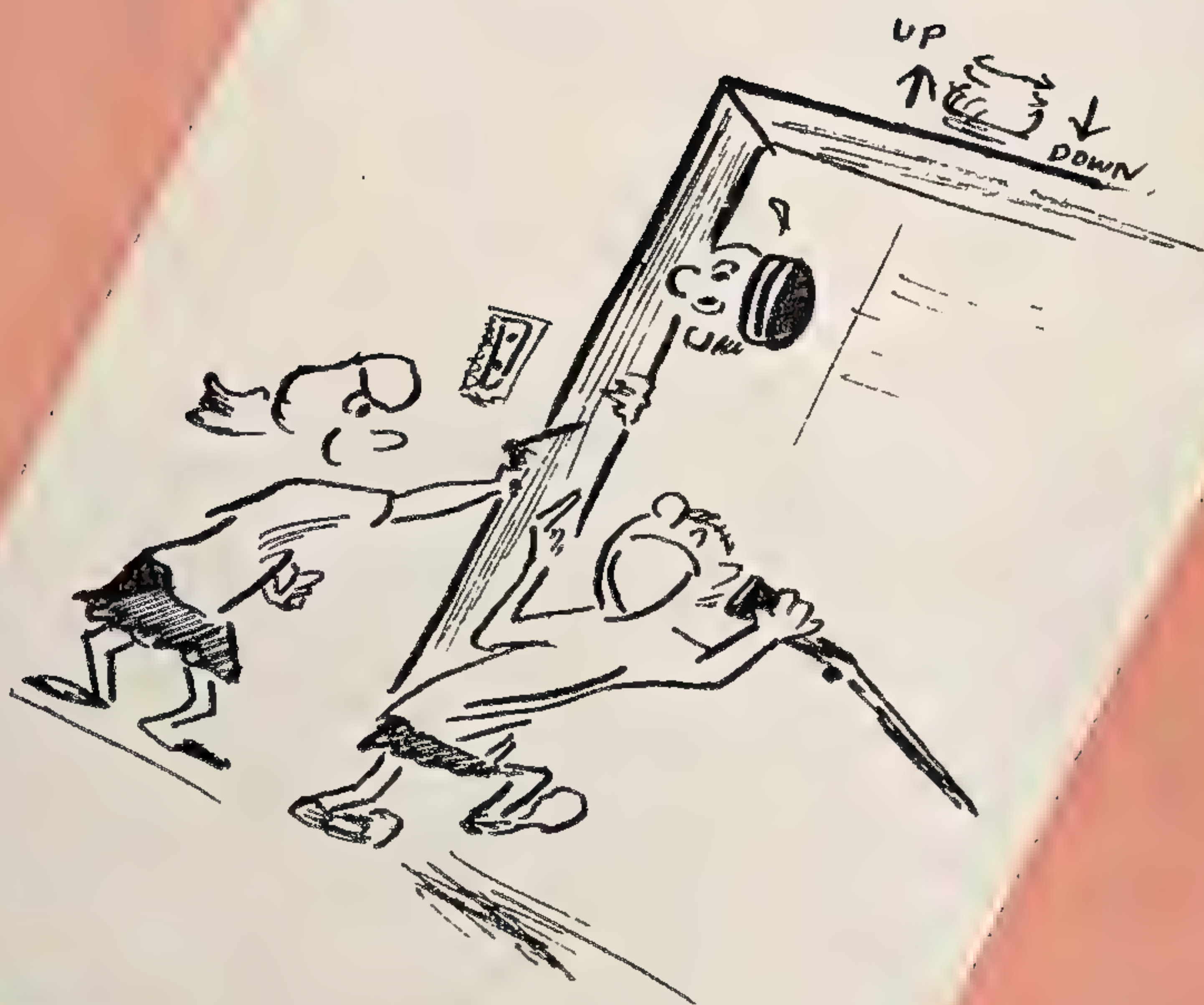
We took bets that
Carolyn would even
wear the mink to bed



El's whole combo could have fitted into the limousine



Poor Elvis!! Too bad he was so unpopular



"We came to bump off Presley, we screamed at the elevator man



The cake looked like a cornerstone — fine end to a heavy meal

by ROSEMARY CLOONEY

*let me
tell you
about the
time
when Janet*



Few people know Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis as well as Rosey—she and husband José Ferrer are their best pals

- scared Tony out of his wits
- turned into a Las Vegas gambler
- gave Tony a piece of her mind

Tony, José and I were lolling in the Curtis living room when Janet burst in, fresh as a sea breeze, windblown and glowing from posing on the beach for Photoplay's cover.

"Hi," she said. Then, in the same breath, "Tony, I told the Photoplay folks about the baby. I'm so happy, I couldn't keep it a secret!"

"Baby??" José and I chorused, exchanging a puzzled look. She couldn't mean *our* baby. We'd already shouted from the housetops that we're expecting another little Ferrer to join our Miguel, Maria and Gabriel in October.

"Yes!" Janet bubbled. "Me, too! I just found out. Isn't it wonderful?"

After the whoops, hugs, and kisses finally subsided, Tony scooped up Janet in his arms and sat her down, gently but firmly, in an easy chair.

"Now see here, Mrs. Curtis," he announced, towering over her. "In the presence of these witnesses, I want to make one thing clear. I am *not* going to go through what happened the last time. Never again! This time, you're going to listen to me and behave yourself!"

All of us—except Tony—burst out laughing. Poor Tony! He'll never forget that night when we went to the prizefights.

Janet had never cared for prizefights—until television changed her mind. One night when Tony asked José and me to go to Legion Stadium with him, Janet wanted to be taken along.

Ordinarily Tony would have been delighted, but she was expecting Kelly at the time and he was afraid the excitement might be harmful. "We'll tell you all about it when we get back," he promised.

"But I don't want to stay home alone," Janet pleaded.

"All right, we'll all stay home," Tony agreed. He would rather have given up a night at the stadium than take a chance on Janet's condition. But he underestimated (Continued on page 88)







JEAN SEBERG says

We fell in love on a Saturday night

There we stood, in the middle of Times Square on a Saturday night, Francois' arm linked through mine.

I looked up at him, his hair tumbling in his eyes, and it was hard to believe he was here in America with me at last; that our romance had started just nine short months ago on the warm, sun-drenched French Riviera—on another Saturday night.

What made me fall in love? I think it was the turtle that got me, I really do. Who else but Francois would give his girl a turtle for luck? Especially one named Adrian Fernand, complete with collar and leash and instructions to walk him on the beach on Sundays!

But that's the way Francois is. He likes to laugh and he likes to tease. He enjoys telling people that the first time we went walking together I took his hand and he

pulled it away, drew himself up to his full six feet, and said stiffly, "I am not that kind!"

I ask myself, still smiling, what kind is he? But when you feel as deeply about someone as I do about Francois it's difficult to analyze. You just have to sum it up in one word—wonderful!

I try to remember what I first noticed about Francois that day at lunch when we first met. His hair, I think. It's brown and thick and has a way of tumbling onto his forehead like a little boy's. He was so handsome! Tall and lean and bronzed from the sun—a sort of French Tony Perkins in a bikini. We'd never had anything like *him* in Daddy's drugstore in Marshalltown, Iowa, even if our motto is, "The Suburban Store with the Uptown Service."
(continued)

Walking along Times Square on a rainy Saturday night, Francois' arm linked in mine, and stopping at a sidewalk shooting gallery, we reminisced about that other Saturday, last summer, when we had fallen in love on the sun-drenched French Riviera





Francois and I are alike in many ways. We laugh, we fight, we kiss and make up. Mostly, I love him for what we share





We fell in love on a Saturday night

continued

Now we're here in New York, the most exciting city anywhere—when there's someone to share it with. Yet it's strange how lonely New York used to seem to me—how lonely my whole life was before I met Francois. How small and lost I felt inside. I was always shy, even as a child. The other girls went right after boys they liked but I was too scared. I used to think how nice it would be to be in love, and not be so alone any more, but I didn't know what to do about it. Mother says all through high school I lived in a sort of dream world. How lucky I was to find Francois when I needed him most.

It happened in the South of France. We were shooting "Bonjour Tristesse" at La Lavandau, a tiny village above Cannes, and the ghost of Saint Joan seemed to haunt me. There is no point in trying to gloss over it, the picture was a flop and I had cried until it seemed there were no tears left. My self-confidence (*Continued on page 82*)



After wandering along Times Square, our idea of a wonderful evening is a leisurely snack, some good talk and listening to records at my apartment. Francois is my best fan



I hope to continue with my career after we're married, although I'll probably have to commute to Hollywood from Paris. Right now, we have so much to plan and dream for

Help Wanted—Female
RECEPTIONIST
 TRAVEL RESERVATIONS
 Cal Co. Grand Central area
 age 25-35. AIR-COND
 yrs. 9-5. Liberal benefits.
 OCTON. LE 2-420.

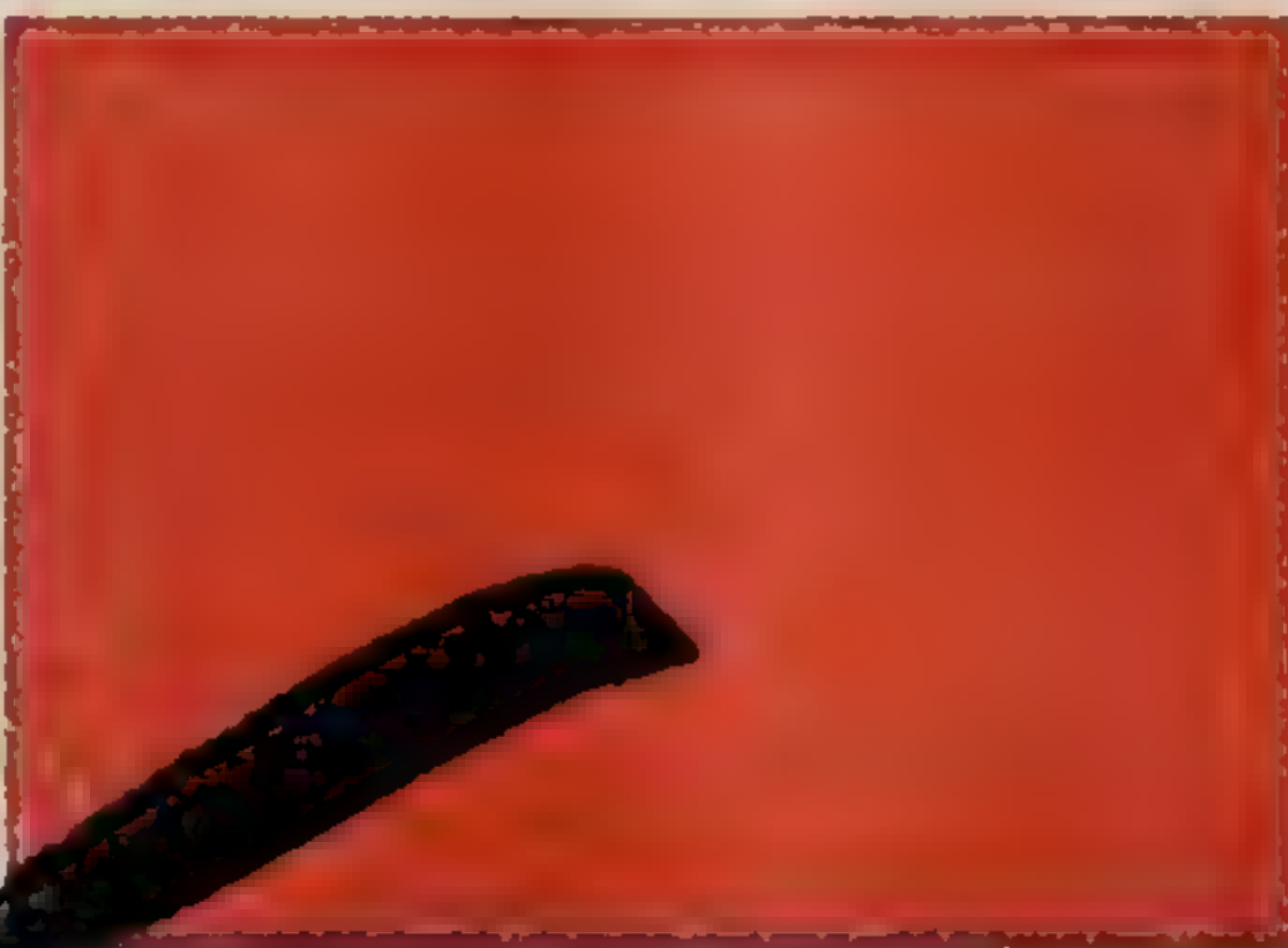
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 5th

Help Wanted—Female
SECRETARIES . . .
Maybe the Grass Is Greener!
 Maybe you'd like one of these jobs
 much better than your own. After all
 why not?
 For one thing, you'll be working in
 the exciting atmosphere of a brokerage
 office.
 For another, you'll get a salary of
 up to \$300 a month to start depending
 upon experience and the benefits of
 free medical service, group insurance
 and a profit-sharing plan that doesn't
 cost you a dime.
 If this grass looks greener, why not
 stop in for a closer look. Just come to
 ERIC L. LITCH, HERCE FEI
 & SMITH, 111 St. NYC. 5th Floor
 Personnel Dept.

SECRETARIES, SR & JR, for
an American World Airways
 Excellent secretarial skills required.
 Expd electromatic mach. Many employe
 benefits. World-wide travel privileges.
 Interview 9 to 12 daily, 3d fl.
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 All subways—Queens Plaza sta.

ETARY
COMPANY
 Using dept.
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Help Wanted—Female
SECRETARY
 Looking for an interesting
 and challenging position
 in a progressive company?
WE HAVE JUST THE SPOT
GOOD STARTING SALARY
AGE NO BARRIER
 Some knowledge Real
 Estate and legal terms.
 Large company downtown
 Manhattan. Near Subw-
 Buses—Shopping.
 CALL MISS ALLEG— 4-1355

SECRETARY TO
VICE PRESIDENT
 \$85-\$90
 MIDTOWN BANK
 5 DAY, 35 HOUR WEEK

 Of national organization—with executive
 offices in Empire State Bldg. Attraction
 ve, age 28-38, min of 7 yrs' experi-
 Starting salary \$85, 5-day week.
 benefits with excellent oppty for

Help Wanted—F
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 NEW
 Booth
SOCIA
 \$46
 SPA

by JERRY ASHER

WANTED: a wife

It was midnight, the whole of Hollywood was fast asleep—or seemed to be—and no one, including me, needed a jarring midnight phone call from a mad Russian who sounded like a poor man's Gregory Ratoff!

"Hello, this is Boris, Boris Bulgussky (who can duplicate an accent on paper?). Where have you been all evening? I've been calling. For you, I have good news."

"Look, Boris Beaverpusky, or whatever your name is," I finally got a word in, "if this is supposed to be some kind of joke—go fly a sputnik," and inwardly I smiled—pretty quick thinking at twelve o'clock midnight—I thought—and started to put the receiver down when a voice suddenly bellowed . . .

"Hey, wait a minute. You don't understand. I'm the realty agent. I found you an apartment. It belongs to Tony Perkins; he's going to sublet it while he's in New York. You're not interested? Why hundreds of people would pay twice the price just to live in Tony's apartment."

Now a little angry, I shouted: "I'm not looking for an apartment—besides, even if I were, I wouldn't care if Tony Perkins, Greta Garbo or King Farouk all lived in it. Now, please, hang up and let me get some sleep!"

"Wheew! And actors are supposed to be temperamental!" came the voice, suddenly quieter. It was, of course, our jocular friend, Tony Perkins himself. (Don't fall for that studious look of Tony's—it's only the sedate wire-rimmed specs he wears—for Tony's really quite a clown on occasions. And this was such an occasion.)

"I'm sorry I awakened you. I'd been reading—didn't realize what time it was." Now he was his serious self again. "I really did try to reach you earlier, honest. I'm trying to rent the apartment. I've only a week in town before going to New York," and then almost in one breath, he added, "besides, my new maid just quit. You know, sometimes I wish I had a wife."

"Then why not get one?" I suggested, reaching out for a Winston and suddenly knocking the telephone off the table, which blew my temper higher.

"Where?" came his bewildered reply.

"Oh, put an ad in the paper," I shouted. "It's midnight and I'm tired." I hung up.

Five minutes later the phone rang again. "You know, that's not a bad idea about the ad in the paper," a voice said meekly, then added, "but who'd have (*continued*)"

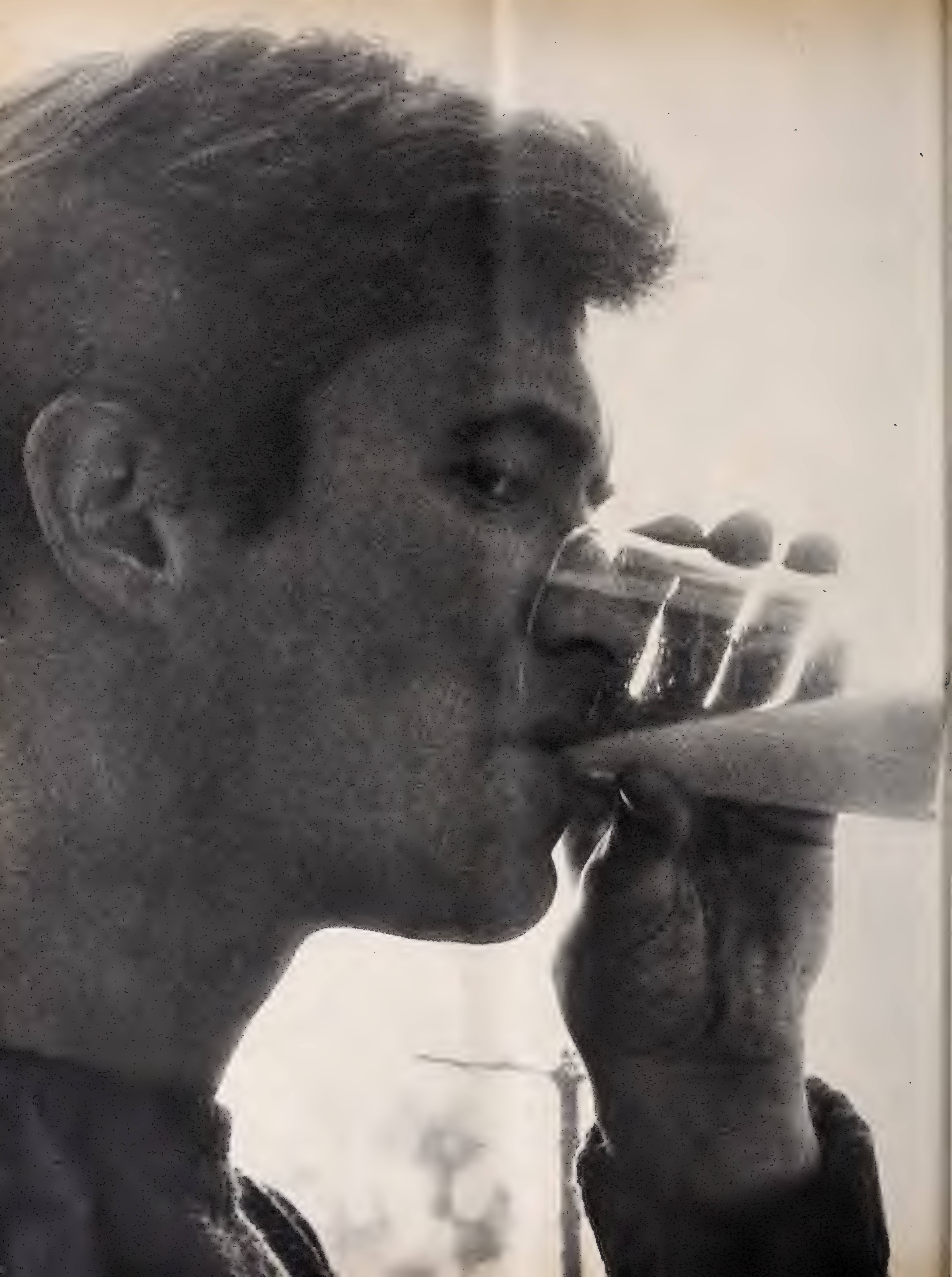
WANTED: A WIFE

**Must be good at finding
shoe horns in midst of chaos;
good cook; good-looking.**

APPLY:

Desperate TONY PERKINS





WANTED: a wife

continued

me?" He sounded a little sad.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow," I suggested. And we did—at seven-thirty.

Tony's new-day greeting was: "About the ad . . . for the maid. Who'll act as my screening agent. All those girl applicants!"

"What about the wife?"

"Let's try the maid first," said Tony.

Who can say no to Perkins, so we said yes.

"How about something like: 'Itinerant actor with multiple residences needs maid. Should be interesting talker, passable at tennis, a whiz with dogs, cats and jazz.'"

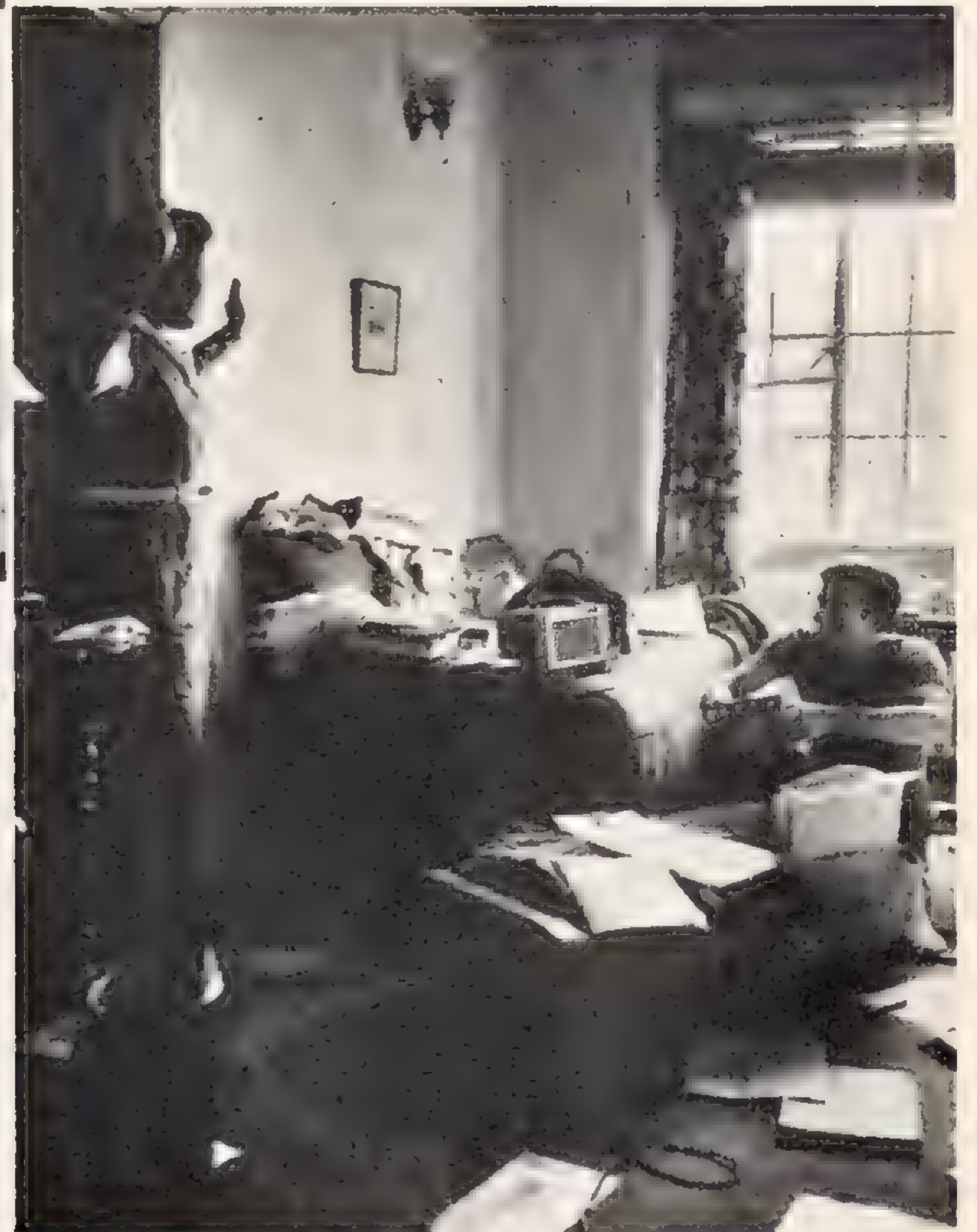
"A maid? You want all this?" I questioned.

Tony nodded.

"What about shy girls, lazy girls or ones (Continued on page 80)

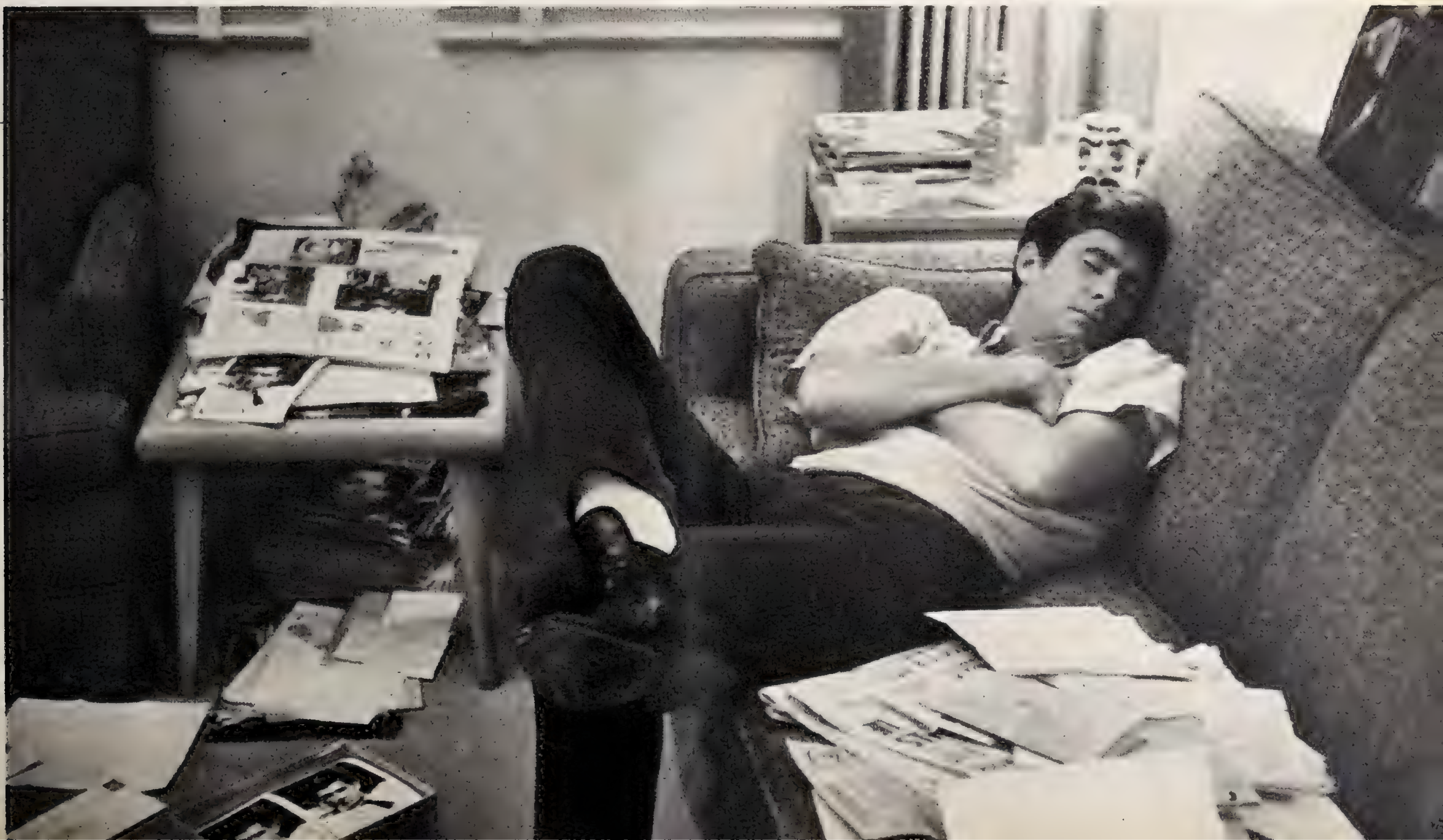


"I'd love to hear from a girl who likes shopping. I've been a refrigerator cleaner-outer since I was in knickers, but shopping, nope"



"My last maid said: 'If you live in chaos, it's the sign of a chaotic mind.' You know, she just might be right about that"

"I have no objection to a wife neatening up the mess in the apartment, just so she doesn't throw me out by accident!"





Was my face red!

*“Hey there, Molly Bee! You with the
daydream in your eyes!” called the counter
boy at Wil Wright’s the other
afternoon. “Dreaming again?”*

*And he caught me with my daydreams
showing—or almost. Was my face red! There
I was, at least a million miles away—in
outer space somewhere—dreaming I was Dinah Shore.*

I was so embarrassed I blushed right to the tips of my ears.

*If you were to ask me my biggest fault, I
guess I’d have to admit it’s daydreaming. Mother
says most teenage girls do it. I wonder, do you think boys
ever do? What do I daydream about? Oh, about
Rock Hudson or Doris Day . . . But
mostly about myself, and what I’d
like to do and be and have and look like
and where I’d like to go and just how I’d like
to live—you know, that sort (Continued on page 94)*





EMILY ANN: I think, Lewis,
you ought to just turn this car around and
take me home . . . Leave me alone!

THE BOY: You do it for all the other boys.
What's the matter with me?

EMILY ANN: . . . I'm afraid not to let them, that's all.
I wouldn't get no dates at all if I didn't let them.
Please take me home, Lewis. I just as soon be dead,
and that's the truth.

(The boy starts the motor and shifts into gear.)

EMILY ANN (mumbling): I would love to see you again, Lewis.
I don't suppose you would care to . . . Oh, I don't care.
If you still want to, it's all right with me.

(Kim Stanley and Burt Brinckerhoff in a scene from Columbia's "The Goddess.")

How much does a boy



expect on a date?

READ 6 TOP MALE STARS' FRANK ANSWERS



Is a goodnight kiss enough for two people in love?

Burt Brinckerhoff: Yes. Love doesn't have to be anything other than what you make it. Love is a word for a lot of feelings, desires and mutual understandings. It has no pushbuttons, springs or inner workings like a clock. And to each person, these feelings are highly individual. I think that to some young people—probably to most—a goodnight kiss is quite sufficient to express their feelings. For others, there is a danger of losing control—then it is up to the person to recognize this and guard against it. In the matter of kissing, what's right for someone else may not be right for you. A fellow and a girl should guard against anything that can destroy the beauty of love. Going "too far" can have painful consequences. Remember—society makes rules. If we disregard them and are caught, we pay in damaged emotions.

SEE BURT IN COLUMBIA'S "THE GODDESS"

As in the scene from "The Goddess," does a girl have to pet to be popular?

James MacArthur: A girl can be popular without necking or petting. But girls shouldn't be teasers. It's true, petting sometimes leads to a superficial popularity—like the scene from "The Goddess." But I think a guy loses a certain respect for a girl if there's petting between them without love. Do boys have more freedom than girls? Sure! Society places fewer taboos on them. For a girl, if she lowers her moral standards, she always sacrifices more. There's her reputation to consider. Is she going to get labeled by the guys in town as an "easy date?" If so, then they're all going to take advantage of her and probably never think of her in any other way except in terms of petting. And that's pretty sad for any girl. The worst thing about it is that she loses the fellows' respect—and once that is lost, she'll find it's very hard to win it again.

JAMES IN "THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST" FOR BUENA VISTA

Does a boy respect a girl who says "yes"?

Peter Brown: No. He'll wait for the girl he likes *because* she said "no!" Most fellows are looking for a girl they can respect. They may try to make advances but all the while they're hoping the girl will refuse—just to test her, of course. I don't approve of this tactic. It's playing games with love and it is very unfair to the girl. On the other hand, will a boy respect a girl who says "yes?" Definitely not—and I don't care what type of person he is. And any girl who finds herself involved with a demanding boy should find herself another, rather than fool herself into thinking she can win his love by "giving in." A boy who really cares for a girl doesn't want to be disappointed by her actions. Don't forget, he puts such a girl on a pedestal.

PETER CAN BE SEEN IN WARNERS' "VIOLENT ROAD"



What do men want in a wife?

Mark Damon: Each man has his own individual needs in selecting a mate. For example, I would want my wife to be a healthy, outgoing, well-adjusted person; someone I could communicate with. I think there should be that "you are the only one for me" spark. The idea of "when I am bald and she is heavy" must enter into it. Will you still want to be together? Earlier experiences with the opposite sex shouldn't, I think, but unfortunately do destroy a man's idea of a true wife. Men generally expect their wives to be virtuous, but not their dates. If they say they don't, they're philosophizing and excluding the emotional element. But although there may be forgiveness for a misguided venture, promiscuity is excluded. I think girls should be aware that there are qualities a man seeks in his wife-to-be besides physical attraction.

SEE MARK IN COLUMBIA'S "LIFE BEGINS AT 17"



Why do teenagers spend so much time thinking about love?

Dennis Hopper: The world wouldn't be in such a lousy state if people didn't worry about love. Teenagers need love, just as adults do. I think this is one reason why we have so many knifings and killings from the juvenile delinquents. The kids are suppressed, not allowed to express themselves. They have no outlet for the love within them, and they receive none. Too, when you grow up, you look outside your family for love. An interest in the opposite sex is natural. I wanted love—and looked for it. I believe every human being does the same. This is a basic human need and to deny that it exists leads to unhappiness.

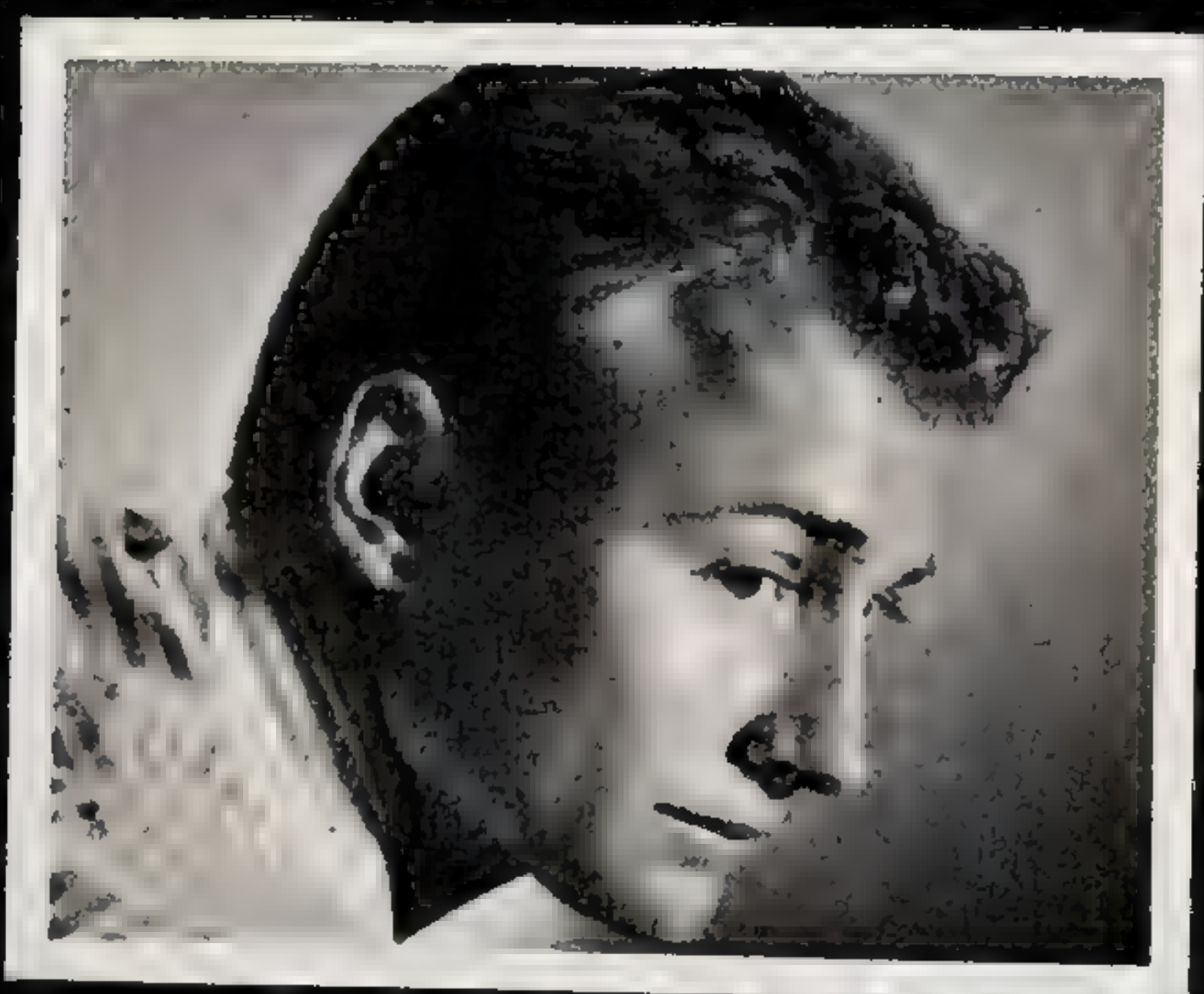
SEE DENNIS IN 20TH'S "FROM HELL TO TEXAS"



Should a boy or girl feel guilty about an interest in sex?

Nick Adams: I feel that the knowledge of sex, its function, and under what circumstances it is natural and beautiful, should be known by boys and girls by the time they are 15 or 16. Remember, I said knowledge, not participation. Often parents scare their children on this subject. They make it sound like a sin. They don't explain it is a natural relationship in true love. I think there should be an advisor on sex in the schools where youngsters can talk it out, if their parents are not equipped to discuss it completely and honestly with them. A scoutmaster or football coach might serve this need.

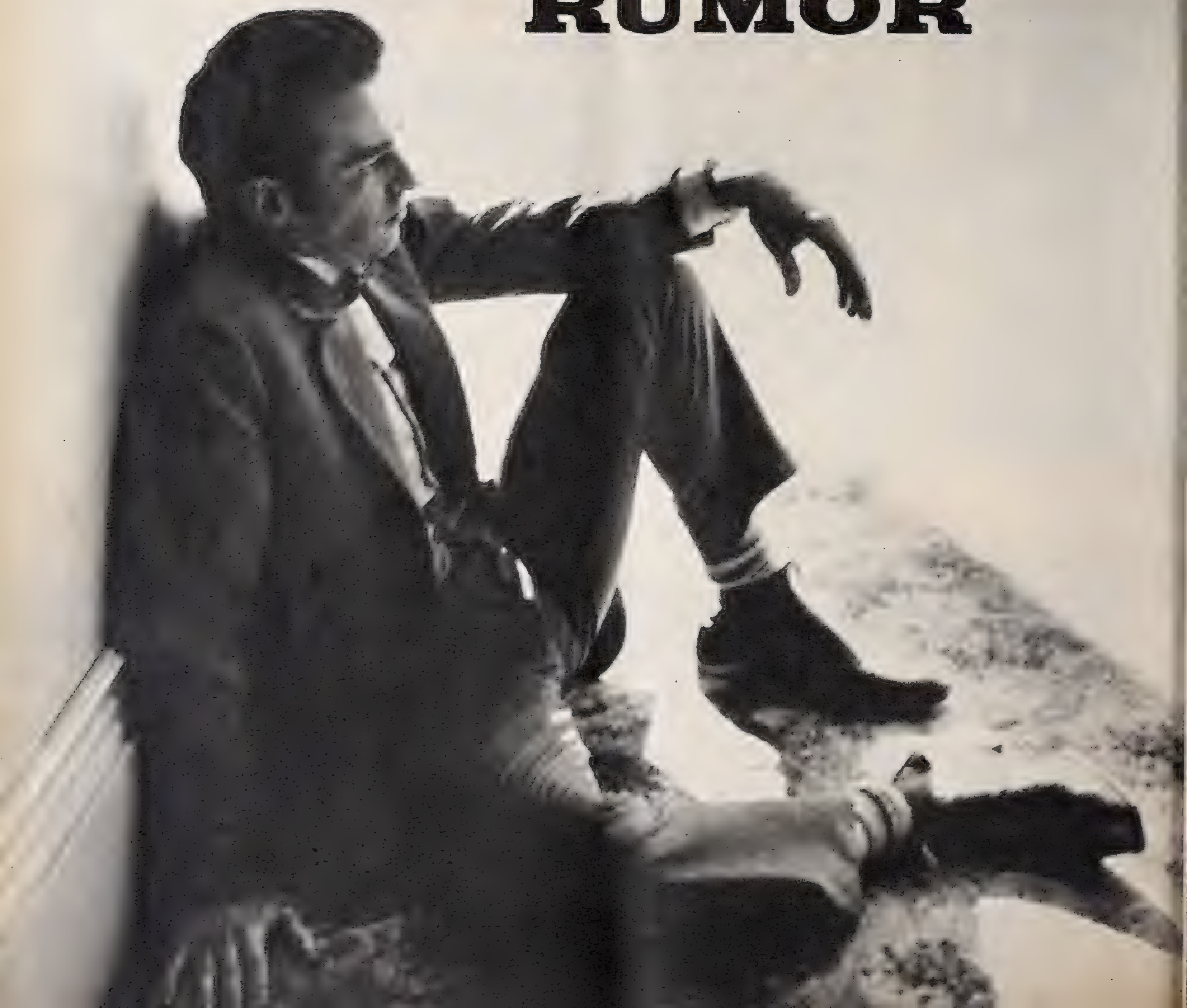
NICK APPEARS IN WARNERS' "NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS"



(Continued on page 84)

Is the report of
Monty Clift's new breakdown true, or is this

**HOLLYWOOD'S
MOST SHOCKING
RUMOR**



M

onty Clift has—in spite of the direst predictions ever made about any actor I know of—refused to collapse, to become an alcoholic or to get himself carried off by men in little white jackets. This is putting it on the line. This is what has been said in and out of print for a long time.

A thoughtful and compassionate man who knows Clift intimately said this: “In two years Monty will either crack up, have a nervous breakdown, go to a mental institution—or die.”

From that stark interview I went south, immediately, to see Monty himself. He was working in “Raintree County,” a picture which brought him an uncomfortable spate of publicity. At that time, I confirmed, after observation, precisely the same symptoms the wise Hollywood man had noted. Obviously, something was happening to Monty.

C

lift held up the picture a number of days in Natchez, Miss., with unidentified ailments. The story filtered out that a doctor who called on him at his hotel room missed some rather strong pills from his kit and that later investigations revealed that Monty had pilfered them. At the same time, it became known that Clift was a hypochondriac with a knowledgeable habit of popping medications into his mouth and numerous connections for obtaining palliatives without going through channels. I know this part because Monty told me so himself. He told me as candidly as a kid might inform you that he knows how to get into the ball park free. You have to believe him.

W

as there anything wicked about the pill-swallowing? He didn't think so. Nevertheless, a dark tide of gossip washed around him, and this was abundantly backed up by the way Monty looked and the way he behaved.

In Natchez, he fell giggling out of a carriage during a scene and had to be escorted from the set. The story went that he was loaded with Scotch.

In Danville, Ky., Clift arrived at the airport for a civic celebration put on by the delighted Kentuckians, who cut loose with brass bands and the best bourbon, looking as gray as if he had had a bad night's sleep in an ash heap. Kentucky's first lady, Governor Chandler's wife, known to everybody as “Mother,” greeted the stars warmly. Monty stumbled, paled, and barely muttered a sideways “Thank you.”

A few evenings later, Henry V. Pennington, a prominent city judge, made one of his frequent motor inspection tours of Danville. After a long day in court, he looked forward to these relaxing—and usually uneventful—cruises. Suddenly (*Continued on page 86*)

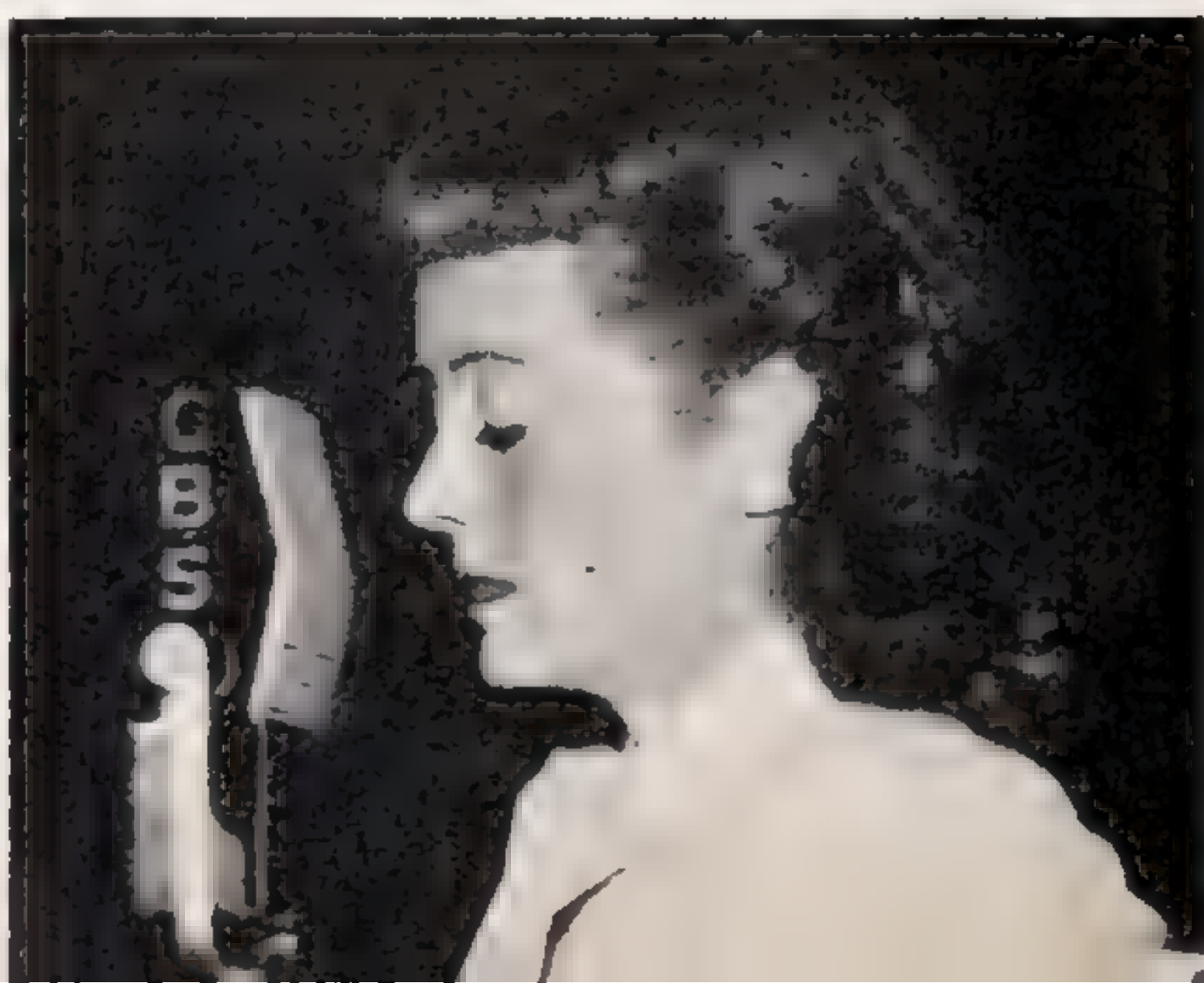
by CAMERON SHIPP

Says writer Shipp, “I am now convinced after ten years of writing about Monty: He's as unconcerned about being a problem as a boy with a toad in his pocket.”—Ed.



You saw them there . . . waltzing to the music of a cab radio. Or maybe it was a dream . . . *their* dream. But for a moment you shared it on **WHISPERING STREETS**. For this new radio drama takes you wherever life leads, makes you part of the people you meet on the way. Each day, as often as she can, **BETTE DAVIS** brings you to a new scene . . . an unforgettable story . . . a complete story every day. Join her. Monday through Friday on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**

CHECK YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION



I LOVE YOU . . .

Continued from page 43

with a promising motion picture career beginning for me. And now—

I tried to get out of the car—but I couldn't move my legs. Then I knew my spine must be hurt too. I was sure I must be paralyzed.

"If it's going to be like this," I thought, "I wish I weren't even . . . awake . . ." What was there to live for?

I'd been in several movies then, and I'd gone back to my home state to make some personal appearances and to visit my family in Camas, Washington. Some kids had invited me to be guest of honor at a dance at Washington University, and I'd driven to Seattle with an old school friend. It was about four-thirty or five in the morning, and we were just out of Longview, Washington, forty-five miles from home, when a car came from nowhere out of the fog and hit us—head-on.

I kept struggling to move. Finally somebody came and picked me up out of the car and carried me through the fog across the highway and leaned me against a telephone pole to wait for the ambulance. I would always remember the telephone pole and the cold and mist of the morning, the feel of the gravel beneath me, and the fog that shrouded everything but would not blot it away.

I could feel the presence of people gathering around me, looking at me, giving me their handkerchiefs and covering me with blankets. One man was crying. He said he'd just seen my picture in the Washington papers a few nights before. Somebody was praying. And somebody else just stood there shaking his head and saying, over and over, he didn't know "why these things have to happen" but that I would be "all right."

When the shock passed, I asked myself that same question. The way people do when bad things happen to them. Asking over and over, "Why did this happen to me? Why—why—why?" But you can't ask God why things happen. They happen for reasons. One day the answer would be there—and I would know why.

People would look at me then and wonder. They would talk about the miracle men in modern plastic surgery. But there would be another "miracle" unknown to them. That of a boy's faith and love—faith strong enough and love enough to warm through the despair. A boy who would make me want to live—make me fight to live—if only for him.

For just two nights before the accident, Jimmie Rodgers had come back into my life again.

Jimmie and I had grown up together in Camas. We'd played "Cowboy and Indian" together when he was twelve and I was nine years old. I lived five miles out in the country, and Jimmie and the boys would come out to the farm to ride horses. I was always trailing along, never willing to be left behind.

We went to the same schools too, but Jimmy was three grades ahead, and growing older—and he grew away from me. I had a heavy crush on him when I was in the eighth grade, but he was a junior in high school then, and I was still a little kid with braces on my teeth, and he couldn't see me at all.

Jimmie was always singing, since I can remember—whether on horseback, or tying me to a stake, or swimming out in the lake near the farm. Music meant everything to him. After he graduated from high school he entered Clark Junior College to major in music, then suddenly he

quit school and joined the Air Force. Later I found out why. Right in front of the choir, his music teacher had fairly crushed him, telling him to forget music, that he would never sing!

During his four years in the service, I kept track of him through friends who corresponded regularly with him. When he went to Korea I wrote him several letters too. I sent him cookies at Christmas and copies of the "Camas Post."

I started modeling part-time, and I would think of Jimmie and wonder what he would do when he came back home. Wonder if he would ever break out of Camas—and the paper-mill. The mill was our heritage in a way. My daddy's worked there for sixteen years. Jimmie's father's worked there thirty-five. His mother works in the bag factory at the mill, his brother works there, and during summer vacations from school Jimmie had worked there. In Camas this was the accepted thing to do. You grew up, you graduated from high school, and you went to work in the paper-mill.

But I was unexpectedly routed to Hollywood! I was doing part-time modeling in Portland, working as a dental hygienist in a dentist's office, and spending one day a week helping at the Veterans' Hospital. And one day I met Audie Murphy in the hospital corridor. He was there doing some kind of promotion for "To Hell and Back." We were introduced, and somebody took a picture of us for the paper.

I was surprised the next day when the studio publicity man who was with Audie called and wanted to know if I had any photographs. I thought it was just some kind of joke, but a photographer I was working with made up some pictures and sent them to Audie's hotel. A few months later I got a call from him wanting to know if I would like to come to Hollywood for a screen test at Universal-International Studio.

Jimmie heard I'd gone to Hollywood, but I found out later that he'd sat right through forty minutes of the Eddie Arnold musical short I appeared in and enjoyed it immensely and hadn't even recognized me!

When we met again he couldn't believe I was the same girl he'd tied to the stake playing "Cowboy and Indian." I was out on tour and I was in Camas visiting my family when Jimmie, just home from the service, walked into my mother's dry-cleaning shop one day and found me there.

Our first date started out very casual. We were going out for a cup of coffee and coming right back. When we got home at six o'clock the next morning—we'd had dozens of cups of coffee and Jimmie had sung in every night club in Portland. He'd been home from the service about three weeks then, and in that time he'd been going in and out of the clubs and singing at any given opportunity. I think what attracted Jimmie to me that first evening was that I didn't mind sitting at tables by myself while he sang.

Jimmie didn't know what to do about his future. He wanted to sing, but he didn't know how to go about getting anywhere. And his friends and family thought he should go back to work in the mill. Furthermore, while he was in the service his seniority had grown. He would have six years more seniority at the mill now. What did I think?

I told him I thought he should do what he wanted to do. "If you have to go without food, so what? You'll have it sooner or later," I said. It was going to be later—as we both discovered.

We found that first evening that it was so easy to talk to one another. It was as

though we'd been going together for years. We were enjoying one another so much. And I had a feeling as if we belonged together.

Later Jimmie told me he'd felt the same way—and it scared him a little. He reminded himself that he'd been over land and sea in the Air Force. Surely he was not going to come home and fall in love with a girl in one evening. I had my own plans, and I guess I was a little scared too. When he pulled into the driveway I just said "Goodnight, thanks a lot," jumped out of the car and ran into the house.

Not before we made a date for two nights from then. Sunday evening we were going to go out for coffee again. Then on Monday I was going back to Hollywood and well—who knew what would happen?

Then, at five o'clock on Sunday morning in one split-second in a screech of metal and breaking glass—my future stopped.

All the way into the Longview Hospital with sirens screaming—I kept holding my lips together, and trying to keep my nose in place. There was no feeling at all in my mouth, and I didn't see how they could do anything with my face but just sew it all back together again.

When we got to the hospital I made motions for someone to give me a piece of paper and a pencil right away. I couldn't talk. "Save my teeth," I wrote. I didn't know anybody there—and this meant my future—what they were going to do to my mouth.

For all my effort, they had to re-do my lips several times. They'd sew it up and then take the stitches out and sew it again—to be sure and make a correct lip-line. And I'll always be grateful to the dental surgeon, Doctor Ray, and to all the people who worked with him.

Jimmie didn't ask to come to see me during those first days in the hospital. He sensed that I wouldn't want anyone to come. But he would call and leave messages that he was thinking of me. And every day a funny little card or note would come from him. "How's my partner in crime getting along?" he'd write—because we'd stayed out all night on our first date. Another would say, "Just keep your chin up." Or he'd just write, "I'm thinking of you."

They'd taken all the mirrors out of the hospital room, but there was a little stainless steel pan beside the bed, and one day I happened to roll over and see my reflection in the little pan. For the first time—I cried.

It's something that's very hard to accept, and if Jimmie hadn't been there to help me through the long months that followed—I don't know what would have happened to me inside. And I don't even want to imagine.

I'd worried for fear he would pity me—and I didn't want pity. I knew I'd have to live with this thing for a long time, and I just wanted to be accepted.

When I came home from the hospital I was wearing a surgical mask that covered my whole face. All Jimmie could see were my eyes. They couldn't begin the plastic surgery until the scars were healed, and I wouldn't let anybody see that face.

"Gee I'm glad to see you home," Jimmie said, and he didn't even look at the mask. Then he picked up the conversation just about where we'd left it—talking the way we'd talked that first evening.

He came day and night, if need be. When the headaches were so bad I couldn't sleep at night, after 2:00 a.m. when he finished work at the little club where he was singing, Jimmie would come over

and read aloud to me until I could sleep. He'd go home and sleep a few hours, and come right back—to put me in the car and take me out into the sunshine.

He'd take me for long rides up the Columbia River on a pretty day, and we'd take a "picnic lunch" of milk shakes. I could only sip through a straw.

Jimmie would always plan our day and whether it was a ride or eating mashed potatoes finally for the first time—it was an event.

We'd go to drive-in movies, and he'd bring sponge rubber cushions so I could sit. He took me to a lake and taught me how to worm a hook and how to fish. He just taught me how to live again. And made me want to go on living—

Then gradually, Jimmie made me go out into the world where there were other people again. One of the hardest things to do was to go back to the lake near our house where I'd water-skied all the years—and watch others doing it now. Jimmie helped me down to the dock, and sat me down, and we watched all the summer people—and he talked about the new water-skis I'd have when we got out there. Mask on my face, and brace on my back, he wanted me to go with him to the wedding of a couple we knew—

It was tough going—but Jimmie thought I came through very well. During these months he made all this seem as if it was all just part of "growing up." He made me feel that this was just like when I used to fall down and skin my knee and he used to pick me up and say, "Get up—and get going." This was just something else—and I would outgrow it in time.

But I had to grow a great deal—when we started the seven months of plastic surgery. This was such a depressing period, and there was so very much pain.

Jimmie took me to Portland to see the plastic surgeon, and he waited outside while the doctor removed the mask and examined me. I gave him a portrait Universal-International had taken of me to show him what I'd looked like. He said he could sand my face and it would be "all right," but he couldn't promise I would look exactly as I did before. Nobody could know.

Jimmie drove me back and forth to Portland for the surgery, and it was very painful. Sanding deep down into the nerve tissue and digging the scars away—again, again, and again.

All in all—it was a pretty torturing ordeal. And I would get so depressed. Sometimes I'd think, "Is it worth it? Maybe I'm supposed to have the scars." My career was gone anyway, and nobody knew how this was going to turn out—and why go through so much pain?

In the beginning I would ask myself why he was always there when I needed him—why he was always doing so much for me. I didn't want it to be pity—and I didn't want it to be just because of the accident. Jimmie's answer was very simple when it came. "Because I love you," he said. And I would think, *I love you, too, darling, but I can never marry you . . .* How could I subject Jimmie to spending the rest of his life with a partially disfigured woman?

Only one thing pulled me out of that depression—Jimmie loving me and convincing me that it wouldn't matter to him how I looked after the plastic surgery. "No matter what happens—we still have each other," he would say. "No matter what happens with this—no matter if I never really sing the way I want to sing—we'll still have each other—"

At first I thought he must just be saying this. I told myself, "He just doesn't want you to feel bad." But during the long

weeks, he convinced me it didn't really matter to him. He had faith it would turn out all right, but if it didn't—he wasn't in love with my face—he was in love with me.

But there was still a dread for the day when he would see my face for the first time . . .

He drove me to Longview the day the dentist was to put in my denture. When I came out of the doctor's office, Jimmie looked at me. "Are they in?" he said.

I mumbled "Yes." It felt like I had a house in that injured mouth. "All right," he said—and reached up and gently unfastened the mask and put it in his pocket.

Then he looked at me and kissed me—the first kiss he'd ever given me. "You're beautiful," he said.

I looked at him—and the tears began to come. I'd never loved him more. I knew what I looked like. I looked awful. I looked like a woman thirty years old. And so white—with big dark circles—and great red scars.

The next night Jimmie made me go to the club where he was working and stay with him all evening. I had to meet the people who came in, and it was rough. They were all staring at me.

None of Jimmie's friends—or as he says, "the people who *used* to be my friends"—could understand why he spent so much time with me. "How do you know what she's going to look like—afterwards—" they'd say.

Jimmie had his own answer for that. On my birthday he called saying, "Let's go for a drive." We decided to drive to Vancouver. We had the top down, and our sunglasses on and we were drinking the day in. At a stop-sign at an intersection he suddenly reached underneath the seat and pulled out a ring. He put it on my finger and said, "There!" Then he leaned over to kiss me. But his sun glasses were broken, and the paper clip I'd put on to hold them together stuck to my glasses and we couldn't get apart. And that's the way we got engaged—in the bright sun on a busy street paper-clipped together!

What others thought about us didn't trouble me. But sometimes I'd get a little frightened when I thought of marrying Jimmie. I was always so sure he would be a star, and I'd worry whether I would be a drag on him. Would people in the business think any less of him if he had a wife with a disfigured face?

Jimmie wouldn't be influenced by this possibility. He'd been working in Seaside, Oregon for some time with a little hill-billy group, but he was really a folk-singer and he wanted to sing ballads. We knew the only way he could do this was to break away as a single, but this would also mean leaving a steady income, and he'd stayed on.

One night, however, Jimmie was talking to the group about getting married and going out on his own. They didn't want him to quit, because he was really responsible for packing the customers in. They told him he'd never make it as a single. They also told Jimmie if he married me he would never get any place at all. He was so furious he walked out the door—and he wouldn't go back.

Within a week, Jimmie got a booking into the Elks Club in Wenatchee, Wash., as a single, we thought, and we were so thrilled. When we left Camas I gave him

a St. Genesius medal for luck and as it turned out, he needed it. Through a mistaken booking, the club was expecting the whole band. The manager told Jimmie he'd have to fire him, and he called me long distance, very depressed. We decided he must not let this happen—some way, all by himself, he must make those people dance—and get busy at it very soon.

I went up to Wenatchee on the bus to take Jimmie more music and to see what was happening. And I watched—and cried. The Elks were used to an eight-piece band, and there was just Jimmie and his guitar and piano. He was breaking his fingers off and singing his heart out—but he was making them dance. This was where Jimmie got the rhythm for "Honeycomb" and "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine." To make them dance, he had to put a beat to his folk-songs.

We were married when Jimmie was working at the Front Café in Vancouver later on.

We'd planned a church wedding for April, but so many people kept advising us against getting married that in January we eloped to Portland. However, we promised our families we'd still have the church ceremony later on, and we headed for Hollywood to start living our own life—and fighting for Jimmie to be heard.

Nobody would listen to Jimmie at all. He just had three dates in six months, and there were times when we were actually hungry.

Then I had to go back into a hospital for major surgery. Infection had set into the old internal injuries from the accident, and for two days they didn't know whether I would live. My parents mortgaged their home to help pay the hospital bills. But just when you feel you can't struggle any more, something happens. God lets you work things out for yourself, and if you're strong enough to go through many, many things the good things will finally come.

Roulette Records wanted to sign Jimmie and they advanced money for him to come to New York and record "Honeycomb." Finally, we were inside a recording studio and my Jimmie was on his way. And all I could do was sit in a corner on a stool and cry—and remember how many times I'd heard him singing "Honeycomb" to the twang of a guitar in how many joints and bistros—before getting there.

For all the good things that are happening to us now, I thank God. For Jimmie's motion picture contract at M-G-M, his co-starring role with Debbie Reynolds in "Snob Hill," his guesting on the biggest TV shows, his singing at the Hollywood Bowl, the gold records in the music room of the house we rent just off the Sunset Strip . . . and my face. Every time I look in a mirror, I thank God for the face I see. And then I say another thanks to Jimmie, who was always there to give Him a hand with me.

I can go without makeup now, and gradually the feeling is all coming back. My face is a little thinner, but very much like the girl's in the photograph—the girl who was going to be a movie star, and would ask agonizingly, "Why did this happen to me?"

I know now you don't ask God why things happen to you. They happen for reasons, and the accident happened for a reason.

If it hadn't happened, perhaps Jimmie would have gone back to work in the mill and millions of people wouldn't be sharing his music today.

And if this hadn't happened to me, maybe I would never have married him. And I would never have known real happiness.

THE END

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19-page

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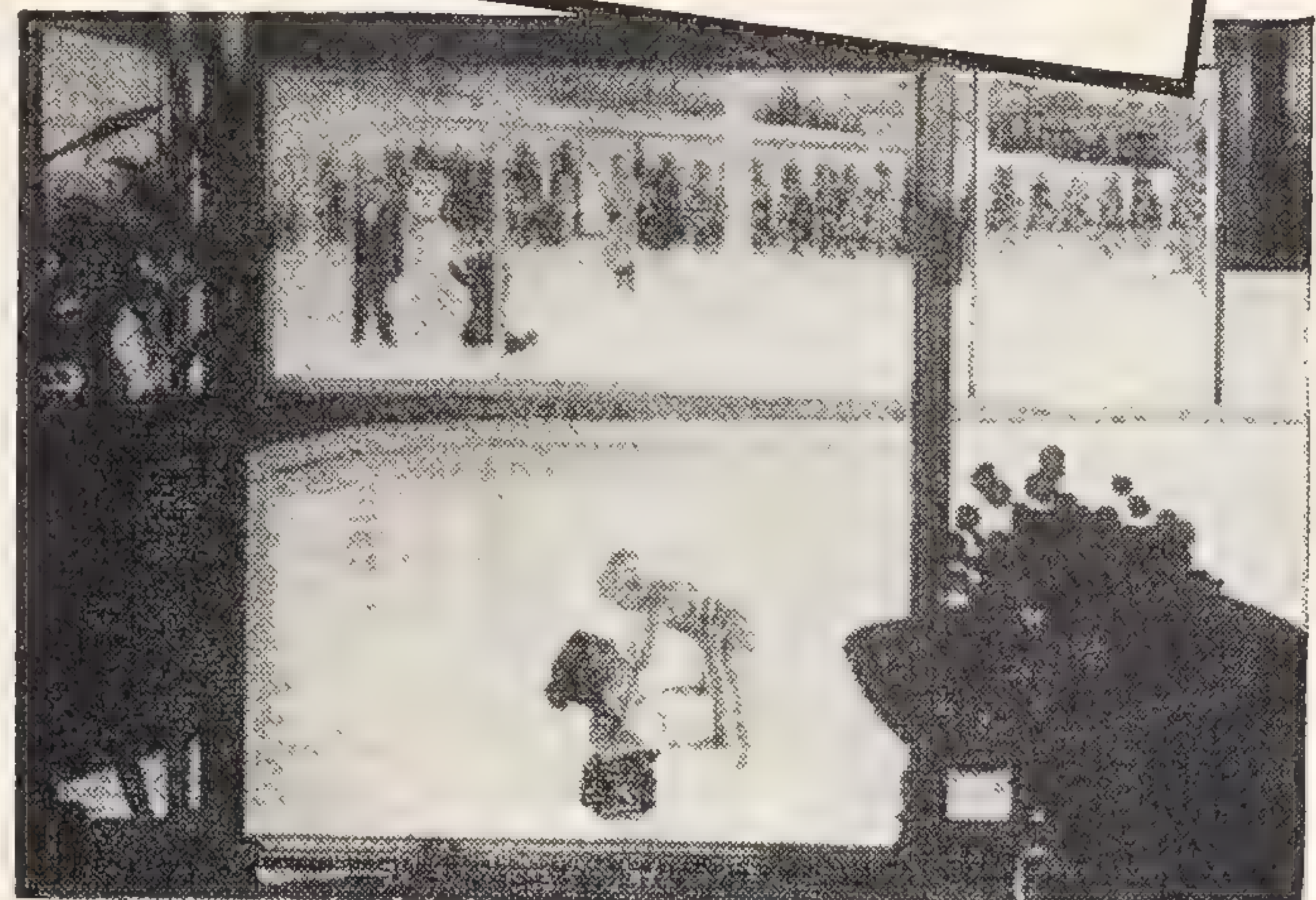
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WANTED: A WIFE

Continued from page 67

keen on sack dresses?" I chided.

"I'm a modern man," confided Tony. "Such ladies are not necessarily disqualified!"

"Well, that certainly leaves the field wide open," I commented.

Tony placed the ad.

The next morning the first applicant called. I scheduled her for three o'clock in the afternoon. She arrived five minutes early.

"A good sign," I thought. "Tony's a bug for promptness." He arrived at three.

The woman who appeared seemed strong, enthusiastic and sympathetic in the beginning.

Tony and I looked at each other and suddenly didn't know what to say.

She saved the day. "And what is the place like?" she asked.

In answer, Tony opened his mouth and began at the beginning—the *very* beginning.

"It's kind of Early Chinese Chaos," Tony began. "You see, I'm not a very good housekeeper and I'm always working. For a long time, I felt sure my last picture was my last. So, you see, I left most of my prized possessions in storage in my New York apartment. I've collected some stuff out here in Hollywood, but somehow, it only looks good in the center of the living-room floor!"

"After buying a record player and a supply of canned goods, I settled down to the quiet uneventful life of a Hollywood bachelor. The first thing I did was rehang my favorite pictures that travel with me wherever I go—no Rembrandts—just Charles Addams. The first Charles Addams cartoon shows two gaunt, bedraggled prisoners wearing ragged uniforms. They're spread-eagled six feet apart, six feet off the floor by suspended chains bound to their wrists and ankles. One prisoner says to the other: 'Now here's my plan.'

"In the second Addams cartoon, a Hindu snake charmer sits crosslegged in front of a huge open basket. He plays a flute as two hooded cobras protrude from the basket and sway with the music. One cobra says to the other: 'Let's sit this one out!'

"Then, there's the crazy poster-size photograph of me that's hanging unframed on my bedroom wall. I'm wearing the sheriff's outfit I had on for 'The Tin Star' and am posed with my right hand extended palm-up, straight into the camera lens. The result, camera-wise, is that my hand is enlarged three times its natural size which produces a kind of Frankenstein's-monster effect.

"I have a three-legged coffee table." Tony looked over his glasses at his applicant. "It's a great conversation opener, if nothing else. I first saw it in a novelty store window—it came in a kind of do-it-yourself kit—so I picked it up on the way home from the studio one evening. It came with instructions. In fact, it came complete with everything—except one leg! I was always working late, so I never got a chance to take it back. Today I can boast of having the only three-legged coffee table in Hollywood—and you can't hardly get that kind no more!"

The girl nodded.

"As you can see," Tony continued, "I was bent on adding all the latest modern improvements to my dream palace. Someone sent an anonymous donation—a canoe oar with an attached card reading, 'For the boy who has everything' and that was nice. No one sent me draperies so I still have the His and Hers bath towels

over the windows in the bedroom—but I got some real gone glass curtains for the living room windows. The only trouble is, I'm not so sure they're functional—I can't see out but everyone can see in. A fan sent me a swell cocktail shaker. I don't drink, though, so I put flowers in it, when I remember to. Another fan, from Japan, contributed a puppet that looks like me. Just what the world needs," he grinned, "a Japanese Tony Perkins!"

I laughed. The woman didn't.

"You a jazz enthusiast?" Tony asked her. "I have everything by Errol Garner, whose hands are magic. Anything by Ella Fitzgerald (including those Cole Porter songs) because her throat is magic, albums by Andre Previn, the 'Shelley Mann and his Friends,' discs which include hit tunes from 'My Fair Lady' and 'Lil' Abner.' Frank Sinatra's records are great of course. I have a few of my own which I listen to with a critical ear."

I couldn't tell whether Tony was making an impression on the woman.

"To my surprise," Tony reminisced, "maid service came with the apartment and I inherited a cheery character who sang rock 'n' roll. She was also my number one fan. I found notes everywhere asking for photographs and she wrote an original script for Mrs. Perkins' son, Tony. I was supposed to play a banana peddler who was working secretly for the FBI.

Before I got this place, I lived in my studio dressing room. The days were fine, I was busy before the camera and didn't have time to think about—*me*. But the nights—those dismal, lonely nights! Nothing can be as dreary as a deserted studio at night and I got to the point where the sound stages were talking back to me. One late afternoon the skies turned black and I knew if I spent another night in my dressing room—they'd have to throw a net over me in the morning."

The maid-to-be nodded in sympathy.

"In desperation I called my agents at MCA, who are good about such things, and told them I *had* to have a place to live *that* night. It didn't matter where it was and I didn't care what it was like, but it *had* to be *that* night. They told me to stop being all shook up and hold everything until they called back. They did and gave me instructions that sounded like the plot of a Hitchcock movie. I was to drive to the corner of La Brea and Sunset Boulevard after work and park there. A woman in a black car would pull up and honk her horn three times and that was my signal to follow her."

The woman raised a surprised eyebrow at this. Tony plunged ahead. "I was there at the appointed time and then nature decided to get in on the act. Lightning, thunder and pouring rain tortured my shattered nerves. When the black car appeared and a black-gloved hand motioned me to follow, I had the feeling I was taking my last ride. Then we arrived at a strange apartment building and I remember the pool was overflowing. Something resembling a human head floated around on the surface. (It turned out to be a rubber beach ball!) To complete the plot the electricity was off and we groped our way through a dark doorway. The woman struck a match, but I still couldn't see beyond my nose.

"How do you like it?" she quickly asked.

"If the bed is made—I'll take it," I quickly answered.

"Of course, she said, *that* was out of the question. The owner must have proper references, so I'd have to come back in

the morning. Well, there comes a time in every man's life and I was desperate. Suddenly I found myself roaring—"It's now or never!" Laurence Olivier couldn't have read the line better. The woman got my message, hurried to the phone and I heard her ask the operator to put her through to the owner in—are you ready for this one?—Bogota, Colombia ! ! ! Naturally it was charged to my bill and I guess the owner was too startled to say—no.

"I spent the night in my new apartment.

"With no curtains and shades missing, a flashing on-and-off sign outside made me wake up with the hiccoughs. Now for the first time I could look the place over and shall we say—it was promising. Just *what* it promised—I'm still trying to find out. There was a living room, bedroom, bath and a converted closet to cook in. The interior was sort of white-washed and the wall-to-wall old theater lobby carpeting formed a perfect pattern for anyone who enjoyed dizzy spells. I would say the whole place was just about big enough for one pygmy, or two married midgets!"

The girl smiled a little, which seemed to egg Tony on.

"Inspecting my diggings I came across a stale package of Dad's Old-Fashioned Ginger Snaps in the cupboard, two fire-crackers in the right hand dresser drawer, a pair of shoe trees which were in the medicine cabinet and a stack of delinquent notices for unpaid bills. So much for the former tenant. Obviously he didn't have a maid either.

Needless to say, I had no intention of awakening with another session of hiccoughs, so I tacked His and Hers bath towels over the windows. Next I unpacked my over-stuffed guitar case and washed out my other pair of socks. When I hung up my two favorite framed cartoons by Charles Addams (I take them everywhere) I began to feel like I belonged there. Not exactly an enchanted cottage, but it was mine—all mine!" Tony gestured wildly, the woman shrank back in alarm. "My first visitor was the man with the new fuses for the switchbox. That evening Venetia Stevenson, Dick Clayton, Susan Oliver and Tab Hunter surprised me with gag gifts and a box lunch supper. When I switched on the lights that's when I discovered there were pink bulbs throughout. They gave the place a nice rosy glow—and made us all look like Sioux Indians!"

The woman stood up, slowly fumbled in her bag for what seemed to be a cigarette but turned out to be a Kleenex. She patted her brow—the day was unusually sticky—then put it back in her bag and closed the catch. Then, looking at both of us, with hardly a change of expression, except a little tightening around the eyes, she announced:

"What you want, young man, is no maid but a full-time wife."

After she left, neither of us spoke for a while.

"It's not a bad suggestion," I cautiously said.

"Nope," replied Tony in all his eloquence.

"It's a thought," I pushed a little.

"It is," Tony replied.

We didn't say much for a while.

"Okay," Tony announced loudly. He took the yellow paper out of his pocket, the one he'd written the ad on, and with a flourish scratched out MAID. "Maybe I'll change 'MAID' to 'WIFE.'"

"Maybe that's what I really meant—what I really need," he corrected.

I didn't argue.

Any of you girls, by chance, looking for a change of jobs? THE END

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YOU MAY BE THE ONE!*

THE LITTLE PRINCE

Continued from page 50

tax-free, they said. He didn't know what taxes were, but they must be dreadful things since lack of them made so many people happy! These people and others from all over the world wrote letters to the lovely lady about him and his playmate in the nursery. He heard the lady say so. Sometimes she read them aloud to the man with the brush on his lip. "Isn't it wonderful," she would say, "that people care about us? I've never been so happy."

He was happy, too. There were so many things for him to do. He could lie in his bassinet and listen to the little girl bang on her toy piano or watch when she came over and lifted his blankets to see if he had grown overnight. He could listen to his tree rustle outside or to his bird. He could cry when he didn't feel like sleeping, in order to get some attention. This would bring the lady in white with the cap on her head scuttling over to put some new clothes on him and bring him to the lovely lady who would feed him. Or he could lie and watch the stars. He liked these. In fact, he wished he had one to play with. People said the lovely lady was his mama and that she had been a star. She must have come from heaven, he thought. He would play with her. And he would bring her a golden star with points out of the sky.

THE END



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...SATURDAY NIGHT

Continued from page 63

took a beating and, when we started the new film, I was terribly depressed.

Everyone was very kind, Otto Preminger, our producer, and Deborah Kerr and David Niven. David would pat me on the shoulder and say, "Come now, it's only a movie!" How sad I must have seemed. Then one Saturday a friend of Otto's gave a party on his estate. I remember Charlie Chaplin was there, and many other famous people, but I had eyes only for one Francois Moreuil, a young French lawyer. "Age twenty-three," I soon learned.

After dinner Francois and I slipped away and went for a walk along the beautiful white beach. I was amazed how easy he was to talk to. We discussed everything—movies to social attitudes, particularly snobbishness. We discovered that we both love skiing—Francois is a champion!—dancing, swimming, painting, pizza, museums and music. Francois teased me because at the time my record collection consisted almost exclusively of Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald. He looked at me, smiling a little, and said, "You must learn to appreciate Vivaldi, Bach and Haydn, too, but you mustn't force it. Just let it seep in."

Suddenly life seemed gay! I never knew what to expect. Sometimes, without a word of warning, Francois would drop in on the "Bonjour" set. I remember one day someone got annoyed and said, "You shouldn't disturb Miss Seberg while she's working!"

On Sundays we drove to Nice in Francois' Austin convertible to see the week's film rushes. Sometimes we would drop in at a friend's place afterwards for lunch and a swim, and during the week, we tried to have an occasional quiet dinner together.

We had known one another, I think, about a month when we began discussing marriage. Purely on an impersonal basis, of course! What we thought it should be like and what each of us hoped to bring to it. I think even then, that in our hearts, we knew we were talking about us.

One night we went by speed boat to a little island just off the coast where we had dinner at a quaint restaurant called the Arch of Noah. After a moonlight stroll down by the water, we settled on the steps of a little church to talk, and it was then that we both realized we were deeply, seriously in love. Suddenly, out of a clear blue sky he demanded, "Woman, can you cook?" I was a little taken aback, but I confessed I was very big with avocados and French dressing. "With me," he replied proudly, "it's supreme of veal with creamed mushroom and olive sauce," and then with a grin, "cherries sometimes, but only on Sundays!" No one really proposed, I guess!

When the "Bonjour" company went to London to film some interior shots, Francois called me every day and flew over from Paris for the weekend. What a wonderful time that was! We saw Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer," and celebrated with a champagne and caviar supper afterwards—on the expense account!

The following weekend I flew from London to Paris to meet Francois' family. His father is in government in Paris and I learned that Francois was educated at the Sorbonne, except for brief periods at Oxford and Harvard, where he studied law. We had dinner at his family's home and I was delighted with his eleven-year-old brother Didou. After dinner we retired to the drawing room for coffee.

The French are warm but very frank and to the point. Mrs. Moreuil gazed at me quizzically for a moment and said, "We understand that you and Francois are in love and we think that's fine. He may go to America to meet your family but he should be back in his office in three weeks."

There was a note of finality in the tone, and a sudden hush descended on the room. It was Didou who broke the ice by rushing in to present me with one of his paintings, which he had signed four times! I hugged him close and managed to plant a quick kiss behind his ear before he blushed and had a chance to object! He reminded me of my little brother David. He was so kind to me, so interested in our being happy together. He was quite amused when I mentioned that I'd never expected to marry a European. "Well," exclaimed my "gallant" fiancé in self-defense, "the girl I thought I'd marry is exactly the opposite of what I got!"

When the filming was finished, I went immediately home. Back in Iowa I found things hadn't changed very much. Mother still had to keep after me to straighten my room and had to wave a dish towel before my face to remind me it was my turn to wipe. Suddenly, it was as though I had never been abroad at all, and those champagne and caviar suppers on the Riviera were something dreamed up by Noel Coward! Only the image of Francois remained unchanged—dark, funny, sweet Francois.

His arrival in America a week later was dramatic to say the least. Of all the planes that fly the Atlantic his had to lose an engine over the water! Which is what I would call making a splash the hard way! He landed in Minneapolis four hours late, looking for all the world like a little boy who'd had a long hard day at the circus.

We took turns at the wheel driving back to Iowa and all Francois could think about was a cold shower and a thick steak. Instead, he got ten of my relatives! At first glance, our living room resembled the set of a C. B. DeMille spectacular. Francois leaned over and whispered, "I must shake all the hands, no?"

I introduced Mother, Daddy, Granny and my sister Mary first, and then fifteen-year-old Kurt. He mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like "How do you do," and then stepped aside for David, aged seven. I gave David a quick once over, on the alert for any suspicious bulge that might prove to be a water pistol or a dart gun, but as they say in "Dragnet" he was "clean."

Daddy had apparently been boning up on the ways and customs of the French, and that night at dinner he suddenly produced a bottle of wine. Granny was obviously shocked but Daddy just smiled and reminded her that in her youth she had wanted to be a bareback rider with the circus, and if she could bounce around in a short ballet skirt on the back of some poor unsuspecting horse, he couldn't see what was so shocking about a little glass of wine at the table. But wine in our house was as rare as snow in July, and there was dead silence as Daddy uncorked the bottle and poured.

David was so fascinated he sat frozen, like a kid in a game of statues, with a forkful of roast beef halfway to his open mouth. Proudly Daddy handed Francois his glass. "There. What do you say to that, boy?" As Francois lifted the glass to his lips, seven pairs of eyes rolled in his direction.

Francois sipped, swallowed, and was strangely silent.

"Well, come on," urged Daddy. "Don't be shy, son."

Francois shook his head. "Is not wine,"

he said innocently. "Poison, maybe." I wanted to crawl under the rug and die!

The next night at dinner it was Mother's turn. Francois had had just about two helpings of everything—chicken, vegetables, muffins. There was one ear of corn left on the platter and Mother, wanting to please, urged him to "put it out of its misery." Francois raised a hand in protest. "No, no! Please! I'm fed up!"

Mother got kind of quiet then and I had to explain afterwards that Francois hadn't meant it the way it sounded at all. He just has difficulty sometimes expressing himself properly in English.

And I'll never forget how embarrassed I was the time Mother, thinking back to her own courting days, I guess, asked us who spoke about love first. "Jean," Francois answered, completely straightfaced. "The very first day, in fact—and every day after that, but I said, 'Let's wait awhile.'" My mother looked at him oddly.

"Francois, you're terrible," I hissed at him. "Imagine a Frenchman saying a thing like that!"

Then he got serious and said, "Actually, it was mutual agreement. A week was enough. Let us just say it was a thunderstroke." Mother patted my daffy Frenchman and smiled her blessing at us both.

My birthday came during Francois' visit and it was the happiest birthday I had ever known. I was nineteen and in love and life was an exciting adventure! Francois had brought me a beautiful Dior scarf and two bottles of champagne from Paris, and those three weeks he spent with us in Iowa were sheer heaven. We didn't ride in any chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned Cadillac, as we had in France, and nobody had a private swimming pool or a forty-acre estate, but we went to see a class play at Marshalltown High, and then over to my former drama teacher's home for Cokes. We spent a college weekend at the University of Iowa, too.

We flew to New York the last of November where I sublet an apartment and Francois started to work with an international law firm and stayed with friends on the East Side. He has decided to stay in the United States for the present. We thought it best to announce our engagement at this point, partly to quell the untrue items the columnists were running about a so-called "romance" between Otto Preminger and me. Mother made the announcement in Iowa and then the wire services picked it up.

We hope to be married in Marshalltown in late September or early October—probably in the Lutheran Church. When Francois, Mother and I first talked it over, we didn't know how to plan, since all my family and friends are in Iowa and all Francois' are in Paris. My husband-to-be gave us his opinion: "I think we ought to be married by phone," he suggested, a wicked glint in his eye.

"Even better," my mother chimed in, "somewhere at the bottom of the North Atlantic—about midday, then everyone can come in boats and hover over the spot!" That really broke us up.

But now it's settled, for real, and my trousseau, believe it or not, will be from Paris. My sister Mary will be maid of honor. We would like to honeymoon in Mexico and then, I think, we will have to live in France. Probably in Paris. At the moment, I have no idea of giving up film work, so I'm rather glad we're living in the air age!

Francois claims he won't mind being married to a movie star at all. As a matter of fact, he's of tremendous help to me. I have great respect for his opinions and he has such definite opinions on everything. Take interviews. I'm always a little scared and serious. Francois doesn't see why they have to be dull or

boring. To prove a point I offer you some excerpts taken from the tape recorded interview we did for Photoplay.

The day we made it I was in the process of apartment moving (to a larger, more comfortable one) and everything, but everything was in a mess. I looked like something out of second-rate Carmen in my red-print cotton shirt over red toreador pants, but Francois was mighty fetching in a blue T-shirt and faded blue denims. The interviewer, Francois and I were all in the bedroom at the time and I was sitting cross-legged in the center of the bed. The small radio atop the console TV was blasting merrily and Bippo, the tiny black-and-white kitten Francois had gotten for me at the A.S.P.C.A., "Because it needs a happy home," was curled up at the foot of the bed sound asleep. It looked so sweet and helpless, like a blob of ink on the Black Watch tartan spread. The interview proceeded thus:

Question: Why don't you think you're too young to marry?

Francois: Because she found the man of her life and that was that.

Jean: Because I don't believe you can force love to wait too long. Besides, I don't think I could find anyone who means as much to me more than once in a lifetime. Francois and I may be young in years but we've both matured early. Francois during the war, under the Occupation, and me with my career and the singular nature of it.

Question: What do you have in common?

Francois: We walk, talk, shout, scream, fight, eat, kiss, dance, swim—everything we like to do together.

Jean: We're both pretty highly strung but we only scream at each other about fifteen minutes a day.

Francois: We only broke five glasses in Jean's last apartment!

Jean: We've never had an argument that lasted more than—three and a half months!

Francois: Two hours!

Jean: Actually, we both come to a quick boil and then it's all over. Usually when I'm nervous Francois is calm and vice versa.

Francois: That's what we call our automatic switch.

Question: What do you want for your marriage—goals, plans, etc.?

Jean: Money, fast cars, minks! No, seriously—a quiet, creatively alive life with friends.

Francois: No.

Jean: Okay, a quiet, creatively alive life *without* friends!

Francois: A quiet noisy life with interesting dull friends, with fast and slow cars and large small houses!

Question: How will you manage marriage and a career?

Jean: There shouldn't be any conflict. There are plenty of people who make it work out. Deborah Kerr for one.

Francois: If marriage and career conflict, one of them will have to go. Change that. One or both of them will have to go.

Come to think of it I'm not so sure what he means by that last remark! But like it or not I'll be opening soon in "The Moon Is Blue," somewhere in New England, where I am touring this summer. I play a girl in love and this is one role I am approaching with perfect confidence! For many good reasons. Isn't love great? It makes all the difference in the world and to think it all began that very special Saturday night!

THE END

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| 94. Mario Lanza | 227. Tony Perkins | | |
| 105. Vic Damone | 228. Clint Walker | | |
| 109. Dean Martin | 229. Pat Boone | | |
| 110. Jerry Lewis | 230. Paul Newman | | |
| 117. Terry Moore | 231. Don Murray | | |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 233. Pat Wayne | | |
| 127. Piper Laurie | 234. Carroll Baker | | |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 235. Anita Ekberg | | |
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HOW MUCH A BOY EXPECTS . . .

Continued from page 73

The questions asked here were collected for Photoplay by a woman doctor who daily finds herself talking to young girls about problems relating to their emotional lives—boys, sex, dating and marriage. Some are the questions you've written. Some are questions raised by movies like "The Careless Years" and "The Goddess." On pages 70-71 we've shown you a scene from Paddy Chayefsky's newest movie, "The Goddess," with Kim Stanley as a disturbed teenager confronted with the problems we'll discuss here. We are doing this story in an effort to give you honest and informative answers about some of the most important—and most wholesome—problems a young girl faces in growing up. We hope you will find the ideas expressed here—which are the opinions of each individual quoted and not of the magazine—of some help.

On pages 72-73 you met some of our panel of seven young stars who will discuss the various questions. Here they are: Burt Brinckerhoff, who played in "The Goddess," James MacArthur, Peter Brown, Mark Damon, Dennis Hopper, and Nick Adams. Tony Perkins, a latecomer to the discussion, asked, "Why do young people feel there is something shameful about sex?"

"People only feel sex is shameful when they don't really understand it," began Peter Brown. "Sometimes parents are reluctant to talk about such matters with their children and this makes kids feel it's something unpleasant and wrong."

"That's right," broke in James MacArthur. "It becomes shameful when people try to cover it up, when they pretend it doesn't exist. After all, sex, according to the dictionary, is 'being male or female.' You can't shut your eyes and hide from that! It enters into everybody's life and you must try to understand it."

"But in order to understand it, you must define it," interrupted Mark Damon. "What is sex? To me it's one of the most basic emotions in life. It's the simple boy-girl attraction that makes you want to hold hands on a beautiful spring day. It can grow into a strong physical bond between a boy and a girl who are deeply in love and whose friendship is based on many common interests and ideas. It's an emotion that deepens and becomes more demanding as you grow older and approach marriage. It's a natural, necessary and healthy part of any relationship—*provided* both people are honest and sincere about their love."

Then," said the moderator, "you think a girl shouldn't feel guilty about an interest in sex? Or a boy, for that matter. We've already heard from Nick Adams. Any other comments?"

"She certainly should not," said Tony Perkins firmly. "It's the healthiest thing in the world to want to know about. Anybody who is made to feel guilty about sex may feel shame about it for the rest of her life. And this is terrible. I believe if sex is explained to people in a simple, honest way, they'll be able to judge what's right or wrong for them. And that's what will make them mature men and women when it comes time for marriage."

"But no girl should force herself to be interested in sex just because she feels her friends are or that she's old enough," interrupted Dennis Hopper. "If you're naturally interested, it's the healthiest

thing in the world to inquire about, to try to understand. If you're not, just wait."

"What a girl must realize is that these are decisive years in her life—years of preparation for marriage," said Mark Damon, chewing his lip thoughtfully. "She shouldn't do anything to jeopardize those later years, but she should learn as much as she can from a reliable source—a recommended book, her parents, a teacher. She must learn who she is, what she wants and what her place in society is. Friendship with boys, easy relationships with them, understanding—but not necessarily experiencing—emotion will help her understand the important issues in marriage."

"Do you all agree with Burt Brinckerhoff that a goodnight kiss can be enough for two young people in love?" asked the moderator.

"I don't see why not," said Nick Adams. "When I was a teenager, I knew a lot of girls I considered my buddies. We dated, played sports, kidded around and had a good time. Holding hands and a kiss goodnight is the basis of many happy relationships."

"I think so," drawled Tony Perkins, tugging at his sneaker. "I think there are many good, honest and loyal friendships among teenagers today, and I think this gives them a much needed sense of security. Why shouldn't a goodnight kiss be enough? It is unless they're kids who have grown up too quickly. Then I feel very sorry for them because I don't think they'll have very much to look forward to in life."

"You can't lump all girls and boys together and generalize as to whether or not a goodnight kiss is enough," said serious Peter Brown. "We're all individuals and these are individual matters. A young girl who dates a boy once in a while should realize this is a casual thing that isn't worth more than an occasional kiss. A pair of teenagers going steady—and maybe thinking of marriage—may have deeper emotional feelings which they should be able to discuss together to find out how best to handle them. An engaged couple have more serious emotions to cope with and they may want the advice of a doctor or minister."

Perhaps the most frequently asked question—and the one raised in "The Goddess"—is: Does a girl have to pet to be popular?

"If a girl relies on petting for popularity," said Tony Perkins winding his lanky legs around the bottom rung of his chair, "then she must be a shallow girl. Petting has its place, yes, depending upon the seriousness of one's affection. But a girl shouldn't count on petting to get along with guys. It's the girl's personality that always counts in my datebook."

"When I was in high school," remembered Mark Damon, "the most popular girls I knew had a sense of humor, pleasant disposition and outgoing personality. And those are the things the boys used to talk about—not whether she'd pet on a date."

"I think that scene between Kim Stanley and me in 'The Goddess' is pretty true-to-life," said Burt Brinckerhoff thoughtfully. "There are some girls a guy automatically expects will pet on a date. But let me say this from my own experience, we certainly respect the girls who don't."

"That's the point," broke in Peter Brown. "I don't believe a girl should feel she must pet if she doesn't want to. If it's necessary to pet to be popular with certain boys, then the girl should date other boys because *all* boys *don't* demand it. This may be one way of showing love, but it should never even be considered unless two people are deeply in love."

"Here's another question raised by 'The Goddess' and our readers: Does a boy feel

a girl owes him something for a date?" "Most boys I know might, *but they don't expect it*," emphasized Mark Damon. "If they get it too easily and not as a sign of real affection, the girl is laughed at and talked about. When I was growing up, although we thought we wanted a girl to neck or pet, it was never our reason for dating a girl. In fact, when a boy really likes a girl, he'd rather she be inexperienced in sex. It makes their relationship something more special."

"To be perfectly honest," Nick Adams offered, "I think too many boys expect girls to neck with them on dates. It's a sign that people want to be loved more today than ever before."

"I'd say boys look forward to sex, but it isn't what makes a date successful," Jimmy MacArthur felt. "It's what two people bring to a date in the way of intelligence, humor, interest in the other. I think it's more important for a girl to be careful about sex on a date than a boy since she has more to lose—her reputation, her self-respect. And remember this: A boy can be just as scared about sex as a girl—only boys sometimes bluff better—and an 'experienced' date might make him nervous."

"I don't expect it myself—and I don't know why any boy should," volunteered Burt. "Girls should remember that boys—usually younger boys—are led to demand things on a date in order to prove their manliness. But they don't always want the girl to say yes," he finished, tapping his pencil for emphasis.

You tapping for order, Burt?" Tony Perkins chided, then continued, "I agree with Burt. To me, a date is a get-together. It means getting to know someone I like. When I go out on a date I expect to be repaid with good company—and so do most guys."

"All right, panel, here's another question. Do you think a boy respects a girl who says 'yes'?"

"If a boy has a basic respect for a girl as a person, he won't lose that respect because she accepted or rejected sex in their relationship," was Mark Damon's opinion. "The important thing is that both people involved respect each other first."

"It all depends on the girl," said Tony Perkins. "If the girl already has a reputation of having said 'yes' to dozens of other guys, the boy goes out with her for one reason—and he won't waste any respect on her."

"As I get older," mused twenty-year-old Jim MacArthur, causing some chuckles among the group, "I find myself growing away from prudish ideas. The more I read and travel the more I've found sex isn't always looked upon as an ugly-headed monster."

"Well, all I have to say," added Dennis Hopper, "is that a guy will respect the girl if he's in love with her and is thinking about marrying her. But girls should be careful—boys are pretty good actors when it comes to declaring false love in order to get what they want."

"Now for one of the most important questions Photoplay readers will want to ask you: What do you want in a wife?"

"True friendship, respect, trust, understanding and love," fired off Peter Brown in staccato-fashion.

"Love, understanding and companionship," were the qualities listed by Nick Adams. "A man wants someone who's solid and dependable, who will always be there and who will always love him despite anything that might happen. I sincerely and solemnly believe in the 'For Better or For Worse' portion of the wedding ceremony."

"The best girl I can find," was all Tony Perkins asked for. "A girl with whom I'll enjoy sharing myself and my entire life."

I want a wife who not only commands my respect but makes me happy, glad to be alive."

Burt Brinckerhoff replied cautiously, "I'm not really sure. I want love, yes—but I want love *with* respect. Someone who respects my decisions and desires, someone who will help me to contribute to society rather than just greedily taking from it. I want someone who wants to be a good mother, who can meet the challenge of bringing up children. Also, I want my wife to have a sense of humor."

"Love, understanding, kindness," summed up Jim MacArthur who recently announced he'd found the girl with these qualities.

"What do I want in a wife?" repeated Dennis Hopper leaning forward with a smile. "A lot of things. I want intelligence, a love for beauty, someone who loves truth, someone who loves me! I'd like my wife to be attractive, but physical beauty is only skin deep, so she must be spiritually beautiful. I don't want a wife that's perfect. I want people to be what they are. Their flaws make them real. If you're perfect, you're a statue—not a human being. And statues can be awfully dull."

We limited our "round-table" panel to seven males but we did ask one of Hollywood's most popular young actresses, Dorothy Malone, for her opinions on two questions which we felt only a girl could answer and asked Kim Stanley, of "The Goddess" her views.

"Is 'saving your feelings for the right man' an old-fashioned idea?"

"It may be generally," Dot said, "but to me particularly and to my friends, this is a matter of ideals. I have never lacked for dates, even before I was in motion pictures, and I have never found that the boys I went out with expected necking as a requisite for a date. I have a great re-

spect for men because nobody has ever disappointed me. I think most men, consciously or subconsciously, are looking for a girl who has the same qualities they respect and admire in their mothers."

"Second, How can a girl avoid giving in on a date, and keep the boy as a date?"

"I don't think this is a problem," Dorothy remarked. "I definitely believe it is the girl who sets the pace in these relationships. The boy-girl attraction is automatically there but I also believe people are yearning for companionship, a good mind and similar interests. I believe a man should know something about a girl before he takes her out. If he doesn't, it doesn't take him long to find out. If he knows she has certain principles regarding sex expression and they don't match his, he won't date her. A boy who knows a girl has definite principles, then dates her to see if he can break them, isn't worth dating. A girl doesn't have to compromise with her principles to be popular. Ask yourself this question: 'The girl who did give in to "Joe" didn't get him, so why will I if I give in against my wishes?' The men who insist on a girl giving in are just as insecure as the girl who does, because both believe they must to be popular."

"When a girl's growing up," added Kim Stanley, "she's uncertain of herself and this sometimes makes her too eager for love. And like *Emily Ann* in 'The Goddess,' it's easy for her, in this situation, to fall into the trap of reaching out for love indiscriminately as a kind of reassurance of her worth. But when she puts a low price on herself, she doesn't attract the kind of man who is capable of real love—only the kind who sees her as a symbol of sex."

Summary:

We've talked about many different prob-

lems and our panel has agreed on all the major issues. To review some points, sex is a basic and natural part of our lives. It accounts for the mutual attraction that separates one boy and one girl from all others. It becomes most important and most satisfying in marriage. But every voice raised this warning: to misuse sex is to risk your future happiness. Every man, even when he's prone not to admit it, places his potential bride high on a pedestal. Don't jeopardize your lofty position by compromising on matters of necking and petting. Popularity—being able to count up in large numbers the different boys you've been out with—is unimportant. The importance of dating is meeting the right boys—boys with whom you can share mutual interests and respect. Dating is a means of getting-acquainted with many types of people. Its value is as preparation for going steady, for courtship and engagement, for marriage. Just remember that your whole life can be determined by a casual date. And notice that *all* of our panel enthusiastically said they would date a girl who said "no," but not all said they would second-date a girl who said "yes."

Since curiosity about sex is natural and healthy, don't hesitate to discuss your questions with your parents, clergy, doctor, an understanding adult leader of teenage events, a trusted teacher. Perhaps "Facts of Life and Love for Teenagers" (a Popular Library paper back, 35¢) might be of some help. Write and let us know your reactions.

And finally, why place so much emphasis on sexual attraction when most boys are looking for someone they can respect and admire? Instead of concentrating on sex, concentrate on being a more interesting person. THE END

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... SHOCKING RUMOR

Continued from page 75

he stopped short as his attention was riveted to three police cars in front of him—a large congregation of law enforcement for Danville, Ky.

Stopping his car, he got out and walked over to the policemen. "It's that movie star," one explained. "He's over there in Miss Elizabeth Taylor's house, and he's afraid to cross the street to his own house, on account of the crowd."

Judge Pennington looked around him. Five small boys played on the sidewalk. But there was no crowd.

That's the crowd, Judge," said the cop. All told, Monty's appearances in Danville, a town so friendly that you become an old resident overnight, were as gauche and un-cooperative as those of a man being led to the noose.

Observers indicated they did not expect Clift to survive, possibly not overnight.

Meantime, two other stories ran simultaneously with the accounts of Clift's tottering antics: He was, it was reported by everybody who could write or talk, having romantic affairs with Miss Taylor (who seemed to thrive on a lover who seemed somewhat less vigorous than a man about to gasp his last) and with Miss Libby Holman (who is fifteen years his senior and a woman of considerable bounce). Libby flew down from New York to see him.

At the time, I confess, as one who was there and who reported, this was an impossibility.

Plainly, Clift couldn't have been carrying on with both Miss Taylor and Miss Holman at the same time. Neither proud girl would have permitted that. And no man could have carried on with either, let alone both, if he'd been as close to the last gasp as Clift appeared to be.

It has now been a full twenty-four months since Clift's friend made the statement that Monty would collapse, get put away, or die in two years and Mr. Clift has bemused us all by doing none of those things—or anything like any of those things. The record is a useful place to look now and then. Let's look:

Monty finished "Raintree County," in which he performed a number of athletic scenes involving bull whips, chasing moving trains and foot races, and this was a good picture, one of his best. He may have looked like a refugee from a concentration camp (he did), but he did not collapse. Then he made "The Young Lions," went to Paris for that one, and more stories began to trickle back. The picture was held up for twenty-one days and this was, of course, it was stated emphatically, Clift's fault.

Well, I wasn't in Paris but I checked with Edward Dmytryk, who directed both "Raintree" and "Lions," and learned what anyone might have learned by consulting the weather reports. It rained in Paris for twenty-one days. The picture was twenty-one days overdue.

During production of "The Young Lions," according to director Dmytryk and to Lynn Unkifer, the reliable press agent, Monty "behaved."

John Maynard, able reporter, who was there, notes that he saw Monty loaded once. But, he says, Clift had only one tall gin and tonic, a splash that debutantes take in their stride. Nevertheless, Mr. Maynard reports, this modest libation woozled Clift and slurred his syllables into

a gurgle. The suggestion is plain that Monty has a low tolerance for alcohol.

My experience confirms this theory. Once Clift poured three successive drinks for me which I enjoyed absent-mindedly while he gagged on half of a pale glassful for himself.

Back to "The Young Lions": Lynn Unkifer says that he had never met Clift before this picture, approached him with no firmly conceived notions, and had no trouble.

"While we were waiting out the rain," Unkifer told me, "the boys horsed around, especially Dean Martin, toted each other on their shoulders, threw balls, things like that. Clift would sit around like the small kid on the block who doesn't get invited to play with the older boys. Finally, they invited him to horse around, and he horsed gratefully, if awkwardly. Pleased as punch. Tried hard. But the man has no co-ordination, so the unit manager finally stopped that to keep Monty from getting hurt."

Another observer reported, about that location, that there was a scene in a river, that Dean Martin, the brawny man, caught a severe cold from immersion, that Montgomery Clift, the slight man, was in the water longer and didn't contract a sniffle.

As for playing his part in "Lions," Clift was as intense in that as he always is in every picture, but he ran into a surprise: Usually it is Clift who pencils in queries on the script, such as "Is this reality?," demanding rewrites, revisions, all sorts of changes to soothe his integrity as an artist. This time, before he could flow into full critical comment, young Hope Lange came to him perturbed and threatened to quit the picture unless her part was changed.

"He calmed me down," Hope told me. "He examined his part in relation to mine, explained what we meant to each other and why, and in the end we understood who we were, made a few small changes . . . and, and, well, it was a wonderful, professional experience and Monty was an exciting person to work with."

As for himself, Clift used wax to make his ears stick out, widened his nostrils, made other elaborate facial changes in order to look his part as he saw it.

As everybody knows by now, both of Clift's latest pictures were completed without collapse and both are corkers. Immediately after "Lions," Monty fled for New York, where he hid in an apartment in the East Sixties, refusing to make a picture for one of his favorite directors, Howard Hawks. Hawks wanted him for "Rio Bravo," now in production with Dean Martin in the role Monty rejected.

Clift read the script, didn't find himself in it, and said "no." This excited comment, inspired soothsayers to claim that Monty was low again, un-cooperative, in immolation, sorrowing, sick, disturbed, fleeing from himself or from anonymous monsters.

I've talked to Monty a good deal. One of the things that has incited reporters is this: that he became a child actor with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and, to use his own phrase, "made my own arrangements ever since." It is true that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks Clift, of New York, let him go his own way while they sent a brother and sister to college; the conclusion is that Monty was a neglected child who today harbors some sort of festering Oedipus complex—yearning for a mother or hating his father, Freudian stuff like that. Who knows? But in November, 1948, in as frank an interview as anyone ever had with him, Clift told me:

"Working with Lunt and Fontanne was the best schooling an actor could have, but

I shall always be grateful to my parents. Whether they had any real confidence in my talents I'll never know, or whether they felt acting was something I'd have to get out of my system in my own way, well, I'll never know. But their fine attitude did help."

And this is perhaps revealing: "I want freedom and believe me, it isn't self-esteem that makes me do the way I do. Look, I want to grow. I want to be free to do the play or the picture that means something to me, that I can do best. Considering the long career that an actor can have, you can understand from that what I'm after, can't you?"

Ten years later he told me:

"I don't have a neurotic ambition to act. I hate being called an 'idealist,' as I often am called. I don't like to act. I like holding down a part, working over a script, considering everyone else's part. But the acting is tough."

Every time I have talked to Clift he has been warm, amused, amusing, and unsick-looking. The day before, or the day after, he looks bad. On the screen he looks good. One way or another, for interview or for scene, he pumps himself up. You explain that. I can't.

Or explain his appetite. I braced him on the report, widely quoted by his close friends, that he is a pig.

Clift happily confirms this legend and adds to it. On a recent vacation in Europe, he told me, he startled even the well-fed Italians by eating six helpings of smoked ham for dinner followed by Gorgonzola cheese and a pear—and by two more helpings of smoked ham sent up to his room. In Scotland, he ate seven dozen oysters at a sitting. He ate six eggs for breakfast with two glasses of milk and a cup of coffee.

In his New York apartment today he keeps a deep freeze and a refrigerator stocked with enough home-cooked pastries to open a bakery. He has a housekeeper who attends to that. Recently, he says, he cut all this out in favor of three quarts of skimmed milk a day.

You can't say that the change in diet had anything to do with Monty's disposition. He has remained precisely the same and has acted the same for as long as he has been on public view.

I talked to Eddie Dmytryk, his director, a few days ago, because many persons have commented that Eddie is now like a father to Monty. Monty takes his problems to Eddie, people said.

Dmytryk stared at me.

"Problems? He's got no problems," he said. "At least, he doesn't recognize any. He doesn't face up to all these problems that we think he has."

"Then what is he?"

"Why, he's a man without any skin."

"I mean he's sensitive, everything on the surface, everything affects him. But he doesn't consider that a problem. Inside he's happy."

"Take him in another picture? You bet, the minute I can get him. I'm planning one now and I hope to get Clift. But I don't know. He always has to play a character that he is. He doesn't rise to 'challenges.' He has to believe in his own part and in every other part in the show."

That's on the record, surely. After "From Here to Eternity," Clift examined 163 scripts one after the other, rejected them all. He has done that from the beginning, consistently—he has rejected the story first if he didn't like it. He turned down Howard Hawks' "Red River," the film that established him, and consented to do it only when Hawks induced him, by telephone, to come to Hollywood, talk it over, be free to say yea or nay, no pressure

exerted. And, mind you, that was Clift's first picture. He had no star status.

He made the picture, of course, and made a hit, and he preceded by years both Marlon Brando and James Dean as an independent, no Hollywood chi-chi, actor.

Conclusions? On his endurance record, Clift is tougher than he looks. Like Judy Garland, he will—I am persuaded—go on for many years staging apparent collapses, disappearing, but always rising again to perform better than ever.

Actually, Clift has rejected more pictures than any other current actor—but always *before* they were made. He has never walked out on any film or failed to finish one. With the exception of "The Search," all his pictures have made money, and the list is impressive: "Red River," "A Place in the Sun," "From Here to Eternity," "Raintree County," and "The Young Lions." "Beloved Infidel," his newest for 20th Century-Fox, may fall in the same esteemed category.

His name gets linked with the names of various ladies. Some say he prefers older women and married women with whom it is not likely that he'll have a romance, that he has never had a "sweetheart." But there has not yet been a scandal, a divorce or an escape.

He is susceptible to alcohol, apparently, but he is plainly not an alcoholic.

He had an automobile accident, but only one. (Clift has almost no physical coordination. He moves forgetfully, like the renowned absentminded professor, is baffled by mechanics.)

Everybody dreams up problems for Clift but he himself has never mentioned having a problem. He has never complained.

Sum that all up, and I imagine you get a man who concentrates on acting so hard that he sweats, stumbles, and forgets everything else. There are respectable painters, engineers, and kindergarten teachers who sometimes do that.

I imagine also that you get a man with a very tough core of integrity—so obvious to him that it doesn't occur to him to try to explain it.

All of this, I am aware, adds to rather than detracts from, the Clift mystery. I think we must let it go at that, too: most artists are mysterious because art itself is mysterious.

And one more thing: In the past few weeks, Hollywood has hung another black mark against Clift. When he had his celebrated automobile smash-up on May 12, 1956, Elizabeth Taylor rushed to his side, tried to stanch his wounds, even pulled teeth from his smashed mouth. But, Hollywood noted, where was Clift when Elizabeth's husband, Mike Todd, died?

There were no stories and no pictures of Clift at the Todd funeral in Chicago.

But he was there. This I can attest. How he did it, escaping newsreels and reporters covering this most-celebrated tragedy, is another mystery about Clift. But he was there.

Some say Clift has gone into seclusion, vanished from human contact. Those who say it can't get around much any more. If they did, they would see him regularly: at Marcel Marceau's performance; New York's City Center; signing autographs, along with friend, Noel Coward, during intermission of Sir Laurence Olivier's "The Entertainer," window-shopping along Lexington Avenue.

To reiterate the point I have been arguing from the beginning, we have probably all been wrong about this boy. He isn't going to collapse. He'll be with us, gray as a tired fox on a frosty morning, but he'll be with us. Don't count Clift out.

THE END



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LET ME TELL YOU...

Continued from page 59

the power of a woman.

"I won't get excited at the fights, I promise," she came back.

He wavered. "All right. But I warn you: The moment you do, I'll take you home!"

Janet agreed, and to everybody's surprise seemed calm throughout the fights, in spite of the fact that one of the boxers almost landed in her lap. She didn't scream, jump or shout—just sat there as if she was watching "Disneyland" on TV. When we left the stadium and got into the car, she said to Tony proudly, "You see, I was all right, wasn't I?"

"You sure were," he admitted.

"But did you see that guy in the third round of the last bout?" Janet began—and then, going through the fights round by round, she got more excited than all of us together had been during the whole evening!

Tony got paler by the minute. Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. When Janet finally ended her blow-by-blow description, she was fine. But Tony was a wreck! Needless to say, he wouldn't take her to another prizefight until after Kelly was born.

We all should have known better. Janet is one of the most easily excited girls you could meet, whether from joy, anger, or any other kind of emotion. I think this is one of her best qualities. It makes her a wonderfully stimulating person to be with.

And is it good for my morale! I couldn't have had a more enthusiastic audience member than Janet when I was on "The Lux Show" for NBC-TV, or for the songs I've done on the "Ford Road Show" on CBS radio. And when I appeared at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, there was Janet at a ringside table, reacting with all the delight of a kid seeing her first Christmas tree. What a friend!

Talking about Las Vegas and excitement, I've seldom watched a more enthusiastic gambler than Janet, who, when she arrived at the desert resort, was bitterly opposed to gambling on general principles.

Janet is one of the most financially conservative women I've ever met—just the opposite of Tony.

This attitude caused a little humorous bickering between her and Tony when she refused to take a chance on any of the dozen gambling devices. Tony, José and I finally talked her into buying \$2.50 worth of chips—the ten-cent kind—and trying her luck at the roulette wheel. She put one chip on black.

"Sorry, the minimum is a quarter," the croupier informed her.

"I only have ten cent chips," Janet said defensively.

"Why, in that case you'll just have to invest thirty cents," he said sarcastically.

Janet did—and lost.

"Here," she told Tony as she tried to hand him the rest of the chips. "You take them. I've had it."

"Try it once more. Just once. . . ."

Reluctantly, she gave in and put three more chips on black. This time she won. She let out such a yell of joy that people from all over the casino crowded around her. I could hear them ask "How much?" "What did she win?" "She must have hit the jack-pot. . . ."

When I turned around and told one woman that all she'd made was thirty cents she wouldn't believe me!

We still chuckle about that. In fact, we have a lot of laughs when we're together,

because that's the kind of people we are. All four of us. It's one of the reasons we enjoy each other's company so much.

Much of it is the direct result of a terrific competition between Tony and José. Not about their work, their attitude towards wives or anything like that. About clothes! They make more fuss about it than Janet and I combined. The first thing they notice about one another is what they wear, and their comments about materials, tailors and styles makes them sound more like two fashion experts just back from the Paris openings, than actors.

Before we go out with the Curtises, José will take half an hour to decide what to wear "to make Tony break up." I understand from Janet that Tony goes through the same procedure. The results are often hilarious.

I remember one evening when we came downstairs. Thanks to Janet the Curtises are always on time, thanks to me the Ferrers are always late, so Janet and Tony had already settled down on the living room couch. José took one look at Tony and cried out "Why do you do this to me?"—then raced back upstairs.

Tony was dressed in a bullfighter outfit he was using for his TV show—tight pants, toreador jacket, sash, buckled shoes and all. But his victory was short-lived. When my husband came down, he'd changed from his conservative dark suit into a British hunting outfit—complete with bright red coat, tan trousers, high black polished boots, visor cap and all.

Another time while José was working in "I Accuse" in England, he came home from the studio carrying the Inverness—a black cape coat which he wore as Captain Dreyfus in the film. "I bought it from wardrobe for three pounds," he announced proudly.

"What on earth for?" I cried out.

I didn't have to wait for an answer. Suddenly I knew.

An hour later we were at the Dorchester to pick up Tony and Janet for supper. As you might have guessed, José was wearing his turn-of-the-century cape.

Tony came out of the elevator, took one look, shouted "Holy Cow," made an about face and disappeared. He was back a few minutes later dressed in Scotch kilts! As we walked out of the hotel, Janet and I kept a good fifteen feet behind our husbands.

This friendly competition between "the boys" extends to their automobiles and hobbies as well.

One of the funniest sights I ever witnessed happened the afternoon he brought over his new Messerschmitt three-wheeler—which he has since sold again—and the two of them were careening all over the back lawn like a couple of boys with new tricycles they got for Christmas. Another day he brought over his model airplane kit, a hobby he picked up when working in "Kings Go Forth," and the two men spent as much time and energy assembling the plane as on the preparation for a new picture.

You may wonder how Janet and I feel about these shenanigans.

Well, we stay on the sidelines and giggle! But seriously, we couldn't be more approving, because we know all these hectic activities are very relaxing for our husbands. And they need this because they work harder than any two men I know.

Tony had no sooner finished working with Janet in "The Vikings" for Bryna Productions and "The Perfect Furlough" for Universal-International, than he plunged into three more films to be released by United Artists following "The Vikings"—"Kings Go Forth," "The Defiant

Ones," and "Some Like It Hot" (in this one, his co-star is Marilyn Monroe!). As for my José, with directing the Broadway musical, "Oh, Captain!" and starring in "The High Cost of Loving" and "I Accuse" for M-G-M, he's been as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger.

So who's to blame them for having some fun?

For instance, one night I phoned Janet at about nine o'clock. "José and I decided we want to get out of the house for a while. How about coming over to your place for a drink?"

"Sorry," said Janet. "We're tired. Let's make it tomorrow night."

"Fine."

Offhand, I can't think of another hostess I could call in the evening and suggest we visit them on a moment's notice, nor of one frank enough to turn us down without some farfetched excuse. This kind of honesty, I think, is the mark of real friendship.

Janet's frankness is apparent in anything we do or discuss, including our attitudes towards one another's eating habits. It boils down simply to this: I think she eats too little and she insists I eat too much. Unfortunately, both of us are right.

Janet and I met for lunch at the Scandia the other day when I ordered a meal that would have filled up a prizefighter, and I mean in the heavyweight class.

"That's too many calories for you, Rosey," Janet cut in just as I finished my order with "and a piece of my favorite Danish apple cake. . . ."

"But I've hardly gained an ounce," I protested. "The doctor said I'm doing beautifully."

"And you'll never keep it there with this kind of lunch." She turned to the waiter. "Cut out the Matjes herring and dessert. The rest is all right."

I knew she was right. But I had a point in my favor, too. "Don't cut it out," I insisted. "Serve it to Miss Leigh. She needs it!"

Janet does this with everyone. José gets in for his share of criticism if he goes overboard on food, and so does Tony. In fact, whatever comes to Janet's mind she reveals promptly and pointedly, no matter where she is or who is around. As a result, she has gotten herself into all sorts of ticklish predicaments.

Their marriage is one of the best I know. They are in love with one another, they are happy, they are compatible. But like every married couple they have their problems and occasional tiffs. Only unlike most wives, if something is bothering Janet she won't keep it locked up within herself till she gets Tony home alone, and then let him have a piece of her mind. She lets him have it wherever they are.

One evening the four of us had dinner at Chasen's when Tony said something that annoyed Janet. I don't even know what it was any more, except that she flared up angrily.

The next morning an item appeared in a column about Tony and Janet having a big fight in public. They had an argument, true. But it lasted all of five minutes and for the rest of the evening they acted like newlyweds. Fortunately, they don't get as hurt about these unfair items as they used to.

It's a great comfort for me to have someone like Janet to come to with my problems. Often it's enough to know she's there, physically, when I need her.

Shortly before my last baby was born I had one of those nervous, restless, disturbing moods that only an expectant mother can feel but that not even she can fully understand.

After I had tossed and turned till the early hours of the morning without being able to get any sleep, I decided to call Janet. "I'd like to see you for a little while," I told her. "Let's go for a ride. If it's all right with you I'll be over in fifteen minutes . . ."

"I'll be in front of the house," she promised.

There were no complaints about being awakened in the middle of the night, no questions about what was troubling me.

After I picked her up, we drove around aimlessly for about an hour. I didn't know how to explain what was on my mind, and I didn't have to. We talked about other things, or just rode quietly through the deserted streets of Beverly Hills. When I brought her back, I felt relaxed, sleepy. "Thanks for coming along Janet," I told her as I left her.

"That's all right, Rosey. We'll see you and José tomorrow night . . ." and she walked back into the house. To this day she hasn't asked me for an explanation and I haven't offered to give one. That's the wonderful part of our friendship.

Janet feels just as free about coming to me for advice, particularly when it comes to problems of motherhood. One that bothered her most finally came to a head a few weeks after Kelly was born, when she was torn between a desire to stay home for good and forget all about her work, and continue with her career—a conflict experienced by many mothers-to-be.

I don't doubt that if there ever is any real conflict, Janet would quit her work. But I believed, and I told her so, that she could accomplish both tasks without neglecting either.

"But what will Kelly do when I'm at the studio?" she asked.

"Sleep," I grinned.

"I know. That holds true for now. But what about when she grows older . . . ?"

"It gets easier as they grow older, believe me."

I was convinced that if I could work it out with my lack of organization, Janet should have no problems at all. And she doesn't. And she won't with the new baby, though she isn't convinced of that and is giving it a lot of thought. If she should decide to make her temporary retirement permanent, it wouldn't surprise me.

When we get together, more than half our time is spent talking about our children. But our discussions are nothing compared to the bragging that goes on between José and Tony. And it doesn't stop with pulling out the latest baby pictures. Whatever tale one father brings up, the other can top it—easily!

But they weren't engaged in baby-talk one night. José was mixing Tony an after-dinner drink, and Janet and I were sitting in another corner, busy comparing layettes. Suddenly, Janet stopped talking and glared at my husband.

"Rosey's become awfully temperamental lately," she overheard him tell Tony.

"I'm sure she's just going through a stage," Tony defended me.

José wasn't convinced. "Some stage! She's become impossible to live with!"

"Well, now that you mention it," Tony agreed, "you're right. I just didn't want to say anything . . ."

With that, Janet jumped up and dashed across the room, facing them, her face red. "This is ridiculous!" she shouted. "Rosey has no temper and you should be ashamed of yourselves to . . ."

When she saw their broad grins, she realized the joke was on her, and we all had a good laugh.

But it wasn't a joke to me. In fact, my eyes were a little misty for a long time afterward.

THE END

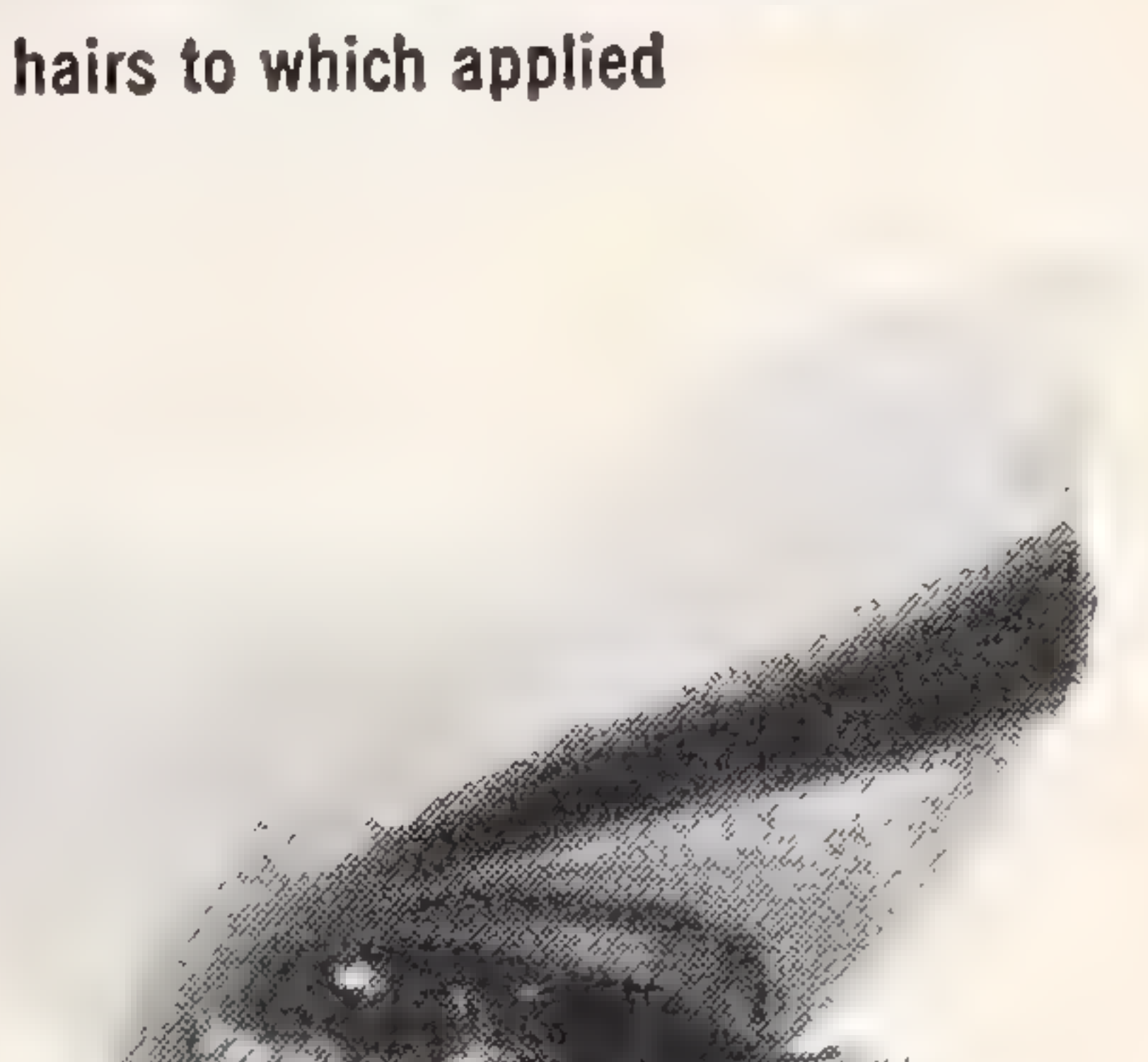


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DEBBIE'S STORY

Continued from page 52

women's shoes which took all the jar out of walking and was less liable to turn over or be snagged on rough surfaces. For the next ten minutes Debbie and the attendant went into the subject of the difficulties women have in general when wearing high heels. That was four years ago. Periodically, whenever she went to the same parking lot, she would inquire about the attendant's heels—she had to satisfy her curiosity about his progress. Last November, she was practically bursting with pride one night over dinner as she explained a shoe company agreed to adopt it for their line of feminine footwear.

Debbie is bursting with pride about many things—including being Mrs. Eddie Fisher. Married three years, they have had three homes. The first, a rented country-like estate with guest buildings and stables in Pacific Palisades (oceanwards from Hollywood) they found too sprawling for their taste. The next they bought was a three-level, stone-castle type place with raised drive approach through iron gates, in the Bel Air area. But it was found to be too large and they sold it within four months after moving in. Their new home is a more modest, two-story brick house with center hall in an average residential section in West Los Angeles—average, that is, for that section of West Los Angeles which has few small homes.

The servant staff consists of three—a general handyman and a maid who takes care of everything from cleaning to cooking under the close supervision of Debbie, and a nurse for Debbie's first-born, year-old Carrie Frances. Since the maid is a recent arrival from Rumania, there is some difficulty in communication and Debbie has to do a lot of pointing and a great deal of pantomime to illustrate what she wants. These demonstrations take place about six o'clock in the morning since Debbie usually has to be in a studio makeup man's chair by seven.

Having designated what sort of dinner she wants she usually keeps in touch with its progress by telephone, at the same time getting reports about Carrie Frances from the nurse. She doesn't set the actual dinner hour until she learns from her husband what time he can get home, and usually it is 7:30 when they sit down. Carrie has already had her meal by this time but gets a cookie to drool over. Occasionally, Debbie gets lonely for Carrie during the day and has the nurse bring her to the studio for an afternoon where she can have the fun of feeding her, putting her in for her nap, and attending to her personally.

Debbie can usually accept little setbacks in the day rather calmly, and she and her husband are at a stage in their relationship when they can laugh at most of their "calamities." When they moved into their present house Debbie tried to explain to the new gardener where she wanted a few rose plants moved. She did it with gestures which practically involved acting out the whole operation because the gardener, an elderly Japanese, understood little English. That evening Debbie returned home to find the whole bed of roses gone and also half of a little hedge. A few minutes later Eddie drove up. "Hey! What happened here?" he yelled while still in the car. "Where's the hedge? Who took the roses?"

Debbie bowed low, geisha style, and answered in pidgin-English. "Me smart girl. No speekee Japanese. Gardener no speekee English. Conclusion . . . no

hedgee." That was that.

"Ah," said Eddie. "And the roses?"

"Sayonara," replied Debbie. "That means . . ."

"I know, I know," interrupted Eddie, "Japanese goodbye."

On days off from the studio Debbie usually does her shopping, but her most important dresses are made for her by her mother, an expert seamstress. She likes pastel colors, but has no objection to the more vivid hues. Of three gowns, which she arranged for her mother to sew for her not long ago, one was a light pink flecked wool, the second a kelly green, and the third, a cocktail dress, a cherry red in peau de soie.

Unlike most Hollywood actresses, Debbie doesn't have a weight problem. Actually she weighs less at twenty-five than when she was a sixteen-year-old in high school, running 104 to 106 then and 100 to 103 now. She can eat desserts when she wants to, especially pie, a dish she has had a love for since childhood, and will go on a pie binge every now and then, having a good-sized wedge with each meal from breakfast through dinner.

"I can remember when a piece of pie would make the whole day special for me," she says. "Now it takes three pieces. That shows I'm getting spoiled."

In the days when one piece of pie was enough, the parents of Debbie Reynolds were both surprised and perturbed at her first movie offer; they had never thought of her as an actress and what they had heard of moral attitudes of Hollywood

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people worried them. Before they would permit her to sign they accompanied her, as a committee of two, on a visit to the studio. "They didn't expect to see any sinful sights but felt that if evil was present they would be able to feel or detect it," Debbie says. "Instead my father said it seemed to him that moviemaking was like any other business, except that it had to do with acting, and my mother agreed. I have yet to feel anything evil going on. If there is anything wrong it is that so much of your life is lived in the open, so much of what you say or do is carried to millions of people and often twisted around so that it has a wrong significance to it. I have to keep telling myself that it is human nature to speculate on the private lives of public figures, but just the same, sharing your private life means you haven't got any. And after a while you get to thinking that you're not an individual with her own personal thoughts and feelings any more, but just somebody propped up in a window."

There is no tinge of protest in Debbie's tone as she speaks these words. It is a fact that the only instance she lost emotional control of herself can be traced back to her engagement to Eddie Fisher, when press reporters were more than usually inquisitive about her affairs.

She can, when things go wrong, and when she feels an unequal burden is being placed on her, become quiet and a bit short with her words. "At such times I am not really a pleasant person," she admits.

Returning to her early days in Hollywood, when she was at Warners, Debbie continues, "I never saw anyone my own

age, just grown-ups, and when they insisted on talking to me as if I were another grown-up, I felt completely lost. I would try to say something but nothing would work itself up in my mind that didn't belong strictly back with my own neighborhood kids. One day I was silly enough to accept an invitation to a home dinner from a woman in the studio who set a formal table and had the meal served by a maid. I was shook up for weeks after this experience. I was completely confused by all the silver in front of me. I didn't know which side the maid would next serve from or what to do with what she had when she presented it, and I could not pick anything up from my plate more than two inches before it would drop or slide back. I juggled, fumbled and blushed. And I spattered the table linen."

She reported for her first day at the studio wearing pedal pushers and riding her bicycle. After a week of this, during which time it was discovered that she chewed gum and loved to crack it as she talked, she was called into a meeting with the head of the talent department and his assistant. It was pointed out to her gently but firmly that pedal pushers and jeans (another favorite item of her daily apparel) were not suitable clothes for a young actress.

"But how can I ride my bike if I don't wear jeans?" she asked. She asked it innocently.

The talent head went on with a few more of the new decisions they had made. Her hair could be lighter, they thought, and worn differently than in a hastily combed part. The name of Mary Frances Reynolds wasn't suitable for a movie actress. The gum, of course, would have to go. After all, she had certain standards to uphold.

Following this interview Debbie went home and hunted up her mother in the kitchen of their house where she plopped onto a chair and asked, "Do I look so terrible? They want me to make my hair different and walk differently and talk differently and lose the 'me' that I am, altogether."

Her mother diplomatically assured her that she looked lovely as she was but that, of course, a girl must always seek to improve herself.

Debbie accepted a blondined shade of hair. She studied her dramatic courses conscientiously. She was shocked at having her name changed to Debbie. "I happen not to like Deborah as a name," she protested to the studio heads. When they were adamant it became an obsession for her to ignore anyone who called her by her new name, and she kept this up for several years.

Eliminating the gum chewing was a lost cause altogether as far as Warners was concerned. Even as long as a year later and now at M-G-M, she had secret places to hide the huge wads she chewed while she stepped before the camera to do a scene. One such place, when she was making "Singin' in the Rain" with Gene Kelly, was a ladder which was used in a dancing sequence. Unfortunately, Gene backed up against the ladder and got the whole wad stuck in his hair. He was quite terse about it and filming had to be called off for several hours while the tacky mess was removed with the aid of solvents.

Right after "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," her first picture at Warner Brothers, Debbie was dropped. Had it not been for the determination of the talent scout who originally discovered her, Solly Baiano, Debbie, public-wise, might have disappeared forever. But Mr. Baiano decided that she was still a good bet, and

Debbie is able to mark the change in her life from small community home girl to country-wide-known movie star by the number of activities she has planned for the day aside from appearing before the camera. These used to amount to four or five, between waking and sleeping, and she would scribble memos about them on

State _____

CITY..... ZONE... STATE.....
 SAVE! Enclose cost of Whitex with order No C.O.D.
 —and we'll pay postage. in Canada

a Girl Scout calendar that hung in her room. Today they run up to twenty-five—appointments, calls to make on a return, necessary purchases, preparations for some social or professional event—and she has need of not only a notebook but finds herself jotting down little reminders to herself whenever she has a chance.

She makes no written notes about matters concerning her husband. These she is able to keep track of in her head.

Most successful people are known for having persistency as one of their traits. Debbie will stay with a problem, major or minor, until she has resolved it. It may be some technical aspect of a song number, working some throat trick into a musical phrase, for instance, or as serious as readjusting a relationship with a friend or member of her family which just refuses to run smoothly. Or, again, it can be as inconsequential as just trying to reach someone on the telephone and refusing to give up because the number doesn't answer. Like the time she wanted to talk to Rory Calhoun, and commenced an all-day schedule of dialing his house number at every spare moment. It was pointed out to her repeatedly that the Calhouns

were probably out of town, away on location, or perhaps staying in some temporarily rented apartment while their house was being renovated. Debbie just kept dialing. On the evening of the fifth day Rory answered. What she wanted was to have Rory take part in a show for The Thaliens (an organization to help mentally retarded children) and she incidentally pointed out how long she had been trying to reach him. The least he could do under the circumstances was agree. And he did.

She has never been known to be temperamental.

A story which has a most familiar false ring to it around the Hollywood studios is an actor's explanation of his failure to get a certain role for which it is well known he had been considered. The story is always a roundabout one and never to the discredit of the player, of course. He didn't care for the part, he was busy, the producer wouldn't make certain changes, et cetera. Nobody, as far as can be ascertained, has heard this sort of evasive alibi from Debbie Reynolds. Partly because of an inbuilt honesty, but certainly, as far as her close friends are con-

cerned, because she is too impatient to be devious and has a curious disposition to be blunt, she has another reason and always the same one. "They didn't want me," she'll say.

When and if she will consent to discuss her very private affairs, which isn't often of late, her disposition to be frank makes for rewarding answers. She seems so serene in her wifehood, for instance, that people are sometimes moved to compliment her on how well her marriage is going.

"Oh, we have to work at it like all young couples," she'll say. "I have a certain confidence but it's not complete, of course. I don't know about other young wives but I find myself adjusting every day."

Does she think she has to do more adjusting than her husband, as most wives complain is the case in marriages? "I don't think so," she replies. "Except on days when I feel sorry for myself."

This, then, is Debbie Reynolds and the story she wanted told. High moods, low moods and all the ones in between—she hopes you know her a little better now.

THE END

THE NIGHTMARE . . .

Continued from page 41

had to be here. "He promised" the words escaped her unawares.

"Where's Daddy?" Ola asked fretfully, impatient to be finished with the old adventure of their freighter trip and on to new ones with American cowboys and Indians.

"Where's Daddy?" Ola repeated, tugging hard at his sister's sleeve, but she seemed not to hear him.

"He isn't coming," she finally answered in a flat, expressionless voice—a way she'd learned long before to cover her unhappiness and disappointment with adults. . . .

The New Orleans to New York train rocked gently with a rhythm all its own as it tore through the southern flatlands. Inger and Ola sat like graven images, staring straight before them.

A boy and two little girls toward the front of the car held a hasty, whispered conversation, hopped out of their seats and rattled down the aisle toward Inger and Ola at whom they stopped and stared.

Angered at her own terror and shyness, Inger's eyes turned toward her only island of security, the tall young man sitting next to her, the man in the blue uniform from the dock—a Salvation Army officer whom she had fallen in love with the moment he had put his strong hands around their shoulders and said he had been sent by their father to take them to New York. He smiled down at her now, encouragingly.

"Hello," the little boy standing in the aisle said. Neither Inger nor Ola answered. "Want to play with my toy train?" he pursued. Squashed in Inger's little purse were twenty-five cards bearing the English and Swedish words to cover their needs: "Hello," "Goodbye," "Hungry," "Water," etc. But to take them out and read them would be to show that she and Ola were "different" and if the little boy and his friends found out, they might not want to play with them. Yet Inger yearned to play, to ask what their names were, to tell them hers and Ola's. But her courage faltered and failed and she tapped her forehead to indicate that she and her brother were deaf mutes.

"Your father's in Cape Cod—working on a thesis. He has a Fulbright scholarship, that means he's using other people's money, so he must work on it night and day," the Salvation Army officer told them over and over so they would understand why, in terms of time and money, their father hadn't been able to meet them in New Orleans. Inger and Ola understood most of what he said and pretended it didn't matter. In fact, the second day of the trip they brightened up considerably, even began to enjoy running to the water cooler, guessing what kind of ice cream was going to be served in the dining car and making the Salvation Army officer tell them about the towns they saw, faces pressed eagerly to the window, each time the train chugged-chugged to a halt. The concerned officer hoped silently that their bad times were over.

But they weren't. In the huge, crowded, noisy railroad station in New York, Inger's tall young man gave them over to the Travelers' Aid. "I want to take you the rest of the way but I can't," he had said frankly and simply. Then he shook small Ola's hand, gravely kissed Inger on the forehead and walked away.

She waited for him to turn and smile, to wave at them but he didn't. Once more she was alone in a strange place—surrounded by strangers. There were no words on the twenty-five cards in her small handbag to express how she felt. Perhaps it was when she saw the figure of their rescuer retreating in the distance that she first faced the decision: Escape from a world that offers nothing to depend on or find a way of living in it—without depending. She chose the latter. Perhaps it was then, too, that she decided the lack of communication in both language and understanding, the embarrassment of being "different"—so humiliating to a proud nature—all these must be bested and made to work for the future.

She does not say this now. There are many things Inger does not say now. Today, she is a poised and gay, youthful and lovely Hollywood movie star; but when she speaks of these nightmarish times, she cannot quite hide the hint of strain behind the smile, of agitation beneath an almost too-calm presence.

"New York," she says, "seemed to us then like a city of revolving doors, and every time we went through one, I was sure I'd lose Ola. A friend of my father came to take us to dinner. He was kind;

to make us feel at home he took us to the Three Crowns, a Swedish restaurant, though I would much rather have tried an American place, since I was going to live here. Then the Travelers' Aid people took me to the thirteenth floor and put Ola somewhere else; mine was a tiny, dark green room that looked like a cell. Have you ever been on a thirteenth floor during a thunderstorm? I was sure I'd be killed before morning.

"But the next day Ola and I met downstairs for cornflakes and milk and then they put us on a train for Cape Cod."

They had been standing on the train platform long before it pulled into the station. The tangy smell of pine mixed with the fresh saltiness of the sea was in the air and Inger's and Ola's faces were shiny with expectation.

"This time it really *will* be Father, won't it?" Ola said with a mischievous grin and both laughed because Ola seemed especially clever today. Everything was especially fine.

"We kept trying to decipher the station signs without having any English, and I don't know what made Ola suddenly decide that the next stop was ours. He insisted on getting off; I was just as adamant that he was wrong but, when he said he would whether I did or not, I followed. He was right." Inger spoke slowly, matter-of-factly, showing no tension such memories must produce.

The train came abreast of the small wooden station and with much creaking and screeching came to a halt. Below on the platform stood their father. The children stared down at him, immobile and dumb like little wooden Indians. He stared up at them with a curious mixture of excitement and uncertainty on his face.

It was Ola who broke the spell. With a whoop he flew down the train steps and leaped in the general direction of his father's chest. Inger followed on the run, threw her arms around her father's waist, laid her head on his chest and began to cry with relief. They were home.

It was time to live again, time to take in the small sights, smells and sounds that make life important and as they were trudging down a sandy path to their father's car, Ola noticed an angry red cut on the side of his father's face. He pointed to it accusingly. "Daddy, did the Indians do that to you?" he shouted. "We know all about American Indians,

Daddy; we'll get them!" he gulped, voice heavy with rage.

They had reached the car and their father sat on the running board and began to laugh. He laughed so he couldn't talk. He laughed so the tears came to his eyes. Then he said seriously, "I feel very well protected with you here, Ola, but I must tell you the truth. I cut myself while shaving this morning. I was so worried about you two my hands started to shake and," he said pointing to the result, "I nearly cut my throat!"

Then he grew more serious still and reached over to take Inger's hands in his. "Now I must talk to you about something important, for a moment. I wish I could have told you first myself—but you know, I have remarried. She is waiting for us back at the cottage. I know it will seem a little strange at first, but I hope, sometime, you will start to think of her as your mother." He looked into Inger's thoughtful blue eyes for a moment, then smiling quickly, he clapped them both on the back and said, "Now into the car with you!"

When they reached the cottage, a wooden cottage that sat on the edge of the sand dunes, guarded by short, weathered pines, it was the loveliest day imaginable. The sky was unbelievably clear and blue and the air still and sweet. "Paradise," Inger's Dad and the other summer visitors might have called it. "Weather-breeder," the native Cape Codders would have said ominously and waited.

The next day there was an ugly, unfamiliar black ring around the sun. The following day the wind began to blow erratically. The third day the wind steadied and, as if at last finding its direction, increased its force and blew with violence that frightened the Stensland family. Inger sat crouched at the kitchen table most of the time, the old terror returning, as if the wind were saying: "Nothing is safe—nothing to hold onto. Nothing is safe—nothing to hold onto."

Then suddenly with a frightening roar, more nearly an explosion, half of the roof of the small, unprotected cottage was ripped from its foundation and whirled toward the sea that was leaping closer and closer to the house.

Miraculously, no one was hurt. Eventually the wind and the sea calmed, the flood waters receded, the roof was repaired and the Stenslands settled down to finish out their New England summer. In the fall, Mr. Stensland got a teaching position at Columbia University and the family moved to New York City.

"In New York I felt like a foreigner," Inger says now. "I just couldn't get used to switchblade knives and big purple skirts and thick smears of lipstick. I never had a close girlfriend. And it was difficult adjusting to people; my English was still broken and the atmosphere so strange. Too, I had chores to do. My stepmother was also a teacher, so she had to leave the house when Dad did in the morning. I'll never forget how I felt running into class, hot, perspiry—and late. "Much to my surprise," she says in a tone that reproaches no one but herself, "I became very self-sufficient, very rebellious and very, very sorry for myself. I was sure I was the most abused child in history. One of my most miserable experiences involved my square-toed shoes."

"One day, the policeman at the school crossing looked down at me and said, 'You're a foreigner, aren't you?'"

"Mortified, I asked, 'How did you know?'"

"His answer rocked me. 'Those square-toed shoes.'"

"I ran all the way home crying. My stepmother wanted to know what was wrong with my shoes? Laces? Soles?"

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

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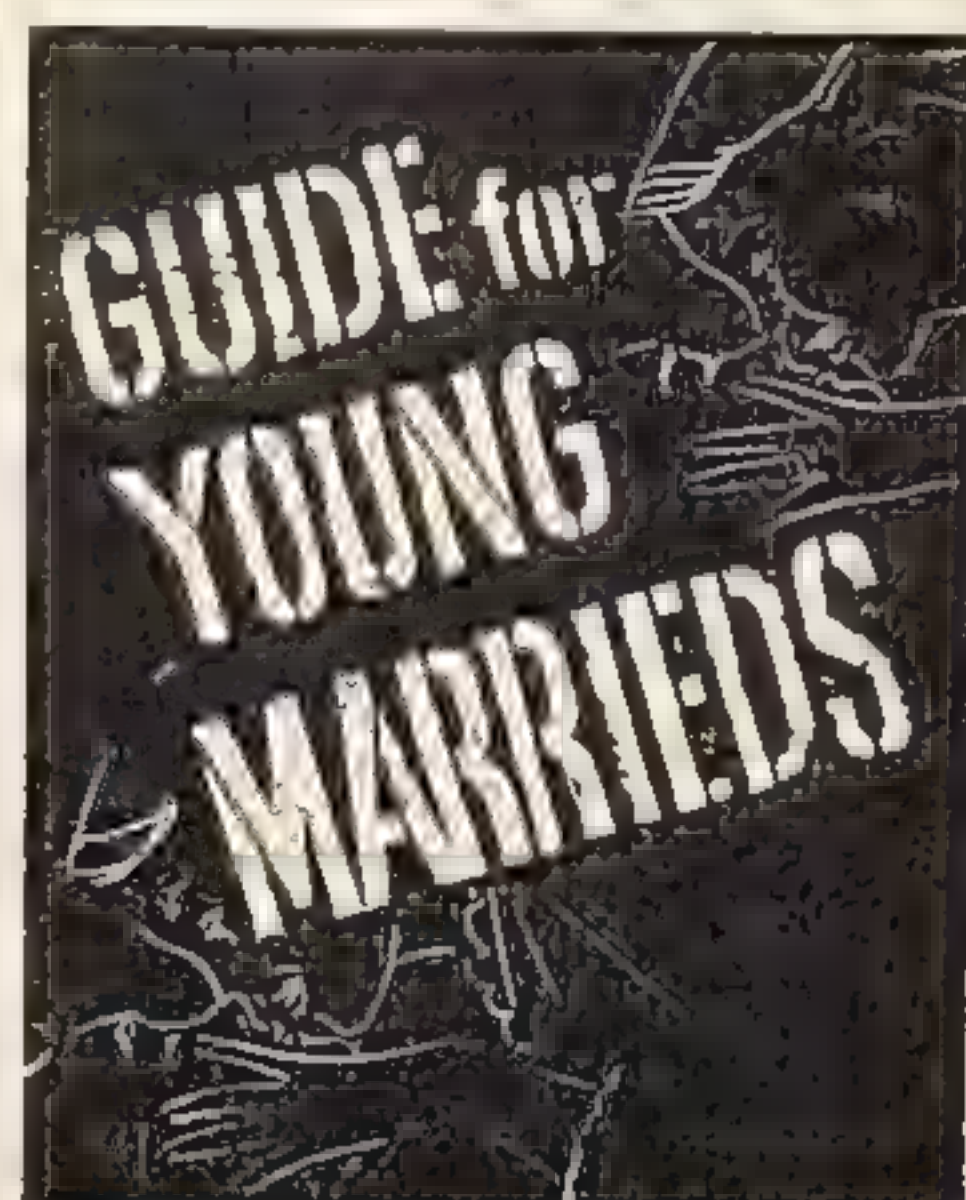
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What? What was making me cry so? "I couldn't tell her the truth, it sounded too childish. I couldn't explain that they were just square, so I didn't answer. I cried. But every day after that I walked three or four blocks out of my way to wear those shoes out. They were very sturdy," she adds with a wry smile.

"When pigtails came into style I begged for them until my stepmother finally braided them one morning. I was late to school again, but everyone including the teacher was so pleased with my hair that I was excused. It just took too long to do, though, so I went back to the old-country—'different'—hairdo. Then it was middy blouses and blue skirts, which I couldn't have for the realistic reason that my serviceable Swedish clothes wore ten times longer than they should have. I wallowed in self-pity to a revolting degree."

Occupied and preoccupied as he was with his teaching, studying and writing, it was hard for Mr. Stensland to put himself in a teenager's place and understand her feelings and there was even less time and opportunity when the family again uprooted itself and moved to Manhattan, Kansas in 1949.

From the very beginning Inger and Ola had learned, like little chameleons, to adapt themselves to new ways of living—first in Sweden when they stayed with different relatives for varying periods, then in this country. And it may be that this "training" in uncertainty and change helped form Inger's life goal—to be an actress. First it was just an idea, then it grew into almost an obsession, for it represented a way of communicating, of reaching out and touching people, of being an identifiable "somebody," even if that "somebody" were only a role one was playing.

"My language problem was gone," and she tells it as objectively as if it had all happened to someone else, "but I still found it difficult to have an easygoing

give-and-take relationship with those in my own age group. I was impatient with them, believing they were totally unaware of the importance of living. (Of course, I was the only one who was!) And I had my new dream, to go back to that other Manhattan—New York—and acting. To raise some money, I worked after school as an usherette, a store clerk, a dish washer for neighbors. I made dolls' clothes to sell. I was striving for 'polish' at the same time, so I studied ballet and paid for the lessons by teaching ballroom dancing at a nearby college."

But every iota of her Swedish stubbornness was needed. A step-sister, Lucy, was born and Inger's duties at home increased to such an extent that she had to turn down a chance at an operetta lead. Plays were forbidden because late hours were.

"I remember the boys in my dancing class chipping in to buy me a suede brush. That was sweet; they didn't know that what I needed was new shoes. But most of the things I did were fun. I liked working and I did have friends, though not close ones. People my own age group still made me nervous. I couldn't talk to them, but older people I enjoyed. You know, even though I felt restricted beyond all endurance, that very feeling kept me working. Even though I know now that being poor, having to work hard, is nothing to be ashamed of, it was years before I saw my childhood without the adolescent coloring of self."

She arrived in New York with exactly \$39.50 in her handbag. But this time she wasn't afraid; she had reached another plateau and was ready for the dramatic changes the New York interlude would bring.

She pestered Lee Strasberg until he let her study at the Actors Studio. ("I called him up at odd hours of the day and night. In sheer self-defense he took me on.") She pestered the management of the Latin Quarter until they let her play a clown in a tramp costume. ("I insisted.

As part of the chorus line my costumes had been getting more and more abbreviated. I was embarrassed.") She met, married, separated from and finally divorced agent Tony Soglio. ("It crystallized many things for me.") And all the time she was getting closer and closer to her goal. TV commercials led to summer stock and larger roles on TV. 20th Century-Fox took her to Hollywood and Paramount signed her up. Her first starring part was in "Man on Fire" opposite Bing Crosby. ("My first day on the set petrified me; I've always had a desperate fear of being fired by a director.") But she wasn't—and the rest is history. Since then, she's appeared in M-G-M's "Cry Terror" and has also finished Paramount's epic, "The Buccaneer." She will also be seen soon in M-G-M's "End of the World."

Professionally, Inger Stevens is well on her way. Personally, she is as enigmatic as Swedes are supposed to be. She has just bought a Swiss chalet-type house on Mulholland Drive; yet she says, "I only want temporary roots—to be able to pick up anytime and live anywhere in the world. The world is exciting to me," she says, and in the next breath, "Being around too many people frightens me. I can't give too much of myself to too many people." The past seems not to touch her, yet she is easily touched—compliments redden her, praise is embarrassing, sympathy brings angrily unwanted tears.

Right now she honestly believes it is a fallacy to trust completely in one thing. Enjoy it to the fullest, yes, but always knowing that it can be lost. . . Wounds from torn roots heal slowly and for Inger, yesterday's nightmares cannot be forgotten.

And she is thinking: "If the world blew up and all the parasites were killed, the self-sufficient would manage. They'd go back to the mountains, eat berries and start over. Then, all being self-sufficient, we could love and trust and be dependent because we'd be aware of it." THE ENT

WAS MY FACE RED!

Continued from page 69

of stuff. Maybe you've felt the same way.

If I could be anyone in the world, you know, I think I'd be Dinah Shore, because she's so well liked by everyone. When I was younger, I used to want to be Doris Day. She was my idol, after I saw her in "Calamity Jane." I remember thinking how great she was, and how I wanted to grow up and sing and dance and act just like Doris. But lately, I want to be Dinah Shore mostly. She's a doll.

I think the most important traits in a person are being sincere and natural and friendly, and Dinah is all three. (So's Rock Hudson.) She gets such a kick out of everything and thoroughly enjoys life. I really don't know her very well. I worked down the hall from her for two or three years, but never really talked to her. But I kind of hero-worshipped her from afar—that was for sure.

Of the men, the one who most fills the top bill on my list is Tennessee Ernie Ford, and if I could be any man, I'd pick Ernie. The minute some people walk into a room you know right off that they are going to be friendly and nice. They don't put on any airs, and they're genuinely interested in others. That's Ernie all over. Gisele MacKenzie and Pat Boone, too. And there's a new boy named Gene Vincent who is one of the sweetest people I know. He lives in Texas and has made a hit record. He's so shy. I love shy people. I

like Sal Mineo because he's pretty shy, too.

Sometimes I daydream about who I'd most like to look like in all the world if I had a choice. And it would be Liz Taylor. You can't find an imperfect feature on her, can you?

As far as looks in men, I don't really like handsome men too much. But, I guess if I had to pick out the one I think is best looking, I'd pick Rock Hudson. One day, two weeks ago, I was being interviewed by two teenage reporters in the U-I commissary, when Rock walked in dressed in a navy blue T-shirt and slacks. He looked like a doll—a big doll. I don't think those reporters found out anything about me. We spent the whole lunch hour talking about Rock, while I just sat and mooned. For the most beautiful eyes and coloring—blue eyes with dark hair—I'd pick Tony Curtis, and I think Mark Damon has the most beautiful teeth I've ever seen.

Marlon Brando, to me, is the greatest actor, I saw him in "Sayonara" and I just loved the picture. I thought his Southern accent was tremendous. If I could act like anyone, I'd pick Marlon or Deborah Kerr.

If I could meet anyone in the world, I guess who I'd pick? Gene Autry. My full name is Molly Gene, and I'd tell him I was named after him. I cried through every Gene Autry picture I ever saw as a kid. Mother loved him so much, too, and, poor thing, she always had to leave to take me home right in the middle of the picture because I cried so much.

Another thing I daydream about a lot is where I would go if I could go anywhere. If I could take a trip right now, I'd pick the Isle of Pines and go see what my mother bought. You see, she bought some land by mail. She read about this land off the coast of Cuba. It's supposed to be where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island." She read about it in a magazine and ordered a half-acre! Just like ordering groceries or something. (I think she just bought a rock.)

As for my honeymoon, if I ever get married, I think I'd like to go to Acapulco. I've never been there, but it just sounds very nice. But the absolutely most exciting and adventurous place in the world to go would be Paris. It sounds terribly oh, I don't know—romantic.

And if I ever have to settle down to one place to live, I hope it's by the ocean. I just love water. I love the sounds of the waves and to look at water at night. I completely flips me—and I can't even swim. My dream house is either simple modern or pretty provincial. I love the warmth of the provincial home—the plaids, the fireplaces—that sort of thing—but also love the uncluttered look of a modern home.

But really, I never like to plan anything. My mother and I are just alike in that sort of thing. One minute we'll just be sitting here at home, and the next minute, we'll be packed and on our way to Arizona, where we used to live. I'd rather do things on the spur of the moment. It's much more fun that way. One time Mom and I decided on a whim to go to Palm

brings and, when we got there, we remembered we didn't bring a stitch of clothes with us. We'd left in such a hurry we forgot our bags! We had to call my mother to come down with a friend of hers and bring us some clothes.

When I was little, my biggest dream of place to live was Hollywood. Finally, we came here on vacation and liked it so much we went back to Arizona to get our stuff and settle here.

When I was a little girl my ambition was to be a dancer. I studied for five years but it was just too much work. I was very discouraged and that's when something wonderful happened. I was ten years old and was singing in a school play. And who should hear but a Tucson disc-jockey named Rex Allen. I was singing a song called "Lovesick Blues," and Mr. Allen came over to me afterwards and asked me how I'd like to sing the song on his show a few days later. How would I like it! Was he kidding?

It was very exciting to be on the radio and that's when I first decided to study singing in a big way. Nothing else exciting really happened to me, though, until we moved to Hollywood. But again someone overheard me singing "Lovesick Blues"—it was getting to be my lucky song! This time it was Cliffie Stone, a country recording artist and TV star. Later, Cliffie told me that he asked to meet "the little girl with the big voice and big ideas." He liked me and I became one of the regulars on Cliffie's local TV show. That was my first job—my father had just died and my earnings helped out at home quite a bit. And later on, all because of Cliffie, I was lucky enough to get my own TV show and record contract.

I'm glad I became a singer, but now I'd like to go back to studying dancing. I like to dance to modern jazz. I'm sorry I didn't keep up my dancing lessons, but there are still some things you don't lose, and I know how to move.

I have urges to buy things I don't end up buying. That's the story of my life. I have sudden whims—like the time I decided I wanted to see a drive-in movie in the rain, through the windshield wiper. Mother went with me. It was crazy.

But if I could pick out what I'd most like to have in life, the ideal thing for me would be to combine marriage with work. I think after you've worked as long as I have—eight years—it would be hard to be completely happy not working. I realize marriage and career are not too easily combined, but I think the best way to do this is to have a television program of my own. I don't want to give up singing. I enjoy it too much.

I like being in movies, but they're so much harder than TV. The hours are long, the pictures are only out for a few months, you have to get to the studio at five or six in the morning, working all day, and then going to bed so early so you can get up at five or six again—not for me. TV is so simple in comparison. I love to be a good actress but I want a reputation as a singer as well. And if I had to choose between acting and singing, I'd definitely take singing, because I'm more relaxed at it and enjoy myself more. It's really not work for me. It's just all fun. Once when I was sick with pneumonia for two months, I had so much free time I just about went crazy.

Other things I like to do when I have time are playing the guitar and piano—singing, and singing, even in my spare time. I would love to do more horseback riding, but I lived on a ranch when I was very young and learned to ride then. Then we came out here and I didn't ride for five or six years. Sometimes Tommy Sands and I ride together, but I hardly get a



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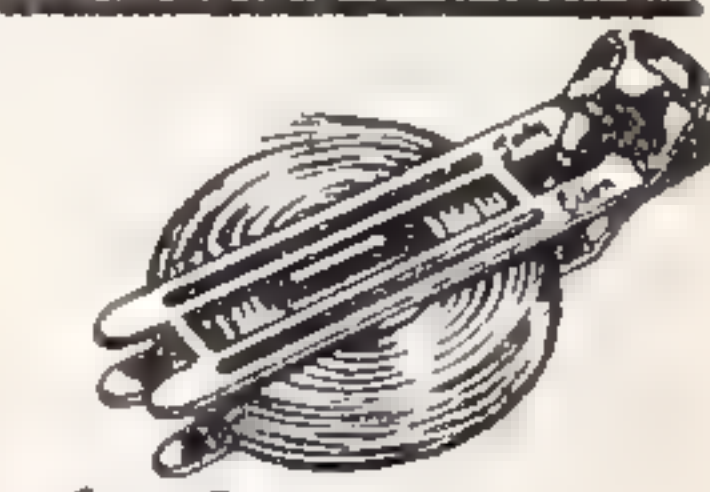
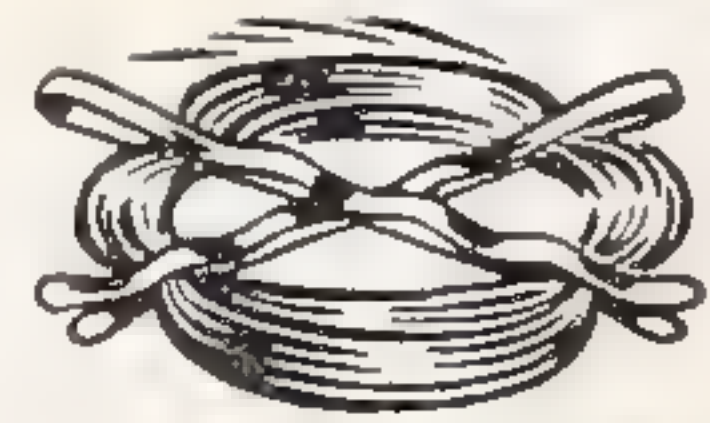
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chance at this sport because it takes a whole day. I like my hair to blow in the wind so I'm a mess when I get through!

Do you like stuffed animals? I collect them by the droves. My bedroom looks like a nursery. People are always bringing them to me because they know I love them so much. If my collection gets any larger, I'll have to move out of my room.

Sometimes I daydream about the kind of roles I'd most like to play. I'd like to work in a real musical. I do singing numbers in pictures, like in "Summer Love," but what I'd really like to do is the kind of musicals that Debbie Reynolds and Jane Powell have done.

I've been luckier, I guess, than a lot of kids, because ever since I can remember, I've had nice things, even when we couldn't afford them. My mother's always been great. I'm so grateful to her.

You know what I mean? Like I got a mink stole for Christmas—gray. That was the only thing I'd been wanting. Mother waited until this year because she didn't think I was old enough until now. It's a very simple stole, nothing big and elaborate—and just right for my age. It was the biggest thrill. I wore it around the house over my pajamas Christmas Eve!

Mom's had to put up with a lot bringing us up. I get sudden impulses for things. And I have to have the whole thing once I get interested in it. One time I suddenly got on an ice skating kick. I decided I was going to be a great ice skater. Mother wouldn't let me buy skates right away, though. She said, "Wait three weeks and see how you feel." But she knows me very well—most things don't last three weeks with me. And sure enough, by the day I was supposed to get the skates, I'd lost interest. I wouldn't even go down to pick them up. Mom had said I'd lose interest, and I'd said I never would. But mothers usually know—especially with me.

Another thing Mom knows about me (because she brought me up this way) is that no matter what you achieve professionally, if you're not happy with yourself as a person, you're not going to be happy with material things. I just hope that some day I'll be really sure of myself. Sometimes I get self-conscious when people are watching me. It happens if I'm with someone who is not used to being in the public eye and it bothers him.

One of my favorite daydreams—the one I was having in Wil Wright's before I got to dreaming about being Dinah Shore—is one in which I would live exactly as I pleased. The first thing I know I'd do is

to change my mind every day. And I'd get up every day about eleven o'clock and go horseback riding. I'd ride with someone I enjoy being with, and after we'd ridden for a while, we'd stop and sit on the grass and talk for hours about things—whatever popped into my mind at the time. Then I'd come home and have a very casual dinner with some friends. I'd probably change into treader pants or some fresh Levis—something extremely casual. Then I'd go for a night hay ride with all my friends who sing, play guitars and fiddles. We'd ride and sing for hours. Then, because I love to dance so much, I'd come home and end the evening by dancing.

One thing I'd like very much is to study more and be more well versed and everything. I find myself constantly talking about show business or who's playing with whose band and who's at the Crescendo, local night club. I'd like to learn a lot more and be able to talk about something else besides show business, although it's my whole life at the moment. If I had time, I think I'd take a course in psychology. That interests me more than anything else.

Although I want to get married some day, till then, being single is just great.

Until I get married, I won't live any place but at home with Mother and my brothers. I can bring anyone home I want and Mom makes sure there are Cokes and things to eat. When I have parties, she does all the work, and yet, she seems to enjoy them just as much as I do.

My brothers are a ball. Bobby, who is twenty, works for an insurance company and Joe, who's fifteen, goes to school. I don't know what he's going to be when he grows up but he'd be tremendous at anything he does. Right now, I admit, though, he's pretty interested in girls—period.

Being in the public eye has its good and bad sides. Sometimes you have to be seen with people you'd rather not be with, and it's kind of unfortunate at times. When I was seeing quite a lot of Tommy Sands, sometimes we'd have to date other people, or if we wanted to just be by ourselves we'd have to go to quiet, out of the way places. Otherwise, people would always be watching us—like at a movie, where more people would look at us than at the show. Tommy and I are still close friends, even though we don't date as much as we used to.

One thing I know. I'll never let show

business become too important to me. I'm great and I'm very happy, but it's not the biggest thing in my life. I think home and children and knowing yourself and being happy with yourself are much more important. If there's anything my family want, I hope always to be able to give to them. But no matter what my brother and I would give Mom, we'll never be able to repay her. I don't think a kid can, do you?

Right now my main goal in life is study my religion. I'm a Catholic convert and I'd like to really understand the church and beliefs as well as I can. Once I accomplish that, I think whatever else I want will come. I guess if you don't understand your religion, you never achieve personal satisfaction.

Father Michael, who is head of St. Gabriel Mission, the oldest mission in California, has been a great help to me. He took instructions from him, and he comes to see me frequently. He's the only one who plays our piano besides me.

Every place we moved while I was growing up, our next door neighbors were Catholics. I got in the habit of going to church with them. Finally, I said to myself, "If I'm going to go to the Catholic Church, I'd like to know what it's all about." I started taking instructions and have become a Catholic. It's been a wonderful thing in my life, because I think anyone in show business could lose his sense of values very easily.

Father Michael understands people in show business and realizes that we have more temptations than most people. He keeps pretty close tabs on us. He takes a lot of time out of his busy day to talk to us, visit rehearsals and have dinners with us. Once when he and I were talking about the problem of getting up Sunday mornings for church, he showed me how it isn't so really difficult to do, after a while even when I'm on tours. And now, when I don't go to church on Sundays, I'm unhappy all day.

Oh, I have lots of weaknesses and faults. I could develop patience, self-confidence, perseverance. I never have enough patience, but I'm doing better lately. I've changed more this year than ever in my life. I think I've stopped being so self-centered and am on the way to maturing. I've become aware of doing things for other people, not just for myself. It so often hit me all of a sudden when I was seventeen.

Lots of my friends are very religious and suddenly I noticed how they were very happy and the reason must be that they were always doing things for other people. I would sit and talk with some of my friends who are priests and they would never lecture me. But I started to experiment and it was a thrilling experience. That's when I actually began to realize there are other people in the world. It came to me like a ray of sunshine.

I used to judge people so fast. Like someone was supposed to call me at a certain time and didn't, I'd get furious. I judged them before I knew what the reason was. But now, if something like that happens, I wait and find out there's usually a good reason. I'm so much happier because I don't make myself miserable being mad. There's nothing harder on you than being mad at someone. I never had the patience to wait and find out before. My religion has taught me patience.

Next to being thought of as a kind, good person, I guess the nicest compliment anyone can ever pay me would be to say that I'm a good wife and a good mother. I guess that's what every girl wants to be more than anything else. Anyway, it seems this is what I dream about most often. Don't you?

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GARBO VISITS LIZ!

Continued from page 55

In 1935, the great Garbo was a thin, angular, rather awkward unknown who arrived in America accompanied by Mauritz Stiller, who had directed her in a picture in Sweden. It has been said that the only reason she got here was because Stiller, who had been engaged by M-G-M, insisted she be given a contract. He had great faith in her but he seemed to be alone in that opinion at the time. Garbo was given a contract for \$250 a week, but no picture, and only at Stiller's insistence was she finally given a test. The test was a dead and the tall, silent girl was forgotten. But Stiller, his belief in her still unshaken, insisted on another test and she reluctantly was cast in her first American film, "The Torrent."

Overnight, the girl nobody wanted became a sensation. And just as quickly, with the famous catch-phrase, "I want to be alone," Garbo rang down a heavy curtain to shroud her private life. That curtain has never since been lifted.

In a time when stars vied for publicity with leopards on leashes, gold-plated Cadillacs and garish mansions, Garbo's "woman of mystery" role was hailed as the brilliant stunt of an inspired press agent.

This is far from the truth. Garbo is actually a terribly shy and complex woman. Remembering how, for years, she was hounded by the press, you cannot blame her for evading reporters. But her reticence went far beyond newspaper people. She rarely met any of the actors who appeared in her pictures until it was time to shoot the film. She lived in a cloistered corner of Beverly Hills in an unpretentious house. Her friends were few—intellectuals who gathered at her house in the evenings to play games, read Ibsen and listen to distinguished music. She was particularly fond of word games like anagrams. For a long time she went around in a ten-year-old car, which at the time she got rid of it was reported to be worth about eighty dollars.

Studio people who remember her and her daily arrival in her treasured car, say she was always prompt, ate her lunch alone and in her entire career attended only one premiere. She disliked night clubs, but enjoyed sun-bathing, beside her small pool on the grounds of her house.

To cover her, the press tried all sorts of stunts. One reporter, finding his way to the rear of the secluded grounds, spied on her through the heavy wall of shrubbery with which she had tried to fortify privacy. He found her eating a cookie and reading a book. It made the afternoon's headlines. Even such an innocent pastime, when it concerned Garbo, made news.

Another time a zealous writer waited outside her house for days, hoping to play her for an interview. Regularly, Garbo would peer timidly through the curtains watching him to see if he had gone away, and when finally she thought he had, she came out, got into her car and started out of the driveway. The man, who had been hiding in a bush, jumped into the car, startling her so that she gave the car a lurch, sending him rolling in the dust. All she said was "Damn!" This became famous as the "one word interview."

Stories of her extreme reticence still go the rounds. A waiter at a New York hotel, where she would always register as Harriet Brown, sadly reports that he has never seen Miss Garbo, even though he regularly took food trays to her suite.



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"She would open the door, then disappear quickly into another room, while asking me to please leave the tray," he explained.

Once when he called for it after she had gone out, as she often requested, he noticed that a spoon and knife had been removed to the little pantry in the suite, where Garbo frequently prepared vitamin dishes for herself. The spoon was in the medicinal molasses, and the knife had been used to clean a bunch of carrots.

It was not a sharp knife, so he removed it, and hopefully thought of a way he could present himself to the star so that he might see her. He got a small sharp kitchen knife, just the thing for carrots, and made a special trip to the suite at a time he knew she was there.

Tapping gently on the door, he heard her asking, "Who's there?" He identified himself, and said he had a small present.

"How sweet," said the voice, approaching the other side of the door. Then opening it slightly, she reached out for the gift. "What a lovely knife," came the voice from the other side as she unwrapped it. "I thank you for your thoughtfulness." And she very gently closed the door.

How unlike Liz, who, when she quickly rose to the top heights of stardom while still in her teens, rushed eagerly to life, not away from it! Night clubs, pretty clothes, dates, music, dancing, Liz loved it all.

Liz' encounters with the press were open, frank and candid—sometimes, unfortunately so. When, in a burst of pure girlish delight, she bubbled that she knew she and Nicky Hilton would be happy "because we both adore hamburgers and oversized sweaters," the remark was quoted for years to brand her as shallow and thoughtless, when it was simply an innocent eighteen-year-old's joyous belief that everything in life was good and simple.

Who is to say which has been hurt more—Garbo, who suffers in silence, or Liz, whose honesty has boomeranged? But one thing is certain: The fact that both have had their full share of hounding and abuse by the press surely created one strong cord of sympathy between them.

And there is another. Few people realize that Garbo is extremely fond of children. The thought of Liz, left with three young children to raise, must have had a great deal to do with her decision to come out of seclusion.

Looking at Liz' beautiful sons—little Michael and Chris Wilding—and tiny baby Liza Todd, Garbo may well have recalled the time in 1938 when she arrived back in New York after a holiday in Sweden. A

baby had been born on the ship, and it is said that Garbo visited the little newcomer every day in the ship's hospital. The liner carried over a thousand people, but the baby was the only one Garbo knew!

Cornered by a flock of reporters when the ship berthed, she said: "I am always very interested in babies. The birth of a baby is always a miracle." But when asked if she would care to have children of her own, she replied: "No. The world is too difficult. I would not want to raise children to go to war."

A reporter asked her why she preferred not to talk for publication and the surprising reply was: "I have nothing to contribute by talking. I don't think I have contributed much through my acting—at least I haven't seen it yet. I wish I had." And in answer to the question: "Do you believe in single blessedness for a professional woman?" her reply was classic:

"If you are blessed, you are blessed whether you are married or single."

Nobody can deny that Greta Garbo was certainly blessed with a great talent, to say nothing of her great beauty. Women today still emulate her famous page-boy hairdo.

And as for money, it is said her contract called for two pictures a year at \$500,000—in lower-tax days! But with love the gods were not so kind.

At one time, there were rumors that she had married Mauritz Stiller, but these were never confirmed. Stiller and she were inseparable most of the time he was in Hollywood. And when he died, reports shot around the world that Garbo was heartbroken because the one great love of her life was gone. Garbo never commented.

"When she met John Gilbert, to play opposite him in 'Flesh and the Devil,' no sparks flew," explained a crew member then. "At least not at first." But they must have kindled, because reports said it was her growing interest in Gilbert that had Stiller quitting California and returning to his native Sweden, where he died.

John Gilbert, in the 'twenties, was top man on the Hollywood totem pole, and the silent pictures they did together shot Garbo to the female top of the pole and the couple into the news.

And on the heels of the tragedy of Stiller's death came more rumors that Garbo was going to marry John Gilbert. But this never came off.

The next bit of sensational news concerned John only. He married Ina Claire in a quiet ceremony. "Stalwart heart of Garbo reportedly in splinters!" rang the headlines. Garbo never committed herself.

What followed was a series of reported

marriages, elopements and desperate affairs of the heart with other Hollywood notables. They remained rumor. Until one piece of information leaked out during the winter of 1941-1942 that was more than gossip: "Garbo leaves Hollywood and her career forever."

Why? If Garbo knew fully herself, it would be a surprise. Was her self-confidence shattered by her disappointing last picture, "Two-Faced Woman"? Were the gazing, unflinching mobs that followed her everywhere too painful to face? Were fast-rising taxes biting into the handsome profits too rapidly? Might it have been a general distaste for the glamorous, fast-moving Hollywood life?

Perhaps, like all of us, she left to search for some happiness with a man she could love. There is nothing so unusual in that. But why she couldn't combine it all with her career, no one knows.

John Barrymore, one of her many leading men, may have given an interesting clue: "Garbo doesn't need people around her for entertainment. She has the gift of self-sufficiency." Her long seclusion may have had nothing to do with love.

But no man or woman is an island. During the years, Garbo found some friends. One later romance and impending marriage was heavily reported—with conductor Leopold Stokowski. Another with director Rouben Mamoulian. Neither ever materialized.

Gaylord Hauser, the food expert, was another constant escort. On frequent trips to Europe, Garbo is seen with business magnates and international socialites and New Yorkers occasionally report seeing her quietly wandering along the East Side shopping. But to the best of available information, Garbo is still alone.

And Liz is alone. At twenty-five, she has seen her marriages to Nicky Hilton and Michael Wilding shattered by divorce, and now Mike Todd, who seemed to be the great love of her life, has been taken from her.

Out of the memories of her own heartbreak, her own loves that were forever lost, Garbo must have felt drawn to Liz. And even stronger than this, there may be another reason why Garbo came courageously out of hiding.

At the height of her career, Garbo turned her back on Hollywood, a brilliant future and an enormous fortune. It is said she was heartbroken and wanted to get away from it all.

Now, after many years of wandering through life, it is altogether conceivable that she may have wanted to warn Liz of the futility of giving up. Perhaps she knows that running away does not bring surcease from unhappiness; that having tried it and found it wanting, she felt impelled to give the benefit of her experience to this confused, heartbroken young woman.

Significantly, it was shortly after Garbo's visit that Liz returned to the studio to complete work on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and announced her intention of continuing to make pictures. And more happy news came when Liz and Mike Todd, Jr., announced that they would carry on the Todd company with a picture in the fall, in which Liz will star.

No, Liz Taylor will not run away. She is staying and facing the music, going on in the wake of heartbreak. Perhaps she could have done so without Garbo's visit. Perhaps not. But one can't help wonder how different Garbo's life might have been if she had someone come to her seventeen years ago as she came to Liz.

Maybe, Greta Garbo was thinking of this, too, as she entered the back door of Liz' house.

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... LENNON SISTERS

Continued from page 46

have been married over nineteen years, are still young and spirited enough themselves to have a few tricks of their own.

"Everybody's got her role," says Mrs. Lennon. "As the oldest sister, Diane has had to set an example for her young sisters and brothers. She's second mother to the group, plays 'boss' when her parents are away from home—and gets no back-talk."

Born on December 1, 1939, DeeDee is 5' 4" tall, weighs a slim 112, has blue eyes, usually wears her light brown hair in a pony tail. She was graduated from high school last year and decided not to go on to college. During the week, while the other children are at school, Diane stays home and helps her mother as much as possible. One afternoon a week she teaches a class in religion to a group of fourth-graders nearby.

DeeDee dates quite a bit, but said, "I don't believe in going steady." The man for her would be one who loved sports, strictly adhered to the teaching of his religion and wanted to have a big family. DeeDee's own future dream can be stated simply: to marry and raise a large family. At the moment, she is seeing one boy more than any other. His name is Dick, and they've known each other since Diane was in the third grade. However, he'll shortly be leaving for two years in the Army; so, even if he is number one on DeeDee's list, she'll have to postpone the orange-blossomed wedding ceremony she dreams of.

Her taste in clothes plays down the frills and plays up gentle colors like baby blue, soft pink and chocolate brown. Since she has never had a weight problem she can enjoy spaghetti and her mother's homemade marble cake without a qualm. The bedroom she shares with Peggy is simply furnished with a double bed, a dresser and a few knick-knack shelves loaded with unopened perfume bottles. It's a frankly feminine room, though: white chenille bedspread, white nylon curtains trimmed in baby blue to match the blue of the walls.

Diane candidly admits her taste in music is definitely *not* of the rock 'n' roll school. She leans toward pretty ballads, songs by Perry Como, Nat Cole or Harry Belafonte and, of course, instrumentals by Welk or Mantovani. She loves dancing on "special occasions," football games and, for a casual date, miniature golf ("I always let my date win, even if I can beat him"). Give her a hamburger at the local drive-in, or else a stop-off at a neighborhood pizza parlor. She also loves going to movies and admits to just one crush, 'way back in the sixth grade: Ezio Pinza!

Asked point-blank what's her biggest problem to date, DeeDee thought a moment: "How to get a boy to realize you don't want to get serious. When you go out with a boy, you can like him a lot, even like him better than anyone else—but that doesn't necessarily mean getting serious or going steady. It's difficult (at least, it has been for me) to tell a boy this without hurting his feelings."

Peggy, who was born on April 8, 1941, finished her junior year at St. Monica's High School in June. The family nickname for Peg is "the brain." "That's because she's the most intellectual of the four girls," explained Mr. Lennon. "People meeting the girls for the first time often think Peg is the extrovert of the group. Actually, she's quite shy, though not as much so as the others."

"Peg's always full of pep, never seems to sit still," Mrs. Lennon joined in. "She goes through moods rapidly, while Diane's more placid. Peg's in the clouds one minute, down in the dumps the next. I guess she has a flair for the dramatic. She's a help to me," her mother continued, "but in a different way from Diane. She can't do many things as efficiently as DeeDee. It isn't that she doesn't try—it's just that she can't, particularly when it comes to little jobs around the house."

Peg will never say, "I don't want to do the dishes." But she can manage to think of a thousand and one reasons why she shouldn't. "I'm taking care of the baby," she'll call when the dishes are being cleared away. For the next few hours she disappears, to rejoin the family when the dishes are safely back in the cabinet.

Very often, she has a "legitimate" reason: She invariably sprains a wrist or finger while the family is playing touch football or baseball. "Well, I guess I won't be able to do the dishes for a while," she'll sigh mournfully, while she concentrates on her bandage and the rest of the family sympathizes.

Any family friction that comes up certainly doesn't involve DeeDee and Peg, who admires her older sister tremendously and confided that she'd rather be like DeeDee than anyone else she knows. Peggy is 5' 2" tall, weighs 106 and wears her shoulder-length brown hair in a page boy ("unless I'm lazy at night and don't set it; then I just pin it up in a pony tail"). If she had the power to change herself, she'd like to be more adept. "Of all the things I've been accused of, the most frequent is my lack of coordination. Even baby Joey can throw a ball better than I can. As much as I love sports, I can't play any of them to save my life!"

Boys? Lively Peg emphasizes "living up to his religion. And he must have a good sense of humor. That's absolutely essential. I'd like him to like sports and be able to get along with my family, too. At least when he came over to our house he'd have to say 'Hello' to the kids and be nice to them, because we certainly do have a houseful!"

While Peg's Catholic high school is co-educational, she's pleased that the boys and girls attend separate classes. "There's plenty of time to see the boys before school, during lunch and afterwards," Peg commented. "Besides, they'd only be a distraction. Without them in class it's easier to concentrate."

When it comes to family rules about dating, Peg said, "We discuss everything with our folks, everything from football to the latest in fads. Daddy and Mommy are young and modern, and they want us all to have a good time. And they really take an interest in our dating. When a boy comes to pick one of us up, Daddy maneuvers him into the next room and says, 'Don't drive too fast, because I've given my girls instructions to leave if a date speeds or tries to show off when he's behind the wheel.' I don't mind. Daddy does this because he cares about us. Besides," Peg added with a twinkle, "after Daddy does the dirty work, we don't have to be bothered telling our dates to slow down or stop showing off—they've been warned in advance."

As far as Peg's future is concerned there are two vocations that she has seriously considered: becoming a teacher; entering a convent and becoming a nun. At the moment, Peggy feels that the latter choice is most likely to be in her future.

Kathy Lennon, born on August 2, 1943, will start sophomore year at St. Monica's in September. Measuring 5' 1½", she weighs an even 100 and has

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the same coloring as Peg: brown hair and brown eyes. Most of the time she wears her hair in a pony tail. When asked what she would change about herself if she could, she said: "I'd like to be one-and-a-half-inches shorter and to have pretty hair like DeeDee's."

Queried about Kathy, Mrs. Lennon said, "Kathy? What can I say except that she's fourteen! And that is an age unto itself! It's a most difficult age and poor Kathy is a most typical fourteen. At that stage you're no longer a child, but still a long way from being an adult. Kathy reminds me a great deal of myself at fourteen. She's a little awkward, always stumbling over her own feet."

"She has dozens of friends and gets more phone calls than all the other girls. I can't imagine what she can find to talk about so much, particularly since most of the kids who call have just spent the whole day together in school. Nevertheless, it's a real battle for her sisters to sandwich their calls in between Kathy's."

Occasionally, the girls cope with Kathy's telephonitis by singing, "Kathy dear, get off the phone, Kathy dear, please, please get off the phone"—to the tune of their latest song for the Welk show. This usually breaks her up so that she can't continue the conversation—or else it drowns out the party on the other end. So Kathy will say "Goodbye"—and a few moments later another of her friends is on the wire. "I guess she's going through a phase," says DeeDee.

Kathy also has the disconcerting habit of disappearing into the bathroom and staying for hours. "She's always taking baths at the funniest times, day and night," Janet exclaims. "She always disappears whenever anybody wants her." In self-defense, the girls now use the bathroom in shifts, and Peg and Diane have installed a larger mirror in their bedroom so they can comb their hair and do their makeup without waiting for Kathy to emerge from the bath. "She's fourteen," sighs Mrs. Lennon. "What more can I say?"

Aside from minor conflicts, the girls don't often disagree. When there is an argument, nine times out of ten it's between Kathy and Peggy. Somehow, ages seventeen and fourteen just naturally conflict.

For a long time Peg and Kathy debated who would win if they ever had a really big fight. Peg said *she* would be champ; Kathy said *she* would. One morning, when they were in Spokane on a personal-appearance tour, the girls started the same old discussion. "Okay, okay," said Mr. Lennon. "You've been talking about it so much, let's really see!"

Before the girls could say "Lawrence Welk," their father had moved all the furniture to one side, and he and DeeDee and Janet, acting as seconds, declared that "the main event" was ready to start. Kathy and Peg came out swinging, dressed in their pajamas, and soon had each other rolling on the floor. Boxing rules were disregarded as the girls staged a real hairpulling match, with the "seconds" laughing so hard that even the "fighters" couldn't help giggling. After fifteen minutes, the fight was called a draw.

Kathy, who still doesn't date too much, has definitely made up her mind to enter college and work toward a teaching degree. She'd like to teach the first grade because "I just love little children." And she looked over at Janet, kiddingly.

Janet's the youngest of the quartet and nobody lets her forget it. But she has no difficulty standing out on her own. She weighs seventy-three pounds and wishes she could get a faster tan, have her brown hair curlier and grow more eyebrows. ("I

don't have any—I mean they're so light that for the show they have to smear me with brown pencil, which is awful 'cause I forget to take it off and the next morning it's all over my pillow and my face!")

Ask Janet about her ideal man, and you'll get a giggle. "Eddie Fisher," she confesses. "He's so sweet. When we were on his show, he kissed me here." (She tenderly stroked her cheek.)

"Yes," teased Peg, "and on her bedtable there's a big autographed picture of Eddie."

Janet, used to the butting in, simply ran out of the room.

"She's never even shown any signs of awareness of the fuss of being in the public eye," explained Mrs. Lennon. "She's all-around good, Janet is—considerate, too. She never thinks of herself first. You know the public's reaction is usually, 'We like all the girls—but that Janet, she's absolutely precious.'"

"The other girls don't mind. None of them are jealous of 'Baby.' I guess it's because she lives in her own private little world, blithely letting the praise roll off. If anything, she actually runs away from too much attention. In the spring, a national publication wanted to do a pictorial story on all the girls, with a special page devoted to photographing Janet at school, in the sixth grade at St. Mark's. When Janet was told, she was horrified: 'I'd just die if any of the kids at school thought I was something different.' The pictures were never taken."

Indeed, Janet just slipped into the act, which started very casually. The older girls used to sing simply because it made the dinner dish-washing go faster. One evening, Peg and DeeDee were in the kitchen singing "Good Night Ladies" as they stacked the dishes. Kathy came running in to her mother. "I can sing, too, Mommy," she cried. "Listen, Mommy, I can sing, too."

"That's very good," Mrs. Lennon told her, "but try it in a lower key, dear—like this."

Kathy sang a few bars, then ran back into the kitchen and began singing with her sisters. Mrs. Lennon was so excited by their beautiful harmonizing that she called her husband to listen—and that's how the Lennon Sisters, as a trio, was born. They'd put on shows whenever their parents' friends came visiting in the evening, and very often Grandpa would pick out tunes on the piano and the girls would sing along.

Then, in 1954, when St. Mark's Church was having its annual charity benefit, some people suggested that the girls be on the program, and they auditioned. They were accepted. Janet, who was only eight at the time, begged to be allowed to at least go along for the ride. When the family got to the show, Janet wandered out on stage while the girls were doing their number. She joined in, tore down the house, then wandered back into the wings and fell asleep. The finale was the Lennon Brothers and the four Lennon Sisters (Janet woke up again) doing an arrangement of "Dry Bones." Everyone said they were sensational!

From that time on, the little Lennon girls were asked to make local appearances at the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs, and eventually they even got a paying job singing at a dance sponsored by the Elks. They were scheduled to appear on the program at ten o'clock at night. "That same evening," Mrs. Lennon said, "Diane, then a sophomore at high school, had a date with a fellow student, Lawrence Welk, Jr. We told her it was all right for her to keep the date, provided Larry brought her over to the Elks dance in time

for the performance. Although Larry knew that DeeDee and her sisters sang, that night was the first time he had heard them. I guess he was impressed. Larry liked the girls so much that he said he'd get his father to listen to them."

Mr. Welk didn't pay any particular attention to his son's enthusiasm over the girls, but Larry was persistent," Mrs. Lennon remembered. "One Sunday he frantically called our house and told us to come right over. He said his dad couldn't avoid hearing the girls because he was at home, nursing a cold. I'll never forget that Sunday. It was raining hard when we left the house. We were all terribly excited at the thought of Mr. Welk listening to the girls! When we arrived, Larry ushered us into the front room, where Mr. Welk was really a captive audience. The girls sang without musical accompaniment, and they were at their best. When they were finished, Mr. Welk complimented them and reached for the phone. The person he called turned out to be the producer of his show and Mr. Welk asked the girls to sing again over the phone."

"Later he told us that when he heard the girls for the first time he couldn't believe his ears. He thought they were wonderful, but wanted another opinion. Soon afterwards, he asked the girls if they'd like to sing on a program that he and his orchestra were doing for the sisters at a local convent. The girls certainly would! They made a big hit, and the nuns loved them."

"Then Mr. Welk asked them to sing at another private show. Again the girls were well received, and so, finally, they were invited to appear on Mr. Welk's Christmas show, in December, 1955. After that appearance, Mr. Welk occasionally called them to be on the show. By the following summer they were appearing almost every other week. When ABC-TV gave Mr. Welk the Monday night show in addition to his Saturday night program, he signed the girls as regulars. They've been 'on' ever since," Mrs. Lennon finished proudly.

It seems strange that of four girls seen by millions, constantly applauded and praised, not one wants to continue in show business. "We like what we're doing, but it could never become a life-long career. We'd just like to keep on singing together for about two or three years more, or until we've earned enough money so we can be sure our four brothers will be able to get a college education."

Mr. Lennon said later, "If I asked the girls tomorrow to give up what they're doing, they could and would—and they'd never miss the fuss, the publicity, all the excitement show business offers. What they *would* miss is being with Mr. Welk and the people in his organization that they love and consider 'family.' But the prospect of no longer being professionals wouldn't faze them in the least. They could adjust to it very easily. I think my girls feel that way because, since they've been old enough to understand, they've realized that God gave them their voices and at the same time provided them with the free will to choose the way they use them."

"Are the Lennon Sisters for real?" we asked Lawrence Welk.

"They're not really perfect, but if they do have any faults, they must leave them at home," he laughed. "They've been working with me for more than two years and I've never found a big one yet."

So there you have it: the Lennon Sisters. Sugar and spice and, totaled up, pretty nearly everything that's nice. THE END

PRIVATE NOTE TO ELVIS

Continued from page 56

he couldn't seem to enter or leave without hordes descending on him; so intricate rope ladders were rigged up from roof top to roof top to give him an *overground* exit from the hotel. Finally, it got to the point where Elvis' friends and co-workers decided to get into the act.

While Carolyn Jones and her husband, Aaron Spelling, and Nick Adams and myself were lunching one day, the main topic of conversation was "Presley's fortress."

Jokingly, we decided that maybe we, too, needed protection. We went into the hotel lobby, found a toy shop and proceeded to purchase all the toy guns on sale. Carolyn found an imitation .45, Nicky got a plastic machine gun and Aaron and I armed with six shooters, all very authentic looking, strolled through the lobby and stormed the elevator, en masse. The poor panic-stricken elevator operator, upset by all the confusion, was really in a tizzy when we snarled, "Take us to the ninth floor—fast, we've had enough of this Presley guy—we've come to bump him off!" We got up to the ninth floor, took the armed guard by surprise and gained admittance to Presley's "tight little island." Needless to say that in a matter of moments, Elvis and the boys had "unarmed" us and amidst a burst of laughter we indulged in a "gang war"—won by General Presley and his powerful three-man Army!

The payoff came the next night when Elvis, back at the hotel, after a day of shooting, got into the elevator and asked for the ninth floor. The man, by this time weary and fed up with the whole lot of us, refused to run the elevator, vowing, "I'm not taking any more of you crazy gun-totin' teenagers up to the ninth floor!" He compromised and let Elvis off at the seventh floor—letting him walk the other two flights.

I guess by now you realize that working with Elvis never lacks for excitement and interest. I'll never forget that rainy Monday morning when we started shooting "King Creole." I still yawn when I think of setting my alarm clock for 4 a.m. I had a five o'clock call. As I drove to the studio I reminded myself that it had been nearly a year since I'd seen Elvis. I wondered if

he'd even remember me after all those months and, frankly, I also wondered if he'd changed since I last saw him.

When I got to Paramount, the whole set was buzzing with activity. The director, Michael Curtiz, spent part of the morning getting things lined up, which gave me an opportunity to wander around the sound stage. On one side of the stage there was a whole army of dressing rooms that seemed to be standing at attention in a long even row. Excitedly, I found one with my name on the door and went inside to look around. Honestly, the room smelled like a funeral parlor. Every kind of flower, of every size and color, each with a card full of good luck wishes from my friends was there, plus four huge boxes of peanuts with the message "Nuts to you." It was one of the happiest moments of my life, interrupted too soon though, by the assistant director calling me on set.

I was still on a pink cloud as I listened to the director explaining the first scene, between Elvis and me. A very dramatic scene. I was supposed to wind up crying my eyes out. After some preliminaries, Mr. Curtiz called for quiet on the set but I was sure that everyone could hear the noise my heart made, pounding away at the excitement and tensions of the first day on a new picture. Mr. Curtiz went over with me again the part about my crying and I kept thinking, How can I cry when I'm so excited and happy about everything? He talked to me about the scene for fifteen minutes. Then we tried it, but my tears wouldn't come.

We kept doing it over and over until I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. It got so I could feel the impatient shuffle of feet as the crew waited and I'll never forget the disappointed look on Mr. Curtiz' face. Elvis graciously kept avoiding looking at me so he wouldn't add to my embarrassment. After a while Mr. Curtiz called a break. He came over to me and said, point blank, "If you can't act then why are you here?" He looked at me coldly, then turned and walked away. I ran to my dressing room, heart-broken and, with no cameras grinding, I started to sob until I felt like the River Nile was overflowing inside of me. I don't know how long I sat there, until I heard a soft knock on the door. Instinctively I grabbed for a piece of Kleenex. I don't know why but when I opened the door and saw Elvis standing there I didn't want to hide or run away. I'll never forget the way he

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spoke to me in a comforting whisper. "Don't worry, honey, that's only his way of getting you in the mood; he doesn't mean what he said."

"I know," I answered him between sobs. And then Elvis said, "We will be great friends," and I thought to myself, I know that, too. So with the tears still streaming down my face, we walked back to the set together. I even managed a smile, Elvis smiled, Mr. Curtiz took one look at me, winked at Elvis, grinned, too; and we tried that first scene again. Everything was all right.

Time was so precious. Every day we worked like racehorses thundering down to the finish line a whisker ahead of Uncle Sam. The whole company took on a sort of frantic pace. Instead of the usual between-scenes relaxation that we'd had during "Loving You," this time not a minute was wasted. The moment Elvis finished a scene he was whisked away to the photo gallery or wardrobe. Other than that, he spent almost every minute sitting in his dressing room alone, studying his lines and thinking about the next scene. I'm sure he wasn't conscious of anything or anybody around him. During "Loving You," the set had been flooded with reporters, photographers and lots of people; the whole atmosphere had had a Madison Square Gardenish feeling. This time the set was closed to all outsiders (that's when I decided to be sneaky and do the pencil sketches on pages 56-57) while those of us inside working on the film hurried to get things done as quickly as possible.

There was a piano on set all the time because it was being used in the film, and every once in a while when we had to wait for a change in lighting or reloading of cameras, Elvis would sit down at the piano and play for us.

Even during those few moments, the music Elvis and the boys played was marked by a strange, soothing note, unexpected from the king of rock 'n' roll. And when Elvis did sing he sang softly, folk ballads and Negro spirituals.

As I said before, I had been curious as to whether or not Elvis might have changed between the time of our first picture and "King Creole." I was looking for an aloofness, a change in his attitude toward his co-workers. Because even though he'd been famous a year before, his popularity had kept mounting until it now reached monumental proportions. There was a change, a big one, in Elvis, not toward others but rather a *change within himself*.

Maybe Elvis won't admit it but I saw him every day for a week and I realized, as each day passed, how very much this picture meant to him. How deeply he hoped that "Creole" would be good enough so that his fans could see in him not a fast fading fad, but truly a person with dramatic ability, an actor who belonged up there on screen.

I stood in back of the set many hours when we weren't on camera together and I watched Elvis work. I think all of us in the company were aware of how hard he was trying. With each scene he gave everything of himself that he knew how to give and he played each one as if it were, for those few moments, an experience happening to him for the very first time. He had a genuine desire to make his part come alive.

Elvis takes none of his success for granted. He constantly worries about his future and is never content to rest on his laurels. But I did notice in the year between pictures, that Elvis had grown more accustomed to his success and had learned to handle things that came up with more ease. I found the biggest change in his

attitudes toward acting and his actions during the actual filming of the picture.

Between scenes on "Loving You," Elvis would hop on to a bike and ride all over the lot. He seemed to always be jumping around, wisecracking with the crew, playing practical jokes. Then when he'd be called into a scene he'd go into it, always prepared but, except for the few very dramatic scenes in "Loving You," the others didn't seem to affect him too much. He had a lighthearted attitude then. The set was usually filled with lots of his friends and it was party-time every day.

But during "King Creole" things were different. Although he still joked with the crew and never neglected his friends, he constantly excused himself to go into his dressing room alone and work on his script. He rarely came to the commissary for lunch, preferring to have food sent to his room.

When shooting was finished in Hollywood, all of us looked forward to flying to New Orleans for a week of location. Elvis and his boys left by train two days before the rest of the company so they were spared the "touching scene" at the airport the day we took off. Elvis missed seeing all those "little women" tucking in shirts and straightening their husbands' ties and saying goodbye to their men as if they were leaving for two years overseas, rather than seven days of location!

Another sight Elvis missed by not flying was Carolyn Jones, who had us all in stitches. She wore pedal pushers and a sweater so she'd be comfortable on the plane ride, but over this outfit she wore a brand new full-length mink coat. Warm as it was, she kept snuggling in the mink and then calmly advised us that she was never going to take it off—even if she had to be buried in it!

I knew our trip to Louisiana would be a tremendous one. I wasn't disappointed. A long black limousine met us at the airport and drove us to the Hotel Roosevelt. In front of the hotel and in the lobby stood a crowd of New Orleans teenagers of every size and shape—with only one single purpose: **TO SEE ELVIS!!!** With the hot breath of their questions down our necks, we managed to fight our way to the desk and finally to the sanctuary of our own rooms. As soon as I was settled, I went up to see how Elvis was getting along and to get some sight-seeing tips, since he'd been there before. I took the elevator to the ninth floor and found myself in the little, private world of Mr. Presley. Several armed policemen were standing by the elevator, and a few others outside his room.

I finally got through the "border patrol" and was allowed to knock on the door. As I entered, I saw Elvis sitting alone, staring out the window—a soft-eyed, soft-spoken figure of a king sitting quietly in a sort of solitary confinement. It was raining outside and the drops were beating against his window pane but no sound could drown out the screams and shouts that were hurled up into the air from the pavement below. His kingdom: a wet soggy street, peopled by hundreds of rain-drenched subjects willing to brave even a hurricane just for a glimpse of him.

That first night, Hal Wallis, our producer, took us to a famous restaurant, Antoine's, where we gorged ourselves on delicacies like Oysters Rockefeller and Pompano Papaya (fish in a bag!). That dinner was only a sample of the way we were to live for the rest of the week. And even though we never stayed out late because of early morning calls, I personally was so stuffed from all the food that I couldn't have gone out at night even if

I'd been able to. All of us in the company had a ball in New Orleans—eating, sight-seeing, shopping.

But all the time we were having a ball Elvis was cooped up in his hotel room, unable to even show his face on the street. I felt so sorry for him, especially since he was due for a two-year Army hitch and I'm sure he would like to have had some fun those last few evenings. The crowds just made it impossible. Everywhere we went, if there was a slightest chance he would be appearing, crowds gathered and stood waiting even for a glimpse of the top of his head. Anything just so they could say they'd seen him. One day when we were shooting on one of the local streets, it took dozens of police to keep the crowds back. Suddenly a little girl stumbled beside me with tears streaming down her cheeks. I rushed over to her, thinking she'd been hurt in the crowd. But when I reached her all she kept repeating over and over was "I saw him—I saw him—I saw Elvis!"

Elvis never talked too much about going into the service. The only time he did mention it to me, he said that he realized that going into the Army was his duty and that because he was a singer there was no reason to feel he should be exempted from serving like anyone else. The only regret he had, he said, was that the timing was a little off as far as his career was concerned. He felt that "King Creole" was a new plateau for him; that if this picture were received favorably he might attain more stature as a straight dramatic actor. Then it would have been nice to be able to follow it up immediately with another dramatic role. But other than that, he expressed only willingness to do his service along with everyone else. As a matter of fact, his was a completely normal reaction to the prospect of Army life. On one hand, he was excited but he was also quite nervous. Just like any kid facing "the unknown," a new experience, is apprehensive. He did come in for his share of ribbing from some of the guys in the crew. In mock seriousness, they kept warning him that before induction he'd better have his hair cut or else the Army barbers would really scalp him. His answer to that was always a smile and a: "I'm not worried, it'll always grow back!"

I've been asked many times why Elvis and I never dated socially, either during "Loving You" or "King Creole." During the first picture I was going out with someone rather steadily and if I had dated Elvis, it wouldn't have been fair to the other boy. Besides so many girls wanted to date him just so they could say that they'd been out with the country's No. 1 idol, and I didn't want Elvis to feel that if I went out with him, I would be

using him for publicity purposes to advance my own career. Both of us knew that we could never be anything more than just good friends and I wanted ours to be a truly sincere and lasting friendship. This would probably not have been possible had we dated. The way it worked out we do have a wonderfully strong friendship.

When we returned from New Orleans there were just a few more days of work on the picture, and then Elvis was set to go to Memphis for a weekend with his folks before being inducted. That last morning, Paul Nathan, the associate producer, and I put our heads together and decided to throw a surprise going-away luncheon for Elvis.

We got a few of the girls in the office to phone all around the lot inviting Elvis' friends and we made a fast call to the commissary to order the food. Since Elvis' lunch always, but always, consists of sauerkraut, bacon, grilled cheese sandwiches, potato chips and mashed potatoes and gravy, we thought it might be fun to order this "menu" for everyone. At the last minute, Mr. Nathan and I "chickened out" and ordered prime ribs for all except the guest of honor, who was served his "usual."

For dessert, the chef made a beautiful cake, which was decorated with a figure of Elvis in uniform sitting on top of a sack of unpeeled potatoes. In place of a guitar in his hand, the figure held a paring knife and the guitar sat resting at his feet. Elvis got a big kick out of our surprise and of the "gag gifts" we gave him: a powder horn and blunderbuss, both weapons dating back to the Revolutionary War. Attached to the gift was a note reminding him to use both when and if he was called upon to defend our frontiers.

On the last day in New Orleans when all the cameras were tucked away and ready to be transported, when all of us were ready to check out of the hotel, I went up to Elvis' room for a few minutes. We sat quietly and talked. Again it was raining and frankly I think Elvis was glad we were going back to Hollywood. He had a lot on his mind. It's a lonely life for a young boy whose only friends are those he takes with him from place to place.

We sat there talking for a few minutes. What about? I don't even remember now. Occasionally his eyes returned to the crowds that battled down Canal Street, nine stories below us. A slow-moving truck stole through the street cautiously, vainly trying to move without bumping into the people crowding the streets waiting to see Presley. I saw Elvis look down at the truck. I saw a wistful expression steal over his face. I watched him sitting there, with the rain coming down and splashing on the window pane, sitting in a hotel room thinking about the days when he drove a truck through the streets of Memphis.

And as he thought, in his mind's eye he became again one of those kids below in the street, or the guy behind the wheel of the truck. Just someone with a bug in his britches to dance and sing, with a desire in his heart to make people smile and clap their hands. He turned to me and said softly, "I'm lucky, awfully lucky."

And he is, too. Because although Elvis Presley is at this moment Private Elvis Presley and wears a khaki uniform that looks in color, drape and shape like that worn by millions of other American boys—although today he goes about his job of soldiering as quietly as one can, he has left behind him thousands of loyal fans who will be waiting his return and the next Presley picture. I know how the fans feel because I'm looking forward to his coming back just as eagerly. THE END

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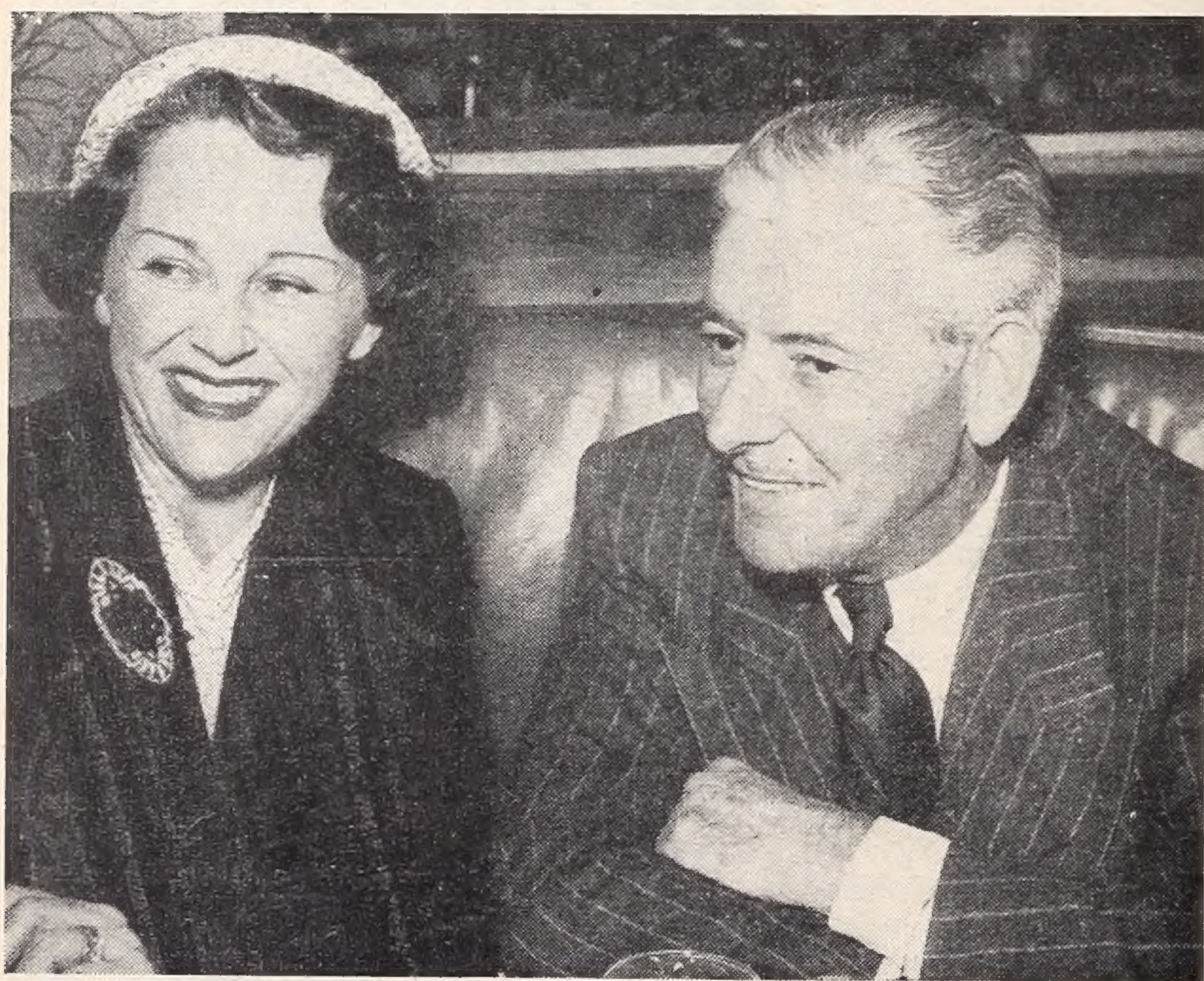
Ronald Colman made thirty years of news and millions of friends



At thirty-four, Colman was a new film idol, a private-life mystery



Olivia de Havilland gave Ronnie his Oscar



Loved and honored veteran, he shared radio-TV fame with wife Benita. He was sixty-seven when he died, in May

The most important news item this month, we feel, is the death of Ronald Colman, a warmly remembered friend, close to the heart of Hollywood, to Photoplay and the moviegoing audience for more than thirty years. We first met newcomer Ronald Colman back in 1924. ("We" in this case means Photoplay—your present editors weren't around at the time!) "Young, handsome and accomplished," we wrote then. "A formidable bidder for supremacy. All the girls in Hollywood are mad about him, yet men like him."

As for Ronald himself, in the face of all this sudden admiration he had nothing to say. It was difficult to get to know him. But isn't that usually true of the people who become your best friends? They aren't easy to know; with them, friendship grows gradually—and lasts long. "So far," we remarked, "no one dares call him Ronnie."

Onscreen, the dark Englishman was a figure of romance, from his American debut, "The White Sister," to "The Dark Angel," which started his famous partnership with golden-haired Vilma Banky. About the time he joined the movie Foreign Legion in "Beau Geste," Photoplay finally broke through his reserve. "I made Ronald Colman talk!" our reporter crowed. "Life will never be the same again."

He talked about his childhood, his days of obscurity, his views on acting—and Hollywood. "I love California," he said, "its beauty, its warmth, its color." Ronald Colman was at home, here to stay. Talking pictures killed many careers, but his voice was made for the microphone. When we reviewed his first sound film, "Bulldog Drummond," we said, "Best talkie performance to date."

Meantime, we were getting to know him better as a person. Cronies like William Powell and Richard Barthelmess were calling him Ronnie. In a few years, actress Benita Hume slipped quietly into his life. "I hope they will marry," Bill Powell confided to us. "Benita is good for Ronnie." Married in 1934, the Colmans became the parents of Juliette in 1944. His career went steadily on, through such classics as "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Lost Horizon." And ten years ago we said of his work in "A Double Life": "Colman holds you spellbound throughout. Unforgettable performance." At Academy Award time, it wasn't forgotten. A happy audience heard his name.

More friends joined the circle when Ronnie and Benita went on the air—first radio, then TV—in "Halls of Ivy" and as frequent guests on good neighbor Jack Benny's show. Before the onset of the lung infection that caused his death this year, Ronnie made one last movie appearance, representing civilized humanity in "The Story of Mankind."

Speaking of his private life, Ronnie once told Photoplay, "I do not do anything that brands me as being different from the average citizen." If the average citizen were like Ronald Colman, what an outstanding world this would be!



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